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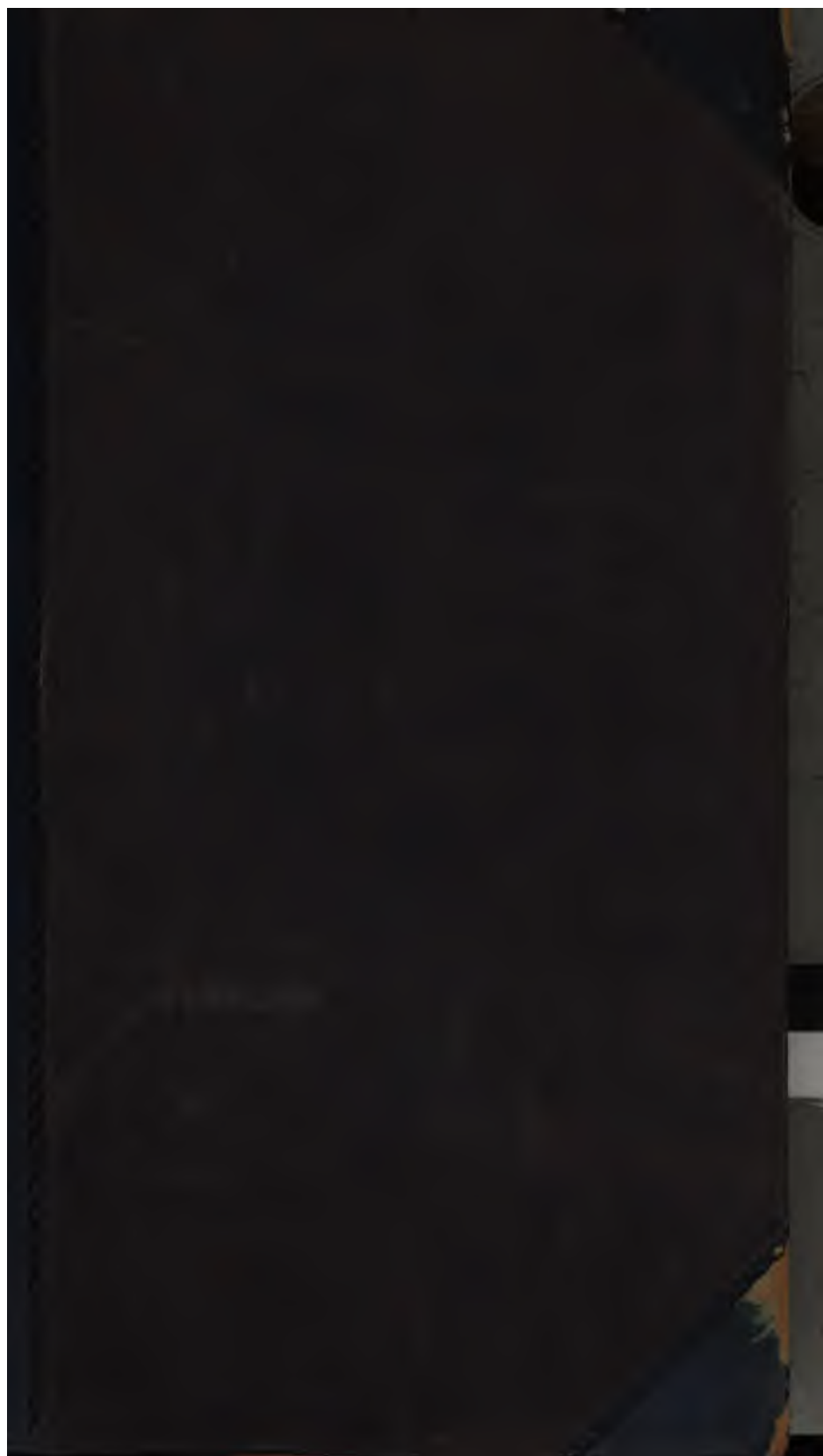
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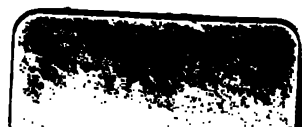
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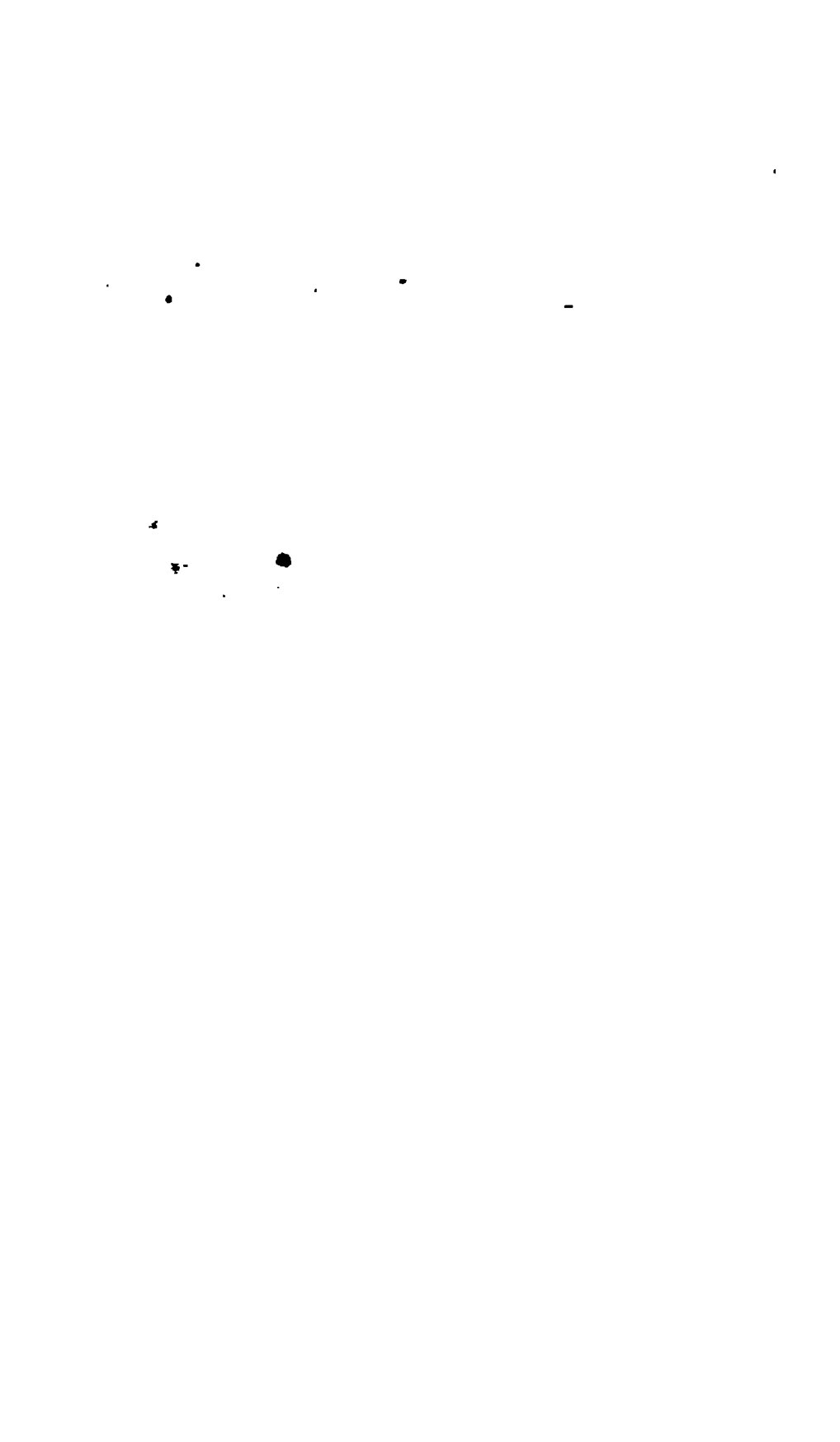
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INTERESTING  
ANECDOTES,  
MEMOIRS,  
ALLEGORIES,  
ESSAYS,  
AND  
POETICAL FRAGMENTS,  
TENDING  
TO AMUSE THE FANCY,  
AND  
INCULCATE MORALITY.

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BY MR. ADDISON.

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LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1797.

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## ANECDOTES, &c.



A N

### HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

**L**ORD BROGHILL (afterwards Earl of Ossory) who might be properly called the common friend of King Charles and the Protector, endeavoured to effect a reconciliation between them, by the former's marrying Frances, the fourth and youngest daughter of the Protector, to which not only the King, but also she herself, and her mother, gave their assent; but as it was a delicate point to obtain Oliver's concurrence, it was not thought adviseable to be too precipitate, but to let the report circulate abroad before it was mentioned to the Protector. When it was judged proper to be broke out to him, Broghill went as usual to the Palace, and being introduced to his

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Highness



Highness in his closet, he asked, " Whence he came, and what news he had brought?" His Lordship replied, from the city, where I have heard strange news indeed! ' What is it? ' Perhaps your Highness will be offended.' ' I will not,' replied Oliver, hastily, ' be it what it will.' Broghill then, in a laughing way, said, ' All the city news is, that you are going to restore the King, and marry him to Lady Frances.' Oliver smiling, said, ' And what do the fools think of it? ' They like it, and think it is the wisest thing you can do, if you can accomplish it.' Cromwell, looking steadfastly at Broghill, ' Do you believe so too?' who finding the proposal pleasing to him, went on, ' I do really believe it is the best thing you can do, to secure yourself.' The Protector walking about the room with his hands behind him, in a musing posture, turned about to his lordship, ' Why do you believe it? ' Upon which he endeavoured to convince Oliver of the expediency and necessity of the thing; that nothing was more easy to bring about the restoration, and that he would have the King for his son-in-law, and, in all probability, become grandfather to the heir of the Crown. To this the Protector listened with attention, and traversing the apartment twice or thrice, said, ' the King will never forgive me the death of his father.' ' Sir,' replied his Lordship, ' you

'you were one of many who were concerned in it, but you will be alone in the merit of restoring him: employ somebody to sound him upon it, and see how he will take it: I'll do it, if you think fit.' 'No, he will never forgive me his father's death; besides, he is so debauched, he cannot be trusted.' His Lordship was fearful of proceeding further, and so the discourse took another turn.

Broghill did not absolutely despair yet of effecting his purpose; he therefore applied to the Protectress, and the Lady Frances; and after acquainting them of the ill success of his negotiation, desired them to press his Highness strongly to consider of it again, which they both promised; and the former afterwards assured his lordship, that she had done it more than once, but to no purpose; for the Protector never returned her any other answer, 'than the King is not such a fool as to forgive me the death of his father.'

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## READING.

**R**EADING is to the mind what exercise is to the body, as by one health is preserved, strengthened and invigorated; by the other, virtue (which is the health of the mind,) is kept alive, cherished, and confirmed. There are persons

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who

who seldom take a book in their hand, but to discover the faults it may in their opinion contain; the merit of the work is the last of their consideration; they can pass over many fine sentiments, and rhetorical expressions, without the least regard; but to whatever they think obscure, absurd, or impertinent, they are sure to afford no quarter: many perfections cannot atone for a few imperfections with them, they must have a perfect piece or none; such persons ought not to read at all, they are not fit to judge of what they do read. For every man of sense and candour, who reads in order to reap the benefit of reading, will give merit its due, wherever he finds it, and be cautious how he commends. When I meet with a great many beauties in a piece, I am not offended with a few faults, which might have escaped the author thro' inadvertency, or which the impotence of human nature could not so well provide against. Sometimes too, what is very clear in a book, seems to us obscure, for want of reading it with sufficient attention.

We should not read a book on purpose to find its faults; but, purely to understand it.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be;  
In every work regard the writer's end,  
Since none can compass more than they intend.

Of

Of all the diversions of life, there is none so proper to fill up its empty spaces, as the reading of useful and entertaining authors; and with that the conversation of a well chosen friend.

By reading we enjoy the dead, by conversation the living, and by contemplation ourselves. Reading enriches the memory, conversation polishes the wit, and contemplation improves the judgment. Of these, reading is the most important, which furnishes both the other.

It must be allowed, that slow reading is the quickest and surest way to knowledge. A frequent perusal of a few well chosen books, will tend more to the improvement of the understanding, than a multifarious reading of all the superficial writers, who have attempted to acquire literary fame. If we would perpetuate our fame or reputation, we must do things worth writing, or write things worth reading.

I think a person may as well be asleep—for they can be only said to dream—who read any thing, but with a view of improving their morals, or regulating their conduct. Nothing in this life, after health and virtue, is more estimable than knowledge—nor is there any thing so easily attained, or so cheaply purchased—the labour only  
fitting

fitting still, and the expence but time, which if we do not spend, we cannot save.—In the world, you are subject to every fool's humour.—In a library you can make every wit subject to yours.

Many great readers load their memories, without exercising their judgments; and make lumber rooms of their heads, instead of furnishing them usefully.

Were the Bible but considered impartially and attentively, in its most advantageous lights; as it contains all the written revelation of God's will now extant; as it is the basis of our national religion, and gives vigour and spirit to all our social laws; as it is the most ancient, and consequently curious collections of historical incidents, moral precepts, and political institutions; as the style of it is, in some places, nobly sublime and poetical, and in others, sweetly natural, plain, and unaffected. In a word, as being well acquainted with it is highly requisite, in order to make men useful and ornamental in this life, (to say nothing of their happiness in the next). It is to be hoped that a cool reflection or two of this sort, might induce the more ingenious and rational among them, to let the Bible take its turn, among those volumes which pass through their hands, either for amusement

ment or instruction. Should such an entertainment once become fashionable, of what mighty service would it be to the interest of religion, and consequently to the happiness of mankind.

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## GREEN PEAS.

**I**N the beginning of the year 1776, a young gentleman of great fortune being desirous of presenting something rare to his mistress, enquired in the suburbs of Paris for green pease, and with great difficulty procured four half-pint pottles, for each of which he paid six Louis d'ors; a most extravagant price, but it was the only valuable present he could think of, which the delicacy of his mistress would not make her refuse; for the lady was of a haughty disposition, and would not accept of any thing that might subject her to the imputation of selfishness.

It is not certain if the chevalier gave orders that she should be informed of the price, or whether the season of the year, or the knowledge of their rarity made her guess it: however, as she was more of the coquette than the epicure, she could not help telling the messenger that the gentleman who bought them, apparently had more money than wit.

Her

Her mother, who was naturally avaricious, finding her of this opinion, proposed to sell the pease, and after some altercation she got the better of her delicacy, and made her consent to the sending them to the market, where none had appeared, nor indeed was such a rarity expected.

The old lady luckily was acquainted with a woman, whose business it was to give notice to the stewards of people of quality of every thing scarce, the first of the kind that was to be purchased. This woman undertook the commission to sell the pease, and set out with the intention to carry them to the hotel of the Prince de Conde, who was to give a superb entertainment that day to the foreign ministers.

In the interval another admirer of the young Lady paid her a visit, and the conversation turning on the backwardness of spring she accidentally mentioned green pease, which made him conjecture she had a desire to taste them. He therefore shortened his visit, making some plausible excuse, and repaired to the most celebrated fruiterers in Paris, but, to his mortification, all the intelligence he could procure was, that none had yet appeared except four pottles which an old woman had been seen conveying to the Prince de Conde's.

The

The hopes of our enamorata now revived; he lost no time, and fortunately overtaking the woman, who knew him, before she reached the hotel, he thought himself very happy to obtain them at the moderate charge of thirty Louis.

The emissary, equally overjoyed, returned to her employers with the money, and told the young lady who had purchased them. But though she had no objection to the money, she was extremely piqued to find her favorite lover had bought them, not doubting but they were designed for some formidable rival; and in this conjecture she was confirmed by the abrupt manner in which he had shortened his visit and left her. Distracted with jealousy, she imparted her sentiments to a female visitant, and both were earnestly employed in railing at the infidelity of mankind, when, behold! one of the servants of the suspected lover was introduced, who brought a basket from his master, decorated with the flowers in season, and covered with nosegays, which being removed, the triumphant fair one discovered the *green pease*! and thus the chagrin was instantly converted into immoderate peals of laughter at this droll adventure. As for the visitor, being quite familiar in the house, and fond of dainties, she insisted on eating the pease, that they might not

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cause



cause any more confusion in the family ; but as the motive was easily discerned, they went no farther than the rules of politeness required, and only dressed one poule.

After the lady was gone, a new council was held, to deliberate on the disposal of the remainder. The daughter had now no objection to sell them again, but the mother having a law suit in hand, thought it more for her interest to send them to her attorney which was accordingly done; and occasioned a very warm dispute between him and his wife : Madam loved good cheer, and insisted on regaling her friends with this rarity, but the attorney knew better how to serve his own interest, and sent them to the Marquis — who had promised to give him preferment.

But scarce were the pease set down on the table, when the lover who had adorned the basket with flowers, came to visit the Marquis, and, seeing the present to his mistress thus, as it were, fly in his face, he concealed his resentment, but took the first opportunity to pay a visit to his perfidious mistress, who very coolly thanked him for his pease, adding they had an excellent flavour : enrag'd at her carrying the matter so far, he then told her, that she must wait till the Marquis had tasted them, before she gave her opinion of their goodness.



goodness. The lady at a loss to guess his meaning, and confounded at the violence of his transports, demanded an explanation; he then related to her the last incident, but she not suspecting what had happened, affirmed they were not the same pease; this enraged him still more, and he required to see the basket in which he himself had placed the pottles, and which he adorned with flowers; not being able to produce it, the quarrel seemed to admit of no terms of accommodation, when in came *the pease again!* The Marquis who had a secret inclination for the lady (the greatest beauty in Paris) thought them a very proper present for her. Our lover was now fully convinced that the Marquis could not be so absurd to send his mistress her present to him, yet he was convinced they were the very same pease:—the mother therefore was obliged to confess the truth. It was then determined to sacrifice the *travelling pease* to the calls of nature, and they were accordingly consumed by the parties most interested in their fate.



WILLIAM and HELEN,

*To a Friend at Dumfries in Scotland, on  
the Birth of a Daughter,*

By S. Whitchurch, Ironmonger, of BATH.

**M**UCH did the tuneful Homer boast  
Of beauteous Helen's wond'rous charms  
That fir'd with rage the Grecian host,  
And rous'd a world of fools to arms.

A lovelier Fair 'twas yours to wed,  
Than Greece or Homer ever knew,  
A Helen faithful to your bed,  
Whose beauty blossom'd but for you.

'Twas yours my friend, the bliss to gain  
A richer prize than Paris won,  
Though ruin'd Troy, and Heroes slain,  
Might boast what Helen's charms had done.

Sweet flow the joys when love lights up  
In kindred Souls his constant fires,  
When fill'd with bliss fond Hymen's cup,  
The mutual happiness inspires.

Happy the Pair, when bounteous heav'n  
Has all their fondest wishes crown'd,  
At whose domestic board 'tis giv'n  
To plant young Olives all around.

Thrice

Thrice happy you my friend who find  
The smiling pledge of Love so soon,  
Who with your lovely Helen kind  
Embrace gay Hymen's infant boon.

Long may the little stranger live  
To swell the joys of wedded life,  
Much comfort to receive and give,  
And grow the image of your wife.

Long may she soothe her Parents' care,  
And while she courts their sheltering arms,  
Much mental beauty may she share,  
And emulate her Mother's charms.

Permit a distant Bard to swell  
The friendly note of mirthful song,  
Where William and his Helen dwell  
To waft sweet Poetry along.

Permit the Muse my friends for you  
To twine the wreath of well-meant rhyme  
To bid young Joy and pleasures new  
Gladden your hours of passing time.

BATH, OCTOBER 8, 1795.

S. W.

TO

To a STATUARY of BATH, on his  
MARRIAGE.

BY THE SAME.

**H**APPY the Man, who far from female strife,  
Can carve a Child, or *chisel out* a wife;  
Stranger to broils, and matrimonial cares,  
Uneasiness for him no scold prepares;  
No jealous Fair complains of slighted charms,  
Nor threatens striking vengeance with her arms;  
Peace undisturb'd at home 'tis his to find—  
No certain lectures discompose his mind;  
No strains censorious vibrate on his ears  
Like sound of broken bells, or clashing spears;  
He comes, he goes, just whenfoe'er he please,  
No frowns insult him, and no tongue can teaze;  
He of variety may take his fill,  
And make a Wife, to smile or frown, at will;  
Sole Monarch of his house, he reigns alone,  
And leaves his *silent* Spouse to *fret in stone*.

Still happier he; who to the Sculptor's art,  
Has join'd the lovely idol of his heart;  
From things inanimate has turn'd his eyes,  
And won in Virtue's warfare, Beauty's prize;  
Who not content with *one* of Parian stone,  
Can boast a Partner of his *flesh and bone*.

Thrice

Thrice happy thou my friend, whose prudent  
choice,  
Sanction'd by Love, by Reason's calmer voice,  
Possesses charms no Sculptor e'er could give,  
Though fire Promethean bade his image live.

BATH, MAY 16, 1792.

S. W.

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ANECDOTE

OF

*The late DUKE of GRAFTON.*

THE late Duke of Grafton, in hunting, was one day thrown into a ditch; at the same instant a horseman, calling out, "Lie still my lord!" leaped over his grace and pursued his sport. When the duke's attendants came up, he inquired of them who that person was: and being told it was a young curate in the neighbourhood, his grace replied, "He shall have the first good living that falls; had he stopped to take care of me, I would never have given him any thing as long as he had lived." Of so much consequence it is to hit the particular turn of a patron.

CONSTANCY

## CONSTANCY of AGIS,

*King of Lacedemonia.*

**A**GIS, the colleague of Leonidas in the government of Sparta, was a young prince of great hopes. He shewed himself just and obliging to all men; and in the gentleness of his disposition, and sublimity of his virtues, not only exceeded Leonidas, who reigned with him, but all the kings of Sparta from king Agefilaus. He was a very handsome person, and of a graceful behaviour; yet, to check the vanity he might take therein, he would always dress in a very plain manner. He had been bred very tenderly by his mother Agefistrata, and his grand-mother Archidamia, who were the wealthiest of all the Lacedemonians; yet, before the age of twenty-four, he so far overcame himself, as to renounce effeminate pleasures. In his diet, bathings, and in all his exercises, he chose to imitate the old Lyncurgic frugality and temperance; and was often heard to say, "He would not desire the kingdom, if he did not hope, by means of that authority, to restore their ancient laws and discipline." This maxim governed his whole life: and with this view, he associated with men of interest and capacity, who were equally willing to bring about the great design he had formed of thoroughly reforming the state,

state, now sunk into luxury and debauch. For this purpose attempts were made; and so far succeeded, that Leonidas thought it adviseable to abdicate the throne. But Agefilaus, from interested views, acted so precipitately, that, while Agis was leading a body of spartan troops to the assistance of the Achæans a conspiracy was formed for restoring Leonidas, whose ambition, pride, and luxury, had greatly contributed to effeminate the minds of the people. Leonidas being now re-settled on the throne, tried every method possible to get Agis into his power; and which at last he effected by the treacheries of Amphares and Demochares. Being dragged away to the common prison, the ephori constituted by Leonidas sat ready to judge him. As soon as he came in, they asked him, "How he durst attempt to alter the government?" At which he smiled, without affording an answer; which provoked one of the ephori to tell him, "That he ought rather to weep; for they would make him sensible of his presumption." Another asked him, "Whether he was not constrained to do what he did by Agefilaus and Lysander?" To which the king, with a composed countenance, answered: "I was constrained by no man; the design was mine; and my intent was to have restored the laws of Lycurgus, and to have governed by them." "But do you not now,"

D

said



said one of the judges, "repent of your rashness?" "No, replied the king; "I can never repent of so just and honourable an intention." The ephori then ordered him to be taken away, and strangled. The officers of justice refused to obey; and even the mercenary soldiers declined so unworthy an action. Whereupon Demochares, reviling them for cowards, forced the king into the room where the execution was to be performed. Agis, about to die, perceiving one of the serjeants bitterly bewailing his misfortune: "Weep not, friend, for me," said he, "who die innocently; but grieve for those who are guilty of this horrid act. My condition is much better than theirs." Then, stretching out his neck, he submitted to death with a constancy worthy both of the royal dignity, and his own great character. Immediately after Agis was dead, Amphares went out of the prison gate, where he found Agesistrata; who, kneeling at his feet, he gently raised her up, pretending still the same friendship as formerly. He assured her she need not fear any further violence should be offered against her son; and that if she pleased she might go in and see him. She begged her mother might also have the favour of being admitted: to which she replied. "Nobody should hinder her." When they were entered, he commanded the gate should be again locked, and the grand-

grand-mother to be first introduced. She was now grown very old, and had lived all her days in great reputation of wisdom and virtue. As soon as Amphares thought she was dispatched, he told Agefistrata she might go in, if she pleased. She entered: where, beholding her son's body stretched on the ground, and her mother hanging by the neck, she stood at first astonished at so horrid a spectacle: but, after a while, recollecting her spirits, the first thing she did was to assist the soldiers in taking down the body; then covering it decently, she laid it by her son's; where embracing and kissing his cheeks, "O my son," said she, "It is thy great mercy and goodness which hath brought thee and us to this untimely end." Amphares, who stood watching behind the door rushed in hastily; and, with a furious tone and countenance, said to her: "Since you approve so well of your son's actions, it is fit you should partake in his reward." She rising up to meet her destiny, only uttered these few words. "I pray the Gods that all this may redound to the good of Sparta." After which, she submitted to death with a composure and firmness that drew tears from the executioner.

ANEC-

tures, with the fatal consequences that attended it, was followed by shame, sorrow, and remorse. One might have read in the young man's countenance the mighty conflict within, where contrary passions held his mind in a fluctuating suspense, till subdued by superior reason, and a vigorous resolution to break off from a course of life which not only debases the dignity of human nature, but also by engaging us in too eager a pursuit of sensual gratifications, destroys in us the true relish of them.

The beautiful description of modesty and temperance with which Zenocrates ended his discourse, so fired the soul of young Polemon, that he could forbear no longer; he immediately tore the chaplets from his head and his gown, which before was loose and flowing, & gathered them up close about him; in short, being reclaimed by this excellent lecture of a notorious libertine, he became a grave philosopher, no less eminent for his learning and virtue, than before he had been infamous for lewdness and excess. A strange conversion indeed! not to be paralleled in the history of any age or nation.

I am not vain enough to flatter myself with hopes of treating the same subject with the same success; unequal to the task, I wish to excite  
abler

abler pens to stem the torrent of this favourite vice, which in former ages hath overturned the mightiest Empires, and in the present æra is very likely to be the destruction of this.

To the youth of Great Britain I dedicate these thoughts. The world, through which you are to pass, is full of snares and temptations. Youth, without the aid of ill examples, is too apt to be transported by its own heat, and hurried away into a thousand extravagancies. Considering this, I hope none will think me trifling or impertinent for laying before you the greatness and certainty of your danger, especially seeing the knowledge of it puts it in your power to avoid it. I would therefore endeavour to prepossess your tender minds with an aversion for an enemy, (which cannot hurt you whilst you account it so,) that destroys with a smile, and, like the venomous asp, imperceptibly lulls you into a lethargy, and insensibly steals away your life. The intoxicating nature of this vice, and its fatal influence over the mind of man, is finely represented by the immortal Tasso, in his character of Rhinaldo! who, being conveyed by the fair enchantress Voluptuousness into the bower of pleasure, is there laid upon a bed of roses, and lulled asleep by the soft harmony of whispering zephyrs, warbling birds, and purling streams. The

The cupids, which fan him with their wings, disarm him, and still ply him as he awakes with fresh draughts of a soporiferous wine; till at last the hero, dissolved with ease and softness, bids an eternal adieu to the toils of war, and all further pursuits of glory.

This beautiful episode seems to be formed upon the circe of the divine Homer, who tells us that she could turn all those who drank of her enchanted cup, into hogs, wolves, bears, and lions; signifying, that by intemperance, we degrade ourselves from the dignity of our species, and put on such foul and monstrous shapes when we pass into the manners of those brutes who wear them, and copy in ourselves their obscene, their fierce, and savage natures; so that those who celebrated the orgies of Bacchus in their skins of bears, tygers, &c. were no less brutish than the beasts themselves, whilst the drunken fit was upon them.

'Tis to the man of pleasure and exercise that the moral of these poetical fictions may be applied with the greatest justice and propriety, whose life is one continued act of degeneracy, and every scene of it filled up with brutes of one sort or other; only with this difference, that the instinct which governs them in a way suitable to their na-  
tures

tures, is wanting in him. Is not his reason immersed in sensuality; reason, the eye, the light of the soul, and the only evidence of its divine original; reason, more glorious than the sun, more extensive than his beams? Even this, like the lamps in the worship of Colytto, is first put out; the better to conceal the man from himself, and any sense of shame, which otherwise rise up to disturb his wild enjoyments. What does he say and do in his mad frolicks? Things which, upon cool consideration, he would give the world to have unsaid and undone; so that his sober intervals are spent in sorrow for what passes in his drunken carouses.

'Tis this vice which turns wisdom into folly, strength into weakness, beauty into deformity, and the fine gentleman into a stupid, senseless animal. Of this we have numberless instances, both in sacred and prophane history. I shall just mention a flagrant one in Alexander the Great, who, by Intemperance, became the reverse of himself. Never, surely, did any Prince set out with greater advantages and more promising hopes than he; for, besides a natural inclination to virtue, he had the advantage of having his mind thoroughly seasoned with the precepts of morality, which made him good as well as great, and justly rendered

E him

him the darling of mankind, till after he conquered the Persians, and was himself conquered by their vices; 'twas then he let loose the reins to all manner of debauchery; then he slew Clytus at his own table, because he was too much his friend to flatter him. This brave unfortunate man had but a little before saved his life with the hazard of his own, and his mother was the King's nurse. Ungrateful Prince, thus to kill thy preserver, thus to return the mother's tender care of thy helpless infancy with the death of her only son! 'Twas then also that Parmenio and Philotas (who set the crown upon his head, and by whom he won his most glorious victories,) were sacrificed to their own great merit. The immortal Staggrite was put to death by an order from under the same hand: the Philosopher and Virtue, as became them, stood and fell together. Instead of mentioning more particulars, I shall only observe that envy, suspicion, revenge, and cruelty, which sully the later glories of his reign, where all the issue of Intemperance, which also at last was too hard for this mighty Conqueror; who, after he had buried his virtue and honour, fell a victim to this vice, and expired in a debauch at Babylon. Cursed juice, more venomous than the waters of the river Styx! Well did the Poets feign that the earth produced in revenge for the death of her sons, who  
 were .

were slain by Jupiter for their impious attempt to scale Heaven. Thou art more destructive to our race than Pandora's box, the parent of a thousand diseases. All maladies of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms of heart—sick agony, all feverous kinds, convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs, intestine stone and ulcer, cholic pangs, demoniac phrensy, moping melancholy, and moon struck madness, pining atrophy, marasmus, and wide wasting pestilence, dropsies, asthmas, and joint racking gout, owe their birth to thee, thou great destroyer of mankind. The plague (or pestilence) is less mortal; that, indeed, may sweep away the present generation, but thou entailest diseases upon posterity, and the innocent grandson falls a victim to his grandfire's intemperance.

'Tis this vice that gives wings to death; it is indeed its chief delegate, and supplies it with his best and most surest artillery. Our inimitable Spenser hath set forth the deformities of this vice, and its horrid consequences, in so descriptive and elegant a manner, that a quotation from him may prove acceptable to those who are unacquainted with the writings of that incomparable Poet.

And



book thus: " As for the Gods, whether they are or are not, I have nothing to say."—The magistrates of Athens highly resented this profane trifling with things sacred, banished him out of their city, and condemned his book to be burnt by the common executioner. And after this; when he and his friend Pyrrho were asked, why they walked so much alone? they answered, "It was to meditate how they might be good," and being hereupon further asked, what necessity there was for being good, if it be not certain that there is a God? they replied, " It cannot be certain that there is none; and therefore it is prudence to provide against the worst."

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## A

*Chinese Anecdote.*

**T**HE Emperor Tay Ming having lost his way, and over-beated with riding in the sultry hours, thence urged by an intolerable thirst, he had recourse to the cave of a poor Hermit, who, in the peace of his retirement, was cultivating a small spot, at the foot of the mountain Tchang Khawn. The Hermit, who knew him perfectly well, offered

ferred to him some dishes of Souchong tea, together with the delicious fruit of the Focheou, or wild apricots, which grew thereabouts in great perfection, the Emperor most graciously accepted this refreshment. After which, having somewhat of a taste for botany, he was pleased to bestow a look on the little garden of the humble solitary. There were in it some curious plants, and among them one singularly so, none of the like having ever been so much as seen within the purlieus of the Imperial Palace. It was called the *Plant of Truth*, and was a species of the Mimosa or Sensitive kind. The Hermit then pointed out to the Emperor its political virtue: it was such, that at the approach of any false friend to the owner of the garden, it shrunk, and curled its leaves inwards, with apparent signs of horror: on the contrary, when the friend was real and sincere, it gave manifest tokens of enjoying his presence, and with a more vivid verdure, seemed to express a grateful sensation.—“Phooh, said the Emperor, looking disdainfully at this marvellous plant, I have, at my Court, no need of such a test: I am already provided, I keep two books, the one with a gilt binding, the other with a black. In my black book are registered such as I am told, deserve to be reprobated by me, ~~and~~ ever. In my golden book I have set down the names of those who,



who, I have been assured, merit my favour and confidence."—"Alas," said the Hermit, who knew full well by what *informers* those writings were inspired, "your Majesty could hardly be better advised than to burn your books, or, at least, *change* them!"

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## RELIGION.

**R**ELIGION is a thing much talked of but little understood; much pretended to, but very little practised; and the reason why it is so ill practised, is, because it is so little understood; knowledge, therefore, must precede religion, since it is necessary to be wise, in order to be virtuous, it must be known to whom, and upon what account duty is owing, otherwise it never can be rightly paid. It must therefore be considered, that God is the object of all religion, and that the soul is the subject wherein it exists and resides. From the soul it must proceed, and to God it must be directed, as to that Almighty Being whose power alone could create a rational soul, and whose goodness only could move him to make it capable of an eternal ~~state~~, which infinite bounty of God has laid a perpetual obligation upon the soul  
to

to a constant love, obedience and adoration of him. And to an undoubted assurance, that the same power and goodness that created man, will for ever preserve him and protect him, if he perseveres in the sincere performance of his duty. The body can have no other share in religion, than by its gestures to represent and discover the bent and inclination of the mind, which representations also, are but too often false and treacherous, deluding those that behold them, into the opinion of a saint, but truly discovering a notorious hypocrite to God, who sees how distant his intentions are from his pretences. People are as much deceived themselves, as they deceive others, who think to use religion as they do their best cloaths; only wear it to church, and on sunday to appear fine, and make a show, and with them, as soon as they come home again, lay it aside carefully, for fear of wearing it out: That religion is good for nothing that is made of so slight a stuff, as will not endure wearing, which ought to be as constant a covering for the soul, as the skin is to the body, not to be divided from it; division being the ruin of both. Nor must it be thought that religion consists only in bending the knees, which is a fitting posture of humility; but in the fervent and humble adoration of the ~~same~~ or in the lifting up of the hands and eyes, but in the warmth of

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the affection. Outward gestures and decent behaviour, are things very fit and reasonable, being all that the body can pay ; but it is inward sincerity alone that can render them both acceptable. Much less does religion consist in dismal looks and sour faces, which only shows, that it is very unpalatable to those who make them ; and it seems as if they were swallowing of something that went grievously against their stomachs. 'Tis likewise to be considered, the frequency and fervency of prayers gives it acceptance, not the length of them. That one prayer rightly addressed to God from a well disposed mind, is more efficacious than ten sermons carelessly heard, and more carelessly practised. But hearing being a much easier duty than praying, because it can often change unto sleeping, is therefore preferred to it, by a great many people. But if in the end, their profound ignorance will not excuse them, I am sure their stupid obstinacy never will. But there are so many virtues required in order to praying rightly, that people think, perhaps, that it would take up too much time and pains to acquire them. And they are much in the right, if they think their prayers will be insignificant without them, and that an ill man can never pray well, and to purpose ; for the stream will always partake of the fountain. And if the mind, which is the fountain of all our addresses to God,

God, be vitious and impure, the prayers which proceed from it, must needs be sullied with the same pollutions. But, on the contrary, if the mind be once made virtuous, all that proceeds from it will be pleasing and accepted. And as to dejected looks and a sorrowful countenance, they are in no wise graceful in religion, which is so far from being a melancholy thing, that it can never appear displeasing, or tiresome to a mind where wisdom and virtue do not first seem troublesome; for wisdom instructing the soul to act reasonably, instructs it likewise to serve and obey God readily and cheerfully; for that which appears reasonable to a wise man, will always appear delightful; and religion is that very same reason and wisdom, whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and whose paths are peace.

Were men sensible of the happiness that results from true religion, the voluptuous man would there seek his pleasure, the covetous man his wealth, and the ambitious man his glory. Men who are destitute of religion are so far from being learned philosophers, that they ought not to be esteemed so much as reasonable men.

Religion is so far from depriving men of any innocent pleasure or comfort ~~of human~~ life that it

purifies the pleasure of it, and renders them more grateful and generous. And besides this, it brings mighty pleasure of its own, those of a glorious hope, a serene mind, a calm and undisturbed conscience, which do far out-relish the most studied and artificial luxuries.

Neither human wisdom, nor human virtue—unsupported by religion, are equal to the trying situations that often occur in life.

As little appearance as there is of religion in the world, there is a great deal of its influence felt in its affairs,—nor can any who have been religiously educated, so root out the principles of it, but like nature, they will return again, and give checks and interruptions to guilty pursuits. There can be no real happiness without religion and virtue, and the assistance of God's grace and Holy Spirit to direct our lives, in the true pursuit of it. Happiness, I contend is only to be found in religion—in the consciousness of virtue—and a sure and a certain hope of a better life, which brightens all our prospects, and leaves no room to dread disappointments,—because the expectations of it are built upon a rock, whose foundations are as deep as those of heaven or hell.

So

So strange and unaccountable a creature is man! he is so framed, that he cannot but pursue happiness—and yet, unless he is made sometimes miserable, how apt is he to mistake the way, which can only lead him to the accomplishment of all his wishes. What pity it is that the sacred name of religion should ever have been borrowed, and employed in so bad a work, as in covering over pride—spiritual pride, the worst of all pride—hypocrisy, self-love, covetousness, extortion, cruelty and revenge,—or the fair form of virtue should have been thus disguised, and for ever drawn into suspicion, from the unworthy use of this kind, to which the artful and abandoned have often put her.—Some people pass through life, soberly and religiously enough, without knowing why, or reasoning about it—but from force of habit merely.—Again some think it sufficient to be good Christians, without being good men,—so spend their lives in drinking, cheating—and praying.

True religion gives an habitual sweetness and complacency which produces genuine politeness, without injury to sincerity; it preserves the mind from every unfair bias, and inclines it to temper justice with mercy in all its judgments upon others.

Religion



Religion is the best armour in the world, but the worst cloak.

Divine meditations do not only in power subdue all sensual pleasures, but far exceed them in sweetness and delight.

To be furious in religion is to be irreligiously religious. Persecution can be no argument to persuade, nor violence the way to conversion.

Were angels, if they look into the ways of men, to give in their catalogue of worthies, how different would it be from that which any of our own species would draw up? We are dazzled with the splendor of titles, the ostentation of learning, and the noise of victories, &c. They, on the contrary, see the philosopher in the cottage who possesses a soul in thankfulness, under the pressure of what little minds call poverty, and distress. The evening's walk of a wise man is more illustrious in their sight, than the march of a general, at the head of a hundred thousand men. A contemplation of God's works, a generous concern for the good of mankind, and unfeigned exercise of humility only denominates men great and glorious.

What

What can be more suitable to a rational creature, than to employ reason to contemplate that divine Being, which is both the author of its reason, and noblest object about which it can possibly be employed.

All our wisdom and happiness consists summarily in the knowledge of God and ourselves. To know, and to do, is the compendium of our duty.

We have a great work on our hands,—the gospel promises to believe,—the commands to obey,—temptations to resist,—passions to conquer; and this must be done, or we are undone: therefore look to heaven for the powers.

Religion is exalted reason refined from the grosser parts of it. It is both the foundation and crown of all virtues. It is morality raised and improved to its height, by being carried nearer to heaven, the only place where perfection resideth.

The greatest wisdom is, to keep our eye perpetually on a future judgment, for the direction and government of our lives; which will furnish us with such principles of action, as cannot be so well learned elsewhere.

How

How miserable is that man, that cannot look backward, without shame, nor forward without terror! What comfort will his riches afford him in his extremity! or what will all his sensual pleasures, his vain and empty titles, robes, dignities, and crowns avail him in the day of his distress.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;  
To ask them, what report they bore to heav'n,  
And how they might have borne more welcome news.

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## The CONFESSION

OF

MISS ———

**I**N vain I strive my heart to shield,  
Spite of myself that heart will yield;  
In vain would hide a thousand ways  
What every conscious look betrays:

The jest assum'd th' averted eye,  
Poorly conceal the stifled sigh;  
Each stolen touch, which love impels,  
The heart's emotion trembling tells.

Yet

Yet not Eliza's charms alone,  
 Could ruling reason thus dethrone;  
 Her blooming graces tho' with pain,  
 My cautious bosom might sustain.

But arm'd with that enchanting mien,  
 Which speaks the feeling mind within;  
 How can my soften'd breast be free,  
 Thus caught by sensibility?

Yet not for me the tear will start,  
 Which proves Eliza's tender heart;  
 Yet not for me the smile will speak,  
 Which brightens in Eliza's cheek:

Lost in the whirl of fashion'd life,  
 Where nature is with joy at strife;  
 Her unembarrass'd looks declare,  
 That love is not triumphant there:

Lur'd by the hope of gaudier days,  
 The pompous banners wealth displays;  
 Each fond emotion distant keeps,  
 And all her native softness sleeps.

MEMOIRS

( 42 )

*M E M O I R S*  
O F T H E  
*H I B E R N I A N P A T R I O T ,*  
A N D  
*Miss M\*\*\*\*\*n.*

**D**ESCENDED from one of the greatest families in Ireland, our hero possessed all the virtues and great qualities of his progenitors. Generous, hospitable, and humane, he in that country gained the esteem and affection of all his acquaintance, and was almost idolized by his tenants and dependants. The loyalty and patriotism of his much honoured father having raised him to the first rank in Ireland, his son treads in the same paths, and meets with the same royal marks of attention and approbation.

This gentleman gives very early testimonies of his natural genius and disposition for classical pursuits: nevertheless, the man of the world was not overlooked, and he considered the polite accomplishments as requisite objects to form the gentleman. Thus equipped, he started upon the theatre of life with all the advantages of a polite education, which failed not to set off a most agreeable and manly figure.

Such



Such attractions inspired the ladies with the strongest partiality for him. The Irish beauties vied with each other to appear the most amiable in his eyes, and he created more female rivals than were, perhaps, ever known. He was not insensible to their charms, but had hitherto preserved his heart, when he set out from that kingdom upon his travels.

On his first arrival here he found the British fair as much inclined to acknowledge his merit as the ladies in Ireland had been. His company was courted in all the polite circles, where he became an ornament among the most brilliant and poignant geniuses, by whom he was greatly cared for and esteemed.

Soon after this he paid a visit to the continent, and was most graciously received, particularly at Versailles. The French beauties, however, did not excite in him such emotions as his fair country women. Their artificial complexions, of which they make not the least secret, but would often repair in public with as little ceremony as placing a pin, in a great degree disgusted him: he could not, however, resist the charms of Mademoiselle F——te, who seemed to study nature even in art, and if she endeavoured to heighten her attractions by cosmetics, it was done with so much care as scarce to be perceivable.

This lady had just issued from a nunnery, where she had been immured for some years, and was now released, to be betrothed to the Marquis de L——, who was seized with a sudden illness, and fell a sacrifice to his own rashness, in going abroad before he was perfectly recovered.

In France, though every married woman is intitled to her *chér ami*, it is thought scandalous for a single woman to give the world the least suspicion of her entertaining too favourable opinion of any man, let his rank be what it may; and if there is any great disparity in their situations, this suspicion will unavoidably increase. This was the case at present, our hero's rank and Mademoiselle F——te's were at so great a distance, that it could not be supposed he would ever offer his hand in an honourable way. They were however incessantly together, and frequently seen even in the *tête à tête* parties. Mademoiselle's friends began to look cool upon her, and she was not invited to many parties, where before she constantly received polite cards. Her conduct at length reached her brother's ears. He was a mousquetaire, and supposed to be one of the best swordsmen in Paris: and, had she not judiciously convinced him that the reports spread to her disadvantage, were no more than the effects of scandal, founded on innocent gaiety, very disagreeable consequences might have ensued.

To

To pursue our hero in the other parts of his tour, we may readily suppose that he every where met with that attention due to his rank and dignity, and for which foreigners on the *bon ton* are so celebrated. He also failed not to make proper remarks on the customs and manners of the people, as well as their public edifices, amusements, and even their follies, which in all countries are pretty conspicuous. He conversed with men of letters as well as courtiers, and received all the information they could afford him; for which he amply repaid them by such intelligence concerning his own country, as they were in many respects very ignorant of.

Upon his return home, he found himself more caressed than ever. The antiquated dowagers, as well as the young widows, lavished their compliments upon him, and testified a strong desire to appear amiable in his eyes. He lost his money through compliment to the first, which in some measure gratified them; the latter were more desirous of playing a deeper game: his heart was the object of their attention; and it is confidently asserted that he made several sacrifices at the altar of the Cyprian goddess in their behalf. The ladies here alluded to are well known in polite life: some of them have proved themselves women of complete spirit, and the rest are strongly suspected.



A certain peevish Lord who has been out of temper with himself and the world for some time, took great umbrage at our hero's visits to his lady. This was chiefly occasioned by her proving pregnant for the first time after being married three years. A divorce was talked of: and the Hibernian Patriot, finding his Lordship had planted spies upon him, declined his visits, to rescue the lady's character, and restore the tranquillity of the family. But it is generally believed a certain house not far from St James's-Street, afforded them a rendezvous for a considerable time afterwards.

During this lady's confinement by her temporary illness, our hero had occasion to go over to Ireland, where he was received by all his friends and acquaintance in the most agreeable manner.

He had not long been in Dublin 'ere he made an acquaintance at the Castle with a most amiable young lady. She was the natural daughter of a certain English nobleman, who had figured in that country in a very elevated sphere. Her personal charms were not more attracting than her mental accomplishments, as the endowments of nature, which had been lavishly bestowed upon her, were greatly improved by a polite education. She was  
 then

then about eighteen, and had a number of admirers; but her heart had, hitherto, remained invulnerable.—The accomplishments of our hero, united to his very amiable character, made an impression upon her—but alas! his heart was not his own; he was not, however, insensible to her charms. By some fatality they always met in the same companies, and often found themselves at the same card-parties. These frequent interviews led to a train of consequences, which the world has been rather rigid in commenting upon.

Miss M——n (for that is the name the young lady goes by) being asked by our hero, in a *tete a tete* party concerning her history, innocently told it in few words. “ My mother was the widow of a gentleman of easy fortune, who by gaiety and dissipation out ran it—He died young, and left her in disagreeable circumstances. Being brought up in an elegant line of life, she had many respectable acquaintances, who contributed to support her in a manner worthy of their friendship. She was still in her prime, I will not add handsome, that may look like partiality in me. She had many suitors as a widow, but her first connubial connection, having proved so disagreeable, she refused, perhaps, some proposals to which she would have listened.

Although

Although a widow, she was at the Castle called "the Sparkler," and was so far qualified for the title, that she dazzled the eyes of the first man there. After this I need not descend to tell you the event. Here I am, to all appearances, in very splendid circumstances"—A flood of tears stopped her farther detail.

Our hero is a man of too much gallantry, to let the moistened eye of beauty plead without relief: he slipped a pocket book with some bank notes into her hand. He then took his leave for the present, and begged the favour of waiting upon her next day to breakfast. Silence gave consent, and being recovered, she was conveyed to her chair.

Such is the outline of the history of Miss M—n who now shines the meteor of a court, and the envy of most of the Hibernian ladies upon the *bon ton*. It is true no positive proof can be produced, that our hero has any more than a friendly, sentimental affection for Miss M—n; but "friendship with woman, is sister to love." Her apartments, from an indifferent first floor, are changed to an elegant house. She is no longer compelled to take a common *hack*: a brilliant *vis-a-vis* supplies its place. In fine, every circumstance of her situation bespeaks ease and affluence: let the world conclude what they may.

ANEC-

## ANECDOTE

OF

GEORGE SELWYN.

**I**N the month of May, when debates ran high against the influence of the crown, and the patriots insisted much on the majesty of the people, George Selwyn, happening with some friends to meet a party of chimney-sweeper's boys, decorated with gilt paper and other ludicrous ornaments, exclaimed, "I have often heard of the majesty of the people, but never before had the pleasure of seeing any of their young Princes!"

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*A curious Punishment.*

**T**HE ancient Gauls condemned all those who had been degraded by a public penance, to run about the country stark naked, with a sword in their hand. The Dacians stripped a man who had been guilty of perjury, and compelled him to pass the remainder of his days like a wild beast. *Since he has ceased to be a man, said they, he has no right to wear clothes.*

H

CHEER.

## CHEERFULNESS OF OLD AGE,

A N D

*LEVITY of YOUTH, CONTRASTED.*

**C**CHEERFULNESS in old age is graceful. It is the natural concomitant of virtue. But this is widely different from the levity of youth. Many things are allowable in that early period, which, in maturer years, would deserve censure, but which in old age, become both ridiculous and criminal. By awkwardly affecting to imitate the manners, and to mingle in the vanities of the young, as the aged depart from the dignity, so they forfeit the privileges of grey hairs. But if by follies of this kind they are degraded, they are exposed to much deeper blame by descending to vicious pleasure, and continuing to hover round those sinful gratifications to which they were once addicted.

Amusement and relaxation the aged require, and may enjoy ; but they should consider well by every intemperate indulgence they accelerate decay ; instead of enlivening, they oppress and precipitate their declining state.

AN

## A N H Y M N.

**I**N thee, O God ! I'll put my trust,  
On thee alone depend !

Thou art my hope, my confidence,  
My father and my friend.

Thro' all the various scenes of life,  
My fate may yet afford,  
My stedfast heart, with humble hope,  
Shall rest on thee, O Lord !

Thou to this moment hast preserv'd,  
And wilt preserve me still,  
Therefore I chearfully submit  
To thy most holy will,

In thy divine protection safe, !  
What evils can I fear ?

Who'er forsakes me, still I know,  
That thou, my God art near.

O may I still on thee rely,  
And dread no ill but sin ;  
Save me from that, and give me peace  
And purity within.

ANEC-

## A N E C D O T E

OF

HENRIETTA MARIA, QUEEN of  
CHARLES the FIRST.

**T**HIS beautiful Princess said of Kings, "that they should be as silent and as discreet as Father Confessors."

Some one appearing anxious to tell her the names of some persons who had indisposed many of the English Nobility against her, she replied, "I forbid you to do so. Though they hate me now, they will not perhaps always hate me; and if they have any sentiments of honour, they will be ashamed of tormenting a poor woman, who takes so little precaution to defend herself."

Active and indefatigable on the breaking out of the troubles, she goes to Holland to sell her jewels, and returns to England with several vessels loaded with provisions for her husband's army. The vessel that carried her was in great danger. She sat upon the deck with great tranquillity, and said laughingly, "Queens are never drowned."

ANEC,

## ANECDOTE

OF

*HENRY the FOURTH,**King of France.*

**H**ENRY the FOURTH on declaring war against Spain, had some thoughts of abolishing the land tax. Sully asked him where he should then be able to find the money he wanted for carrying on the war. "In the hearts of my people," replied Henry; "*that is a treasure which can never fail me.*"

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*Degeneracy of Human Nature.*

**L**ET us further suppose, what is sufficiently evident to our daily observation and experience, that all mankind are now a degenerate, feeble, and unhappy race of beings, that we are become sinners in the sight of God, and exposed to his anger: it is manifest enough, that this whole world is a fallen, sinful and rebellious province of God's dominion, and under the actual displeasure of its righteous Creator and Governor. The over-spreading deluge of folly and error, iniquity and misery,



misery, that covers the face of the earth gives abundant ground for such a supposition. The experience of every man on earth affords a strong and melancholy proof, that our reasoning powers are easily led away into mistake and falshood, wretchedly bribed and biaſſed by prejudices, and daily overpowered by ſome corrupt appetites or paſſions, and our wills led aſtray to chooſe evil inſtead of good. The beſt of us ſometimes break the laws of our Maker, by contradicting the rules of piety and virtue which our own reaſon and conſciences ſuggeſt to us. "There is none righteous" perfectly, "no not one." Nor is there one perſon upon earth free from troubles and difficulties, and pains and ſorrows, ſuch as teſtify ſome reſentments of our Maker.

Even from our infancy, our diſeaſes, pains and ſorrows begin, and it is very remarkably evident in ſome families, that theſe pains and diſeaſes are propagated to the offſpring, as they were contracted by the vices of the parents: and particular vicious inclinations, as well as particular diſtempers, are conveyed from parents to children, ſometimes through ſeveral generations. The beſt of us are not free from irregular propenſities and paſſions even in the younger parts of life, and as our years advance, our ſins break out, and continue

tinue more or less through all our lives. Our whole race then is plainly degenerate, sinful and guilty before God, and are under some tokens of his anger.

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## A N E C D O T E

OF THE LATE

*Sir THOMAS PRENDERGAST.*

**T**HE late Sir Thomas Prendergast, Post-master-general of Dublin, had such another affair in his family as that of Lord G—r. His Lady had indiscreetly made him a cuckold; and he took care the world should know it, insomuch that it engrossed the attention of the public throughout the nation. Whilst matters were carrying on with a high hand between the Lady and her Spouse, Sir Thomas happening one day to be in company with the earl of Kildare, asked the Earl, if he gave a great many franks?—"for," said he, "there comes more of your Lordship's franks to the post-office, than of any man's in Ireland; and I have often suspected they were forged." The Earl answered, that he gave but very few: he said, if so many came, they must be forged, to be sure; and intreated, as a favour, that the next might be stopped,

stopped, and brought to him; by means whereof, he said, he hoped he should be able to find out who it was had played the trick. Orders were accordingly given; and in about a day or two's time, there comes a frank which was brought to Sir Thomas, and immediately carried by him to the Earl. The Earl had several persons of distinction with him: however, Sir Thomas being a man of consequence, was readily introduced, and presented the frank.

As soon as the Earl saw the letter, he told Sir Thomas he really did not choose to open it;—"for you know," said he, "law-makers should not be law-breakers; upon which, he desired the Knight would be so kind as to open it himself, and see from whence it came. In obedience to his Lordship's commands, Sir Thomas directly opened the letter, when the first thing he cast his eyes upon, was the figure of a bed, curiously drawn on the paper, with a Lady lying in it, and over her head the inscription, "Lady Prendergast." The figure of a man in his shirt was also drawn, stepping into bed: over his head was written the name of the Gentleman who had horrified Sir Thomas; and the following words were properly placed, as if proceeding out of his mouth: "This is no counterfeit, Sir Thomas." The  
news

news of this comical adventure flew like lightning to every part of the town, and afforded great diversion among all degrees of people. Sir Thomas was cured of hunting after counterfeits, and the Earl not a little suspected of having a hand in the plot.

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## Definition of Politeness.

**T**RUE politeness is the art of making people equally pleased with us, and with themselves; and is an accomplishment highly necessary and valuable in every station. It is a certain polish, without which the best education, though it does not lose its use, is yet deficient as to its lustre. The polite charm us at first sight, and become the more agreeable the longer we converse with them; whereas the haughty are tyrants, who are shunned by all but their slaves, who would also shun them if they dared. True politeness, however, must be accompanied with sincerity.—An easiness of the countenance, affability in address, kindness in speech, complaisance in action, and professions of good will and friendship to all who approach him, will by no means constitute a polite man, if

he is not in his heart what he seems to be in his behaviour.

How contemptible, then, is the present system of fine breeding, as it is termed. A multitude of bows and curtesies, of close embraces, a profusion of promises, and of vehement professions of friendship and respect ;—these, and a long *et cætera* of civilities, which distinguish a modern fine gentleman or lady, are, with me, the tricks of a deceiver. In a word, good manners, good sense, and good nature, are the constituent parts of real politeness.

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## EQUALITY.

**A**MONG the favourite dreams of our modern *sophists*—for, in serious language, they deserve not the name of *philosophers*—is that captivating delusion of the vulgar, a system of Equality. Each human being, they assert, is originally formed *equal* with every other—all are equal, in the earth to which each is finally consigned—and why, they triumphantly demand, should not equality prevail during their residence on the globe of which they are by nature *equal* inheritors.

Specious

Specious as this reasoning may appear to superficial enquirers, it shrinks, like every phantom of error, from the torch of Truth. By that divine light, then, let us for a moment view these assertions, and we shall be at no loss for a reply to this insolent question; which carries with it no less a consequence than that of blasphemously arraigning the justice of our Creator!

That all are originally formed *equal*, is not true. We are neither *equal*, at our births, in size, in shape, in features, nor in complexion; and who, that is not both absurd and presumptuous, can pretend to demonstrate, that our intellectual qualities, or mere natural capacities, possess less variety, than our corporeal forms? Our organs of sense, in the earliest stages of infancy, every one knows, are more or less perfect: some are born totally, and some partially blind or deaf; some have natural impediments in their speech, and some are entirely dumb. Instead therefore, of allowing, that all are originally equal, we shall take the liberty to affirm—what we sincerely believe—that there never were, in reality, two beings exactly alike.

At the period when our bodies are deposited in the earth, and our intellectual faculties have forsaken the frail tenement which moulders into its

original dust, there certainly is the nearest approach to equality with which we are acquainted; since there remains, in fact, though still more than may be suspected, no difference for which it appears worth contending.

In the grave, then, but there only, and while the soul is separated from the body, all may be pronounced equal; with as little exception as any general position will, perhaps, admit. Let the sophist make the most of this concession, and what does he gain? A system of equality in certain quantities of inanimate earth! For, from the first moment in which vitality was given by the only giver of life, every power which accompanies that gift was bestowed in different proportions, according to the pleasure of him "whose wisdom is past finding out." These original disproportions, therefore, being perpetually varied and augmented by physical causes as well as acquired habits, by education, and, by what is called accident, such a diversity of necessity ensues, that the task of attempting to proportion principles and possessions, and reducing them to one general standard, is an undertaking not less absurd, than that of endeavouring to number the sands of the sea, and the drops of which it is composed.

To the question, then, why *equality* should not prevail during our residence on the globe, of which we are said to be by nature *equal* inheritors? we may safely reply—that such a system was evidently never intended by the creator of the world who has made a very creature different from another; and respecting whose purposes in the formation of infinite varieties, though we may be permitted to enquire, we are certainly by no means qualified to decide. That no absolute state of *equality* ever has existed, we know perfectly well; that, in the nature of things, it never can exist, is no less evident; and deplorably ignorant must he be, who cannot discover, while contemplating the wondrous works of omnipotence, that from the diversity of parts, beauty results to the whole. It has indeed, been justly questioned, whether there ever were two blades of grass exactly the same.

Should it be observed, that *equality*, not *familiarity*, is what these subtle logicians contend for; we have only to reply, that where *dissimilarity* is proved, the existence of *inequality* proves itself.

Cease, then, ye disturbers of mankind, to contend for your favourite *equality*. With God, be assured, it is no favourite doctrine; for it originates, we are persuaded, in enmity to Him, tho' we cannot but charitably hope, that it may often be ignorantly promulged by those who do not perceive its diabolical tendency.

THE



T H E

## CONTEMPLATIST ;

### *A NIGHT PIECE,*

**T**HE nurse of Contemplation, Night,  
Begins her balmy reign ;  
Advancing in their varied light  
Her silver-vested train.

A kind, a philosophic calm,  
The cool creation wears !  
And what day drank of dewy balm,  
The gentle night repairs.

Where Time, upon the wither'd tree  
Hath carv'd the moral chair,  
I sit, from busy passions free,  
And breathe the placid air.

The wither'd tree was once in prime ;  
Its branches brav'd the sky !  
Thus, at the touch of ruthless Time  
Shall youth and vigour die.

What are those wild, those wand'ring fires,  
That o'er the moorland ran ?  
Vapours ! How like the vague desires  
That cheat the heart of man !

**But**

But there's a friendly guide!— a flame,  
That lambent o'er its bed,  
Enlivens with a gladfome beam,  
The hermit's ofier shed.

Among the ruffet shades of night,  
It glances from afar !  
And darts along the dusk : so bright  
It seems a silver star !

In coverts, (where the few frequent)  
If virtue deigns to dwell ;  
Tis thus the little lamp Content  
Gives lustre to her cell.

How smooth that rapid river slides  
Progressive to the deep !  
The poppies pendent o'er its sides  
Have charm'd the waves to sleep.

Pleasure's intoxicated sons !  
Ye indolent ! ye gay !  
Reflect— for as the river runs  
Life wings its trackless way.

That branching grove of dusky green  
Conceal their azure sky ;  
Save, where a starry space between  
Relieves the darken'd eye.

Old Error thus, with shades impure,  
Throws sacred truth behind :  
Yet sometimes, through the deep obscure,  
She bursts upon the mind.

Sleep and her sister Silence reign,  
They lock the Shepherd's fold ;  
But hark—I hear a lamb complain;  
'Tis lost upon the wold !

To savage herds, that hunt for prey,  
An unresisting prize !  
For having trod a devious way  
The little rambler dies.

As luckless is the virgin's lot  
Whom pleasure once misguides,  
When hurried from the halcyon cot  
Where Innocence presides.—

The passions, a relentless train !  
To tear the victim run :  
She seeks the paths of Peace in vain,  
Is conquer'd— and undone.

How bright the little insects blaze,  
Where willows shade the way ;  
As proud as if their painted rays  
Could emulate the day !

Tis thus the pigmy sons of Power  
Advance their vain parade !  
Thus, glitter in the darken'd hour,  
And like the glow-worm, fade !

The soft serenity of night  
Ungentle clouds deform !  
The silver host that shone so bright  
Is hid behind a storm !

The angry elements engage !  
An oak, (an invied bower !  
Repels the rough wind's noisy rage,  
And shield's me from the shower.

The rancour thus, of rushing fate,  
I've learnt to render vain :  
For while Integrity's her seat  
The soul will set serene.

A raven, from some greedy vault  
Amidst that cloister'd gloom,  
Bids me, and 'tis a solemn thought !  
Reflect upon the tomb.

The tomb!—the consecrated dome !  
The temple rais'd to Peace !  
The port, that to its friendly home  
Compels the human race !

Yon

Yon village, to the moral mind,  
A solemn aspect wears ;  
Where sleep hath lull'd the labour'd hind  
And kill'd his daily cares :

'Tis but the church-yard of the night,  
An emblematic bed !  
That offers to the mental fight  
The temporary dead.

From hence, I'll penetrate, in thought,  
The grave's unmeasur'd deep ;  
And tutor'd, hence, be timely taught,  
To meet my final sleep.

'Tis peace the little chaos past !  
The gentle moon's restor'd !  
A breeze succeeds the frightful blast,  
That through the forest roar'd !

Yes— when yon lucid orb is dark,  
And darting from on high ;  
My soul, a more celestial spark,  
Shall keep her native sky.

*The*

*The Necessity of endeavouring to form right  
Notions of GOD.*

**T**HE evidences which nature affords of the existence of a supreme eternal Deity, are so numerous and striking, that they cannot wholly escape the notice even of the most thoughtless and inattentive, or those who are most deeply immersed in vice.

Slight & transient convictions of some particular truths relative to God, can have little efficacy toward the due regulation of our general conduct: It must therefore be requisite, that as soon as we have entered upon a virtuous course of life, we should endeavour to acquire consistent views of each of his perfections, and to keep such views of them always present to our minds.

The necessity of our endeavouring thus to *acquaint ourselves with God*, must be obvious to every one who admits the least reflection; and the advantages resulting from a course of action habitually suited to a just sense of the divine perfections, are the greatest and most important that can possibly be attained by any rational being.

If there is a God, our happiness must be entirely in his hands. He cannot be indifferent

to the behaviour of his creatures. Every one, whose conduct is acceptable to this sovereign disposer of all events, will, sooner or later, be enabled to acquire every thing that can justly be the object of his desires; and they whose conduct is displeasing to the Deity, must undoubtedly draw down upon themselves the most tremendous evils: if, therefore we have any rational regard to our own welfare, we must above all things be solicitous to form right notions of the perfections of God, and of the methods by which we may secure his approbation and favour.

A due sense of the divine perfections must have a peculiar tendency to incline us to every species of goodness, and to render us always stedfast in the discharge of every part of our duty: that there is no necessity to consider any one part of our duty as having a natural priority, or as being intrinsically more sacred and indispensable than any other. But the influence of some truths, and some virtuous dispositions, is certainly much more extensive than that of others. It must therefore, upon the whole, be expedient more immediately and more particularly to apply ourselves to the cultivation of those principles and dispositions which will be most efficacious to lead us to genuine rectitude in every part of our temper and conduct.

And

And this is sufficient to evince the propriety of labouring, in the first place, to impress our minds with just sentiments of the Deity: for what is there that can so powerfully excite us to every act of benevolence and social virtue, or what motives can inspire us with so much ardour in the pursuit of every kind of internal rectitude, as those which arise from the habitual contemplation of the most amiable and adorable excellencies of the Great Creator and Preserver of the universe?—The frequent contemplation of the Divine Perfections, may indeed justly be expected to make so strong an impression upon the human mind, that he who does not vigorously exert himself in the performance of every part of his duty, may reasonably be supposed to doubt of the being of a God, or to have fallen into some very gross errors with respect to the most essential properties of his nature.

The knowledge of God, and the practice of those duties which have a more immediate reference unto him, also be an abundant source of the completest serenity, and of the most exquisite satisfaction and joy.—How just is the advice of the ancient sage in holy writ, *Acquaint thyself with God, and be at peace!* If our minds are habitually impressed with a lively sense of the divine perfections,



tions, and capable of engaging in the exercises of devotion with that humble confidence which must naturally accompany a consciousness of our maintaining a practical regard to all the truths that we can discover with respect to God, what farther consolation can we ever stand in need of? Let our external circumstances be the most difficult and uncomfortable that can possibly be imagined, if we know there is so great and so good a Being at the head of the universe, and that he will for ever invariably be our friend, this must surely appear to be sufficient cause for constant joy, and for the highest exultation and triumph of spirit.

It is also evident, that the contemplation of God, and the prevalence of true piety in the soul, is that which most ennobles and dignifies a rational Being. God is certainly the worthiest object upon which our thoughts or our affections can possibly be placed; and an habitual elevation of the mind unto God, must tend to render us *God-like* in our own frame and moral character. It seems scarcely possible, that he whose mind is inured to serious reflections on the nature of God, should continue in a state of slavery to low and groveling affections. Such contemplations must give quite a new turn to his ideas, must enable him to form a just estimate of every object that presents itself to his

his

his view, and must lead him to cultivate a new indifference to every thing that is not in its own nature excellent and truly sublime: and the more frequently that we repeat our meditations upon the Divine Perfections, the more must our minds improve in every thing that is truly great and good. We shall for ever be able to find new cause for admiration, when we think seriously of God.

The more we have already learned concerning him, the more able shall we be to discover farther excellences in his nature, and additional marks of wisdom and goodness in his dealings with his creatures; and, by the diligent prosecution of these researches, the various powers and faculties of our own minds must continually be more and more refined and exalted; and our progress in true goodness proportionably advanced. But now on the other hand, let us consider how dishonourable it is to our rational nature, to be ignorant of the Divine Perfections. What pre-eminence can we claim above the brutes, if we have no consistent ideas of our Maker, and never manifest any regard to him! If there be any real excellence in the intellectual and rational powers of our nature, that can possibly degrade us so low, as a want of attention to that great and adorable Being, who  
is

is the true standard of all perfection, and the original source of all good ! Let us also recollect how many cases there are in life, in which it will be wholly impossible for us to discharge the whole of our duty, if we are not actuated by a most sincere and lively regard to the nature and will of God.— Above all, let us seriously reflect how many occurrences in life may put it out of our power to enjoy any rational peace and composure of mind, if we are destitute of that support which can only be derived from a firm and vigorous belief of the Divine Perfections, and from a full persuasion of our being interested in his protection and favour. And these united considerations must surely be sufficient to determine us to use every method in our power to inform ourselves, as completely as possible, what God is in his own nature, what manifestations he has given of himself in his works, what relations he stands in to us, what conduct he requires from us, and what we may justly expect from him, in consequence of our acting in conformity or in opposition to his will.

## A CITY NIGHT-PIECE.

THE clock just struck two ; the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket ; the watchman forgets the hour in slumber, the laborious and the happy are at rest : nothing wakes, but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl ; the robber walks his midnight round ; and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, or the sallies of cotemporary genius ; but pursue the solitary walk, where vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past, walked before me ; where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a forward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around ! the dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam ; no sound is heard, but of the chiming clock, or the distant watchdog ; all the bustle of human pride is forgotten : an hour like this, may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time, when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room.

L

What

What cities, as great as this, have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great, joys as just, and as unbounded ; and with short-fighted presumption, promise themselves immortality ! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some ; the sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others ; and, as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transitoriness of every sublunary possession.

Here, he cries, stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds ; there, their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile : Temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin. They are fallen ; for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of state were conferred on amusing, and not on useful, members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and, at last, swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction.

How few appear in those streets, which, but some few hours ago, were crowded ? and those who appear, now no longer wear their daily mask, nor attempt to hide their lewdness or their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their  
couch

couch and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror than pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease: The world has disclaimed them; society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. They have been prostituted to the gay luxurious villain, and are now turned out to meet the severity of the Winter. Perhaps, now lying at the doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches, whose hearts are insensible, or debauchees, who may curse, but will not relieve them.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve! Poor houseless creatures! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes of the great, the most imaginary uneasinesses of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species

of tyranny; and every law, which gives others security, becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility! or, why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse! Tendernefs, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the man who feels it, more wretched than the object which fues for affiftance. Adieu.

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### *Trust in the Son of God.*

**T**HEY that have trusted in the Son of God, begin to find peace in their own consciences; they can hope God is reconciled to them through the blood of Christ; that their iniquities are atoned for, and that peace is made betwixt God and them. This belongs only to the doctrine of Christ, and witnesses it to be divine; for there is no religion that ever pretended to lay such a foundation of pardon and peace, as the religion of the Son of God does; for he has made himself a propitiation; Jesus the righteous is become our reconciler, by becoming a sacrifice: Rom. iii. 25. "him that God set forth for a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past; that

that he might be just, and the justifier of him that believes in Jesus: Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God. Rom. V. I. "Behold the Lamb of God, that takes away the sins of the world! was the language of John, who was but the forerunner of our religion, and took a prospect of it at a little distance: and much more of the particular glories and blessings of this atonement is displayed by the blessed Apostles, the followers of the Lamb. Other religions, that have been drawn from the remains of the light of nature, or that have been invented by the superstitious fears and fancies of men, and obtruded on mankind by the craft of their fellow-creatures, are at a loss in this instance, and cannot speak solid peace and pardon.

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## A N E C D O T E

OF

### *LORD TOWNSHEND.*

**W**HEN Lord Townshend was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Harcourt was, on a certain vicissitude of public measures, abruptly appointed to supersede him. He arrived very late in Dublin harbour, and meeting with no convenient



nient accommodation for him and his suite, he set off, after a slight refreshment, for the Castle, where he did not arrive till midnight. Lord Townshend, who only staid in Ireland to receive him, was at this period, with a select party of convivial friends, over a bottle, which, when Lord Harcourt was informed of, he, without any ceremony, walked up stairs. His sudden and unexpected appearance, threw the whole party into confusion, except Lord Townshend himself, who, with a gaiety of manner, in which he peculiarly excels, congratulated him on his safe arrival, desired him to sit down and do as he did, observing at the same time with a happy pleasantry, that although he had come at the *twelfth hour*, he had not caught him napping.

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## HYMN to HEALTH.

*FIRST-BORN* of Heav'n! for without thee,  
 Blest *Health*, the Gods themselves would be }  
 Oppress'd by immortality!  
 Come, then, thou best of blessings, come,  
 And make my humble roof thy home;  
 Propitious come, and shed a ray  
 Of gladness on my setting day.

For

For if there be in wealth a charm,  
 If joys the parent's bosom warm,  
 Whate'er the good, to thee 'tis giv'n  
 To perfect every boon of Heav'n.  
 If diadems the fancy please,  
 Thy hand must make them sit with ease.  
 Lost without thee were CUPID's wiles,  
 And VENUS owes thee half her smiles.  
 Whate'er we hope, whate'er endure,  
 Thou giv'st th' enjoyment, or the cure;  
 Where'er thou spread'st thy balmy wing,  
 Ills vanish, blooming pleasures spring;  
 All wishes meet in thee alone:  
 For HAPPINESS and HEALTH are one.

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## LORD NORTHINGTON.

**C**HANCELLOR NORTHINGTON was a man of great frankness and openness of character.—His Sovereign gave this testimony of his honesty; "that he was the only one of his ministers who had never deceived him." Lord Northington seems very early in life to have had presentiments of the dignity to which he should rise; for one day, when he was a student at Oxford, in walking up Headington-Hill with a friend of his

his destined for orders; he told him, when I am Chancellor I will take good care of you;" which indeed he afterwards did, upon being reminded by the latter of the promise he made. In the latter part of his life he took very much to the reading of the Hebrew language. Part of his celebrated speech on passing sentence on Lord Ferrers was made use of by a very acute *Nisi Prius* Judge, on passing sentence of death a few years ago on a criminal of birth and education.

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## S E R I O U S N E S S.

**N**OTHING excellent can be done without seriousness, and he that courts wisdom must be in earnest. A serious man is one that duly and impartially weighs the moments of things, so as neither to value trifles, nor despise things really excellent; that dwells much at home, and studies to know himself, as well as men and books; that considers why he came into the world, how great his business, and how short his stay; how uncertain it is when we shall leave it, and whither a sinner shall then betake himself, when both heaven and earth shall fly before the presence of the judge; considers God as always present; and the folly of doing what must be repented of, and of going to hell,

hell, when a man may go to heaven. In a word, that knows how to distinguish between a moment and eternity.

Nothing is more ridiculous, than to be serious about trifles, and to be trifling about serious matters.

There are looking-glasses for the face, but none for the mind; that defect must be supplied by a serious reflection upon one's self. When the external image escapes, let the internal retain and correct it.



*DISINTERESTED LOVE,*  
O R T H E  
GENEROUS COUNTRY GIRL.

**L**OVE often becomes a serious affair, when it is only meant to be an amusement. The Marquis de Clerville, who was young, lovely, and formed to please, had refused twenty matches, every one of which was more considerable than the other; but his taste for liberty had been a bar in the way of his settlement. However, a plain country girl disconcerted the plan of indepen-

M

dence

dence which he had sketched out to himself, and he is soon going to give his hand to his farmer's daughter. De Clerville, such as we have just now described him, bought a very pretty estate that lay contiguous to another of his own. He was induced to make this purchase through the solicitations of one of his farmers, whose name was Boiffart, a downright honest man.

The Marquis soon perceived within himself a strong desire of improving this land, and, though he had no thoughts of residing there, yet he was very eager to set labourers upon it: for man must have some object of employment, and this estate served Clerville instead of a better. One day as he happened to be at Boiffart's he saw there a young woman extremely pretty, which made him very earnest in enquiring who she was; the farmer told him she was his daughter, whom he had at a convent for her education. As this is not a usual thing among country people, Clerville asked him why he did not keep her at home, that she might be assisting to her mother.

The reason, answered Boiffart, is, because I have no other Intention than to procure her happiness. I could wish that Angelica would resolve to take the religious vows upon her. Think  
not,

not, added he, that this is with any view of sacrificing her to the interest of my son ; they are both equally dear to me. I would, however, freely consent to bestow half of what little I have in the world to see her take that resolution ; and it is purely for her good that I have conceived any such wish. For, in short, what settlement in life can I procure her ? None, where she can find so much happiness, as in a cloister ; and, I may add too, none that is more worthy of herself : yes, continued the honest farmer, I may speak in this manner too, and whoever shall be acquainted with her, cannot imagine that I am guided by a blind fondness in the opinion I have conceived of her.

She does not then give into the same opinion with you, answered the Marquis, and a cloister is not to her taste. Yes, yes, returned her father it is, and yet she cannot resolve to take the religious veil : not that she has a mind to marry ; for she is as well convinced as I am, that I cannot procure her, in that state, the happiness she deserves. She has a heart exalted above her condition ; and without entertaining any contemptible notions of her equals, she does not find herself formed to live among them, nor to employ herself wholly in such occupations as the narrowness of her fortune will oblige her to take up with.

M 2

Moreover

Moreover she is afraid to engage herself in a state from which death alone can deliver her; and I, for my own part, fear every thing should I happen to die before she has made choice of a settlement. She is a girl of understanding it is true; but what assurance can one conceive of a young woman that is left to her own conduct? For, should her heart speak to her in behalf of any body, to what hazards must she then be exposed.

As he ended these words, his daughter came in, upon whom the Marquis could not forbear looking without admiration. He asked her a few questions; she gave him modest answers to them, but with all the sprightliness imaginable. He then returned to his country seat, thither the idea of Angelica followed him; and from that day forwards he was very often at the farmer's: here he saw this charming creature, and tried every way he could to make her read in his eyes that the pleasure of seeing her was the motive that drew him thither.

After some interval, he one day found her at home by herself, when she offer'd to go and look for her father; no, no, says Clerville to her, I'll wait for him; and whilst I am with you, continued he, I shall not perceive that he stays long:  
Angelica

Angelica gracefully returned the Marquis's politeness. He then asked if she would tarry any time with her father, to which she made answer, that in a few days she proposed returning to the convent.

What so soon, replied Clerville, will you voluntarily shut yourself up ! Would not you rather chuse to stay here ? If I had any great mind to that, returned she, my father has friendship enough for me, not to oppose it ; but I have been brought up from my tenderest years in the convent, where are a thousand charms calculated for me : the habit of living there, and the tranquility I there enjoy, serve me as great amusements. This is wisely spoken, returned Clerville to her ; but tell me now frankly, does your liking to a retired life proceed from your natural inclination, or from something adventitious that determines your reason ? Suppose you were to find yourself in a more brilliant situation, would you still retain that inclination ? I do not know that, says she ; but I will own to you that the liking which I have for a recluse life is no more than a comparative liking : I love it better than the life I lead here ; but, were it in my power to lead any other, perhaps the scale would not incline to the side of the cloister.

It



It were a great loss that such a lovely creature as you are, should shut herself up all the rest of her life. Fair Angelica, continued the Marquis, you affect as if you did not understand me; though you might, for some time past, have read in my eyes what passes in my heart. Know then that I adore you, sweet angel! Fortune has put it in my power to repair the injury she has done you, and it is only from this moment that I know the value of those blessings which she has bestowed upon me. My love can perform every thing for you; will you refuse to do something in return to it? Upon uttering these words, the Marquis would have embraced her, but she turned him away with an air of disdain.

I am, says she, a very unhappy creature, that my poverty should expose me to such kind of language. It does not become a man of honour to demean himself so as to insult me with a state which I never before found so miserable as at this very moment. Here tears flowed into her eyes: Clerville at this time, imagining that her virtue, after being alarmed by an attack which it had never before undergone, would soon languish and give way in the arms of an importunate lover; he therefore gave her fresh assurances that he adored her, and thinking to persuade her, not so  
much

much by the rhetoric of his words as gestures, he had a mind to push matters a little farther. One makes, (says Angelica, seizing upon a knife that she saw lie upon a table,) what defence one can against an assassin, and the man that would rob me of my honour, I look upon, as such. Upon this the Marquis withdrew: Come not near me, continued she, or I shall let you know the injustice you do me in suspecting me capable of baseness. Clerville, astonished at a steady firmness which he did not expect, changed his battery immediately: Good-lack-a-day! says he to her, if it be criminal to love you, if my passion makes you outrageous, revenge yourself, I find I cannot but be still culpable; I will then always love you.

Your friendship, answered Angelica, does me honour, and it shall be my endeavour to merit your esteem; my heart is noble, if my extraction is not so: want of birth is not at all incompatible with honour, and should not draw upon me the disrespect you plainly meant.

At each word the Marquis's surprize rose higher and higher; now esteem, respect, and love took place of those sentiments which had at first set him on work.

You

You form a very wrong judgment, says he to her, of my way of thinking; the most violent love has been the cause of my crime, for I look upon myself as guilty, in that I could even have disobliged you, I have, continued he, the most sincere esteem for you, but is not your heart capable in some measure of sensibility?

It would perhaps, answered Angelica, have been so weak as to have had too much of it for any one who had given me less cause of provocation; and you have done me some service by letting me know your way of thinking.

Clerville could make her no answer: he perceived Boissart come in again; whereupon he endeavoured to conceal the confusion he was in, and he put off, till next day, any further conversation on this subject.

The first sentiments with which Angelica had inspired the Marquis were not very delicate; the heart had but a very little share therein, and it was just no more than the liking which draws us towards an object we find amiable, that had thus far actuated him. He wanted some employment, and he imagined he should find an amusement to fill up the vacant hours of so long a stay in the country; and, being naturally of an indolent disposition

position he had looked on this as a charming intrigue, in which he reckoned money would defray all the charges, save him from a thousand little anxieties, and deliver him from that resistance which the sex usually make as a prelude to the favours they grant.

But his sentiments were now quite changed; the esteem which he conceived for the farmer's young daughter had quite refined him; the heart spoke; what spirit, what greatness of soul, and what virtue, said he to himself, is there in returning to her; she is not insensible, and I may hope to be able to communicate my sentiments to her; this I am assured of by the last words she spoke, and more still by that lovely frankness of hers. " You have done me some Service in letting me know your way of thinking," Is not this telling me that her heart is for me ?

He was possessed with this sweet reverie a long while; and he represented to himself his own happiness, sometimes as an object near at hand, and at other times as afar off; but always as a thing incontestible. He imagined that a woman whose heart is affected for any person, does not hold out long against him, if he knows how to improve his advantages.

The night passed, and the Marquis was preparing to return to Angelica, when he received a letter from Boissart, acquainting him that his daughter having earnestly importuned him to reconduct her to the convent, he could not refuse her that favour, and begged to be excused; but, as soon as he returned, he would be sure to wait on him to receive his commands.

What news must this be to a man, who believed himself already happy! Can I, said he to himself, see the lovely object? Will permission be granted me for that purpose? Thus he passed a very uneasy day, when towards evening the farmer arrives; and by the manner in which he talked of his daughter, the Marquis was confirmed in the fears he was under, that she had complained of her father to him.

The Marquis was eight days, before he durst venture to go near the convent, but at length he took horse and arrived there; he called for Angelica in her father's name, who soon appeared in the parlour, into which he had been introduced just before. She shewed great surprize at the sight of Clerville, and was even upon the point of withdrawing out of the room.

He read her intention in her eyes, Madam,  
says

says he to her, be so good as to stay, nor fly from a lover who had no need of your putting up any bars to keep him within the bounds of that respect which is due to you from him. If I could be so unhappy as to disoblige you, I am come to offer you a penitent criminal, and to submit to whatever penalty you shall be pleased to inflict; he will reckon himself happy, if you will permit him to see you sometimes, which is the only recompence that the most tender passion demands; Will you refuse me this?

I don't know as to that, answered she, and, considering in what manner you have treated me, I cannot refer it to you what I ought to do; otherwise I would have put it to yourself, whether the noise your visits would be very likely to make, might not prove injurious to my reputation.

I would have followed your advice some time ago, but what appearance is there I should trust to it after? Yes, yes, fair Angelica, returned Clerville briskly, you may very safely; your sentiments are too respectable, but that I must answer the confidence you repose in me as I ought. I shall see you then as seldom as possible in public. Yet how dear will this reserve cost me! but what is it that I shall scruple to do, in order to save a repu-

tation, upon which depends all my happiness; and will you still persist inflexible to my love.

Take, says she to him, thorough cognizance of me, and see yourself what you may expect by that which I have been already capable of doing, and by what I am going to declare to you.

From the first moment I saw you, I cannot tell what has passed within my breast. I have always wished to see you again, and felt uneasiness in your absence. In short, added she, with a blush, my heart has spoken a language to me in your behalf to which I was quite a stranger, before I knew you.

The Marquis, all in raptures, returned the fair his thanks for this open declaration, and pronounced himself the happiest man alive. I wish, replied she, that you may be so, but, if in loving you I was able to fly from you, I find that I have resolution enough still left never to see you any more, if you fail of that decorum and reserve which I require of you. Clerville, after assuring her that she had nothing to fear on that score, told her all that could inspire her with the most lively and tender passion, and at last he took his leave and withdrew.

While

While upon the road, he reflected upon the emotions of his own heart, and the effects they might produce, and trembled when he considered how far his passion might carry him.

Angelica, said he to himself, is a woman of spirit, and virtue too, or she affects to have enough of it to be able to deprive me of all hopes of being happy ; I love her, and I can do any thing.

He was wholly taken with these thoughts till he came to his country seat, when such reflections flowed in to his assistance, as determined him to see her no more. However, his reason in pointing to him what he had to fear from such a resolution, did not leave him strength sufficient to get the better of his passion.

He continued some days without going to see Angelica ; he quitted the country for a while, but absence only inflamed his love. He returned again fully resolved to conquer, cost him what it would, the inflexibility of the fair one. Accordingly he repaired to the convent, and used all the arts he could to prevail upon her to return to her father's, but she still persisted obstinate.

I don't at all fear you, said she to the Marquis, and I don't know, if I ought not to be apprehensive



live of fear myself; let me live in peace, nothing can make me change my resolution; you love me, and I have avowed to you; that I loved you, What would you have more? Let us then live satisfied with this friendship; you may see me here the same as at my father's; and, if it be true that you have an esteem for me, you can desire no more of me.

What would be the case were I to quit my convent! What, do you think I am capable of such weakness, and that I am tired of opposition! It is you who have forced me to retire hither. To what dangers should I expose myself, if I returned home? I should see you every moment, you would importune me, I should perhaps yield; reflection would afterwards raise honor in my breast against you; I should hate you, and could no longer see a man, whose presence would be an eternal reproach to me.

I will go farther, suppose I should soon be lost to all sense of shame, then you would shun me with the same earnestness which you now affect to shew in finding me out; I should all my life have cause to reproach myself with a crime, and moreover I should have the mortification of seeing myself despised,

You

You are a man of honour, added she ; I appeal to yourself upon this head, whether these are monstrous chimeras which I raise to myself without any manner of occasion, and whether one of these three things just now mentioned would not be the case.

No, no, charming Angelica, answered the Matquis; and, to shew you how far my tenderness goes, do but consent to make me happy, and I fly this moment to ask your father's approbation. Will you have any scruple to take me for a husband.

Angelica paused for some time without making any answer; she appeared all in a flutter and confusion, but, resuming soon the thread of her discourse, no says she, I will not consent to it, and this will be ill requiting the sentiments you entertain of me, should I accept a proposal which your passion alone induces you to make.

This passion will not always last; I know what you are, and what I am myself, without birth, and without fortune; you will quickly repent of your having given me your hand, and in that case I should be the most wretched woman upon earth.

Banish, returned Clerville, such fears, they do but wrong me; I love you, and you flatter me  
with

with some kind of return, so that we must needs be happy together. An illustrious birth and an ample fortune do not constitute happiness; such blessings as these are extrinsic to man; you have advantages that peculiarly belong to yourself; and which I value infinitely more; your virtue and your beauty are true blessings, and this is a more real merit, than that which is commonly tacked by the world to birth, where fortune is the sole arbitress.

You are quite blinded, says Angelica, to him, by your love; reflect, Sir, not for the present moment, but for the remainder of your life. This beauty which you account so much, and extol so highly above what it really is, is a blessing of a short duration; the least accident in life can strip me of it, and, even without that, years will anon bring it to decay.

When the external figure of my body ceases any more to be pleasing, you will abate a good deal of the opinion you have conceived of my understanding; you will bring it down to its true value, that is, a mere trifle. It requires not great attention to see that very often the fine shape of a woman does solely add weight to what she says, and which would be looked upon as nothing in any other mouth. The time will come when this  
shall

this shall be my case. With regard to my character, is it possible for you to know it thoroughly? Two months of marriage might perhaps discover to you in it such oddities as might throw you into the gulph of despair. No, I repeat it to you again, I will never consent to make you miserable. Let us know each other, and love each other; I shall have no reason to reproach myself with the knowledge of your worth, and I will let my heart follow its own inclinations; so that this is all I can do for you, and be persuaded, that, if I loved you less, I would not have refused your offer.

The Marquis, in his going to see Angelica, had not absolutely a mind to take her to wife; but the obstinate resistance he met with from her, at last determined him. He did all he could to persuade her, but it was all to no purpose. In fine, he told her, that he would go and obtain her at her father's hands. If you prevail with him, says she to Clerville, to second your wishes, I do not hesitate one moment longer, here I take the veil. I chuse rather to sacrifice myself, that I may not render you miserable, than to expose you to certain remorse, which would disturb the ease of your life, and lay me open to all the chagrines and anxious reflections which would constantly attend me, and which I could never shake off.

O

Clerville

Clerville withdrew more enamoured than ever, and he spoke to the father; upon this Boiffart struck with surprize, flew immediately to find his daughter, whom he even pressed; but she gave him the same answer as she had done before to the Marquis. In fine, as to their intention to taking her from the convent, she protested that, if they committed the violence upon her inclinations, she should take the vows.

The Marquis returned to see Angelica, complained to her, and accused her of having but very little affection for him. But she still assured him, that, if she had loved him less, her conduct would be different. Clerville, when he saw that nothing could conquer her obstinacy, took his leave, and set out to return to Paris.

He imagined that he might lose the very idea of his love in the midst of pleasures; but this proved a vain remedy; his passion was too strong, he returned to his estate in the country, from which he flew to the convent more enamoured than ever. Angelica still continued in the same mind, yet she was glad to see her lover again, who, being deeply afflicted at her inflexible obstinacy, fell dangerously ill; she was sorry to hear the state the Marquis lay in, but her father at length got her

her to quit the convent; she went to see Clerville, was very sorry for him, and at last came to get the better of her delicacy; upon which the Marquis quickly recovered, and Hymen crowned both these tender lovers.

Now the Marquis de Clerville is the happiest man alive; he still finds in Angelica a tender-hearted and delicate female, who knows her province, a refined friend, an endeavouring spouse, and one who gives him no other uneasiness, than that of being able to flatter himself that he deserves her.



### *Georgical Anecdote.*

**A**N opulent farmer, tenant of a noble Lord (Gage) who rented nearly a thousand a year of the estate of the latter in Suffex, previous to the falling in of a lease of a smaller farm adjoining, of the rent of 80l. lately applied for the lease of it, offering 130l. The terms were accepted, and he had the farm. Soon after the original possessor applied for a renewal, and had the mortification to hear it was disposed of; in vain he pleaded that his family had been in possession of it for

nearly a century, and that the rents had been always regularly paid; the new lease was signed, and could not be cancelled: however, his lordship told the man to call in a few days, and he would think of accommodating him; this he did, and was then informed, that, as *some kind of recompence* for having lost his small farm, if he chose, he might have the lease of the large one, which was nearly expired. This offer appeared of a magnitude which at first staggered the applicant, till he was further told that whatever money he might be in want of, as necessary to so extensive an undertaking, he should be accommodated. The bargain was on these terms acceded to, no doubt with gratitude on the part of the tenant, and not less heartfelt satisfaction on that of the noble landlord, who had thus an opportunity the next day of informing the avaricious speculator, in turn, that the lease of *his* farm was disposed of, and that to the very man he had been so active to deprive of the means of procuring an honest subsistence!—Ye Landholders throughout the country, go and do likewise!

REFLEC-

REFLECTIONS  
ON THE  
*VEGETABLE CREATION.*

**W**HEN we cast our eyes around the fields, there are few but are struck with admiration at the beauty of the vegetable creation ; but the mind enchanted with the prospect, seldom at the same time reflects on the vast benefit we receive from this part of nature ; though it would greatly exalt our ideas of the Great Author of Nature, did we reflect, at the same time that we survey with admiration the beauties of the vegetable kingdom, what great benefit we receive from the fields and forests.

View all the floors, the wainscoating, and other ornaments of your rooms, with most of their furniture and hangings, what were they all once but *plants, or vegetables*, growing green upon the ground ? Whence, I say again, came the floor you tread on, part whereof is sometimes inlaid with different colours ? Whence the fair pannels of wainscoat and the cornices that encompass and adorn cathedrals and palaces ? Whence their lofty roofs of cedar, and the carved ornaments thereof ? Are they not all the spoils of the trees of the forest ?



forest? Were not these once the verdant standards of the grave or the mountain? What are all our hangings of gay tapestry, and the most beautiful papers, both plain and embossed? Are they not owing to the fleece of the sheep, which borrowed their nourishment from the grass of the meadows? In short, thus the gay finery of the parlour and bed chamber was once the green growing grass; the very curtains, and the linen, and the costly coverings, where we take our nightly repose, even to our night caps, were some few years ago all growing vegetables in the open fields.

Is not the hair of camels a part of the materials which compose those rich curtains that hang down the windows and easy chairs of the great? And were not camels, with their costly hair, originally made of grass, as the sheep and their wool, the coarsest of which, as coarsely manufactured, make homely coverings for the indigent and poor.

We allow the chimney and the coals, with the implements of the hearth, the brass, and iron, and the little money in the pocket, were dug out of the ground, from their beds of different kinds, and we must go below the surface of the earth to fetch them; but what think ye, then, of the nice  
tables

tables of *Mosaic work*? they confess the forest their parent.

What are the books before you, and every where else, even the little implements of paper, and wax, pens, wafers, and parchment? They have all the same original, they were once mere vegetables, or green grass. Paper and books owe their being to the tatters of linen, which were woven of the threads of flax or hemp: the paste-board covers are composed of paper, and the leather is the skin of the calf, that drew its life and sustenance from the grass of the field. The pens we write with were plucked from the wings of the goose, which grazes upon the grass of the common: the ink horn was borrowed from the front of the grazing ox: the wafers made of the paste of the bread corn; and the wax is originally plundered from the bee, who, scraped it together from a thousand flowers.

But, what is still more, we owe our drefs also to the vegetable kingdom. For who gave the filken habit to the rich? Do not they borrow it from the worm that spun those shining threads? And whence did the worm get it, but from the green leaves of the mulberry tree? Thus, whence come our fine linen, and the costly Flanders lace  
that

that surround it, the delight of the ladies? Were not they both made of the stalks of flax, that grew lately up in the field, like other vegetables? And are not the finest of our muslins owing to the Indian cotton tree? Nor is there an upper garment whether cloak, coat, or night gown, from the shoulders to the feet, on man or woman, as rich and new as they may be, which the sheep or the silk-worm had not worn before you. It is certain that the beaver bore our hats on his skin; that soft fur was his covering before it was ours. The materials of our very shoes, both the upper and under part thereof, even the soles themselves, covered the calf or the heifer, before they were put on our feet: all which were green grass at first, of one species or other, growing out of the ground.

But what is more wonderful still, even all the animal world, too, owes its being to vegetables. Stupendous indeed! These bulky, beautiful bodies of our's, both flesh and bone, or fine features and well-turned limbs of our's, were all growing vegetables once in the fields and meadows; and thus it is plainly proved. Was not our infancy nursed with milk and bread-corn? Have we not been fed with wheat, though it was of the finest kind? And our drink, what has it been but the infusion of barley, or the juice of the grape? Or, for variety,

variety, perhaps, the cyder grove has supplied us. The flesh with which we have been nourished to such a will proportioned statute, belonged to four footed animals, or to the fowls of the air; and each of these have either been fed with corn or grass. Whence then has your or my fleshy body been supported so long, and what else can you rationally think they are made of?

Our limbs, certainly; and all our bulky adventitious body, (the first flamen only excepted,) owe themselves entirely to the animal or vegetable food, to the roots or the stalks, to the leaves or the fruit of plants; or to the flesh of brute creatures, which have passed through our mouths these many years, or the mouths of our parents before us.

This gouty hand of mine, that can scarce move the pen would have been worn to a mere skeleton, my arms had been dry bones, and my trunk and ribs the statue of death, had they not all received perpetual recruits from the field; and the substance of them is only transformed grass, which formerly grew green out of the ground, but will make no part of our resurrection body.

Our flesh and bones, which we call our's now, did belong to the sheep or the ox before they  
P
were

were part of our's, and served to clothe their bones before they covered our's; and may do the like office again to others hereafter. Now, who without philosophical contemplation, or informations from others, could possibly suppose that any part of ourselves was once hurried through the air in the breast of a frightened partridge, or the white leg of a woodcock, which came before night into our net, or was shot by our indefatigable gunnery; or that any piece of us was ever driven through the fields, before the full-mouthed hounds, on the legs of an hunted hare, which was the next day prepared for your tables? Had you ever so strange a thought as this is? And can you believe it now; or, upon a survey of the argument, can you tell how to deny it? And what are hares, partridges, and woodcocks made of but growing herbage or thatter'd corn?

It is true, we have sometimes tasted of fish, either from the sea or the rivers; but even those, in their original, also are a sort of grass; they have been partly by sea weeds, and partly by lesser fish which they devoured, whose prime and natural nourishment was from some vegetable matter in the watry world. In short, my good readers, I am free to declare, that whether I have fed on the ox, or the sheep, or the fowls of the air, or the fish of the

the

the waters, I am certain this aged body, and these limbs of mine, even to my teeth (which have not left me yet) and nails, and the hairs of my head, are all borrowed originally from the vegetable creation, and a few years ago decked the surface of the earth with green grafs & agreeable flowers; wherefore flesh and blood cannot enter the kingdom of heaven, but the original staminal body only. Else, every thing of me, that is not a thinking power; that is not soul, mind, or spirit, were once growing like grafs on the ground, or was made of the roots which supported some green herbage. And now, my friends and fellow-vegetables, what think ye all of these paradoxes? Which of them can you cavil at? What leaves you room for doubt, or question? Is not philosophy, then, an entertaining study, that thus teaches us our original, and these astonishing operations of divine wisdom and providence; but at the same time teaches us to have humble thoughts of ourselves, and to remember whence we came, from dust, to which we must all shortly return?

Thus we may in a philosophical and literal sense, say, as the prophet in an allegorical and spiritual sense long ago cried, *All flesh is grafs. How wonderful are the works of the Lord, sought out by those who delight therein.*

## O F T H E

## EVILS of IMPERFECTION.

**N**O system can possibly be formed, even in imagination, without a subordination of parts. Every animal body must have different members, subservient to each other; every picture must be composed of various colours, and of light and shade; all harmony must be formed of trebles, tenors, and basses; every beautiful and useful edifice must consist of higher and lower, more and less magnificent apartments. This is in the very essence of all created things, and therefore cannot be prevented by any means whatever, unless by not creating them at all: For which reason, in the formation of the universe, God was obliged, in order to carry on that just subordination so necessary to the very existence of the whole, to create beings of different ranks; and to bestow on various species of animals, and also on the individuals of the same species, various degrees of understanding, strength, beauty, and perfection; to the comparative want of which advantages we give the names of folly, weakness, deformity, and imperfection, and very unjustly repute them evils: Whereas in truth they are blessings as far as they extend, though of an inferior degree. They are  
no

no more actual evils, than a small estate is a real misfortune, because many may be possessed of greater.

Whatever we enjoy, is purely a free gift from our creator, but that we enjoy no more, can never be deemed an injury, or a just reason to question his infinite benevolence. All our happiness is owing to his goodness; but that it is no greater, is owing only to ourselves, that is, to our not having any inherent right to any happiness, or even to any existence at all. This is no more to be imputed to God, than the wants of a beggar to the person who has relieved him. That he had something, was owing to his benefactor; but that he had no more, only to his own original poverty.

They who look upon the privation of all the good they see others enjoy, or think possible for infinite power to bestow, as positive evil, understand not that the universe is a system whose very essence consists in subordination; a scale of beings descending by insensible degrees from infinite perfection to absolute nothing: in which, though we may justly expect to find perfection in the whole, could we possibly comprehend it, yet would it be the highest absurdity to hope for it in all its parts, because the beauty and happiness of the whole depend altogether on the just inferiority of its parts;  
that



that is on the comparative imperfections of the several beings of which it is composed.

It would have been no more an instance of God's wisdom to have created no beings but of the highest and most perfect order, than it would be of a painter's art, to cover his whole piece with one single colour the most beautiful he could compose. Had he confined himself to such, nothing could have existed but demi-gods, or archangels, and then all inferior orders must have been void and uninhabited: but as it is surely more agreeable to infinite benevolence, that all these should be filled up with beings capable of enjoying happiness themselves, and contributing to that of others, they must necessarily be filled with inferior beings, that is, with such as are less perfect but from whose existence, notwithstanding that less perfection, more felicity upon the whole accrues to the universe, than if no such beings had been created. It is moreover highly probable, that there is no such a connection between all ranks and orders by subordinate degrees, that they mutually support each other's existence, and every one in its place is absolutely necessary towards sustaining the whole vast and magnificent fabric.

You see, therefore, that it is utterly impracticable, even for infinite power, to exclude from  
creation

creation this necessary inferiority of some beings in comparison with others. All that it can do is to make each other as happy as their respective situations will permit : and this it has done in so extraordinary a manner, as to leave the benevolence of our great Creator not to be doubted of; for though he cannot make all superior, or even equal, yet in the dispensations of his blessings, his wisdom and goodness, both are well worthy the highest admiration; for, amongst all the wide distinctions which he was obliged to make in the dignity and perfections of his creatures, he has made much less in their happiness than is usually imagined, or indeed can be believed from outward appearances.

He has given many advantages to brutes, which man cannot attain to with all his superiority, and many probably to man which are denied to angels; amongst which his ignorance is perhaps none of the least. With regard to him, though it was necessary to the great purposes of human life to bestow riches, understanding, and health, on individuals in very partial proportions; yet has the Almighty so contrived the nature of things, that happiness is distributed with a more equal hand. His goodness, we may observe, is always striking with these our necessary imperfections, setting bounds

common sense, together with a wonderful delight, as well as success, in the busy pursuits of a scrambling world. The sufferings of the sick are greatly relieved by many trifling gratifications imperceptible to others, and sometimes almost repaid by the inconceivable transports occasioned by the return of health and vigour.

Thus, for example, poverty, or the want of riches, is generally more compensated by having more hopes, and fewer fears, by a greater share, of health, and a most exquisite relish of the smallest enjoyments, than those who possess them are usually blessed with. The want of taste and genius, with all the pleasure that arise from them, are commonly recompensed by a more useful kind of bounds to the inconveniences it cannot totally prevent, by balancing the wants, and repaying the sufferings of all by some kind of equivalent naturally resulting from their particular situations and circumstances.

Folly cannot be very grievous, because imperceptible; and I doubt not but there is some truth in that rant of a mad poet, that there is a pleasure in being mad, which none but mad-men know. Ignorance or the want of knowledge of literature, the appointed lot of all born to poverty, and the drudgeries of life, is the only opiate capable of  
infusing

infusing that insensibility which can enable them to endure the miseries of the one, and the fatigues of the other. And I have ever thought it a most remarkable instance of the divine wisdom, that whereas in all animals, whose individuals rise little above the rest of their species, knowledge is instinctive; in man, whose individuals are so widely different, it is acquired by education; by which means the prince and the labourer, the philosopher and the peasant, are in some measure fitted for their respective situations. The same parental care extends to every part of the animal creation. Brutes are exempted from numberless anxieties, by that happy want of reflection on past, and apprehension of future sufferings, which are annexed to their inferiority. Those amongst them who devour others, are taught by nature to dispatch them as easily as possible; and man, the most merciless devourer of all, is induced, by his own advantage, to feast those designed for his sustenance, the more luxuriously to feast upon them himself. Thus misery, by all possible methods, is diminished or repaid; and happiness like fluids, is ever tending towards an equilibrium.

But, was it ever so unequally divided, our pretence for complaint could be of this only, that we are not so high in the scale of existence as our ignorant

norant ambition may desire: A pretence which must eternally subsist; because, were we ever so much higher, there would be still room for infinite power to exalt us; and, since no link in the chain can be broke, the same reason for disquiet must remain to those who succeed to that chasm, which must be occasioned by our preferment. A man can have no reason to repine, that he is not an angel, nor a horse that he is not a man; much less, that in their several stations they possess not the faculties of another; for this would be an insufferable misfortune. And doubtless it would be as inconvenient for a man to be endued with the knowledge of an angel, as for a horse to have the reason of a man; but, as they are now formed by the consummate wisdom of their creator, each enjoys pleasures peculiar to his situation: And tho' the happiness of one may perhaps consist in divine contemplation, of another in the acquisition of wealth and power, and that of a third in wandering amidst limpid streams, and luxuriant pastures; yet the meanest of these enjoyments give no interruption to the most sublime, but altogether undoubtedly increase the aggregate sum of felicity bestowed upon the universe. Greatly indeed must that be lessened, were there no Beings but of the highest orders.

Did

Did there not, for instance, exist on this terrestrial globe any sensitive creatures inferior to man, how great a quantity of happiness must have been lost, which is now enjoyed by millions, who at present inhabit every part of its surface, in fields and gardens, in extended deserts, impenetrable woods, and immense oceans; by monarchies of bees, republics of ants, and innumerable families of insects dwelling on every leaf and flower, who are all possessed of as great a share of pleasure, and a greater of innocence, than their arrogant Sovereign, and at the same time not a little contribute to his convenience and happiness!

Has God, thou fool, worked solely for thy good!  
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food!  
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,  
 For him as kindly spreads the flow'ry lawn,  
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?  
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings,  
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?  
 Loves of his own, and raptures swell the note.  
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride,  
 Shares with his Lord the pleasure and the pride,  
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?  
 The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.  
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year?  
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer.

Thus the universe resembles a large and well-regulated family, in which all the officers and servants, and even the domestic animals, are subservient to each other in a proper subordination: Each enjoys the privileges and perquisites peculiar to his place, and at the same time contributes by that just subordination to the magnificence and happiness of the whole.

It is evident, therefore, that these evils of imperfection, proceeding from the necessary inferiority of some Beings in comparison of others, can in no sense be called any evils at all: But, if they could, it is as evident from thence, that there are many which even infinite power cannot prevent; it being sufficiently demonstrable, that to produce a system of created Beings, all supreme in happiness and dignity, a government composed of all Kings, an army of all Generals, or a universe of all Gods must be impracticable for omnipotence itself.

**EXTRA.**

*EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTE*

OF A

**BRAVE OFFICER.**

**S**OME time after the battle of Malplaquet, a widow lady, who resided at Calais, and whose husband, named St. Lo, had lost his life in the service of his country, as she was one evening at supper with several friends, was informed, by her servant, that a gentleman wished to speak to her in an adjoining apartment.

She found there an old officer, whose features she thought she recollected, notwithstanding his paleness and the disorder of his dress.

Do you know me Madam? said he.

How Sir! cried she, surveying him with much attention. Can it be you? Are not you Monsieur P——?

Yes Madam, answered he, the same; your old friend and relation, whom you have not seen for twenty years; and who from the rank of ensign, in one of the first regiments of France, has, after forty years service, arrived at the degree of a Lieutenant



nant-Colonel in the same regiment; and after having been long honoured with the esteem and confidence of his superiors, sees himself reduced to the necessity of requesting an asylum for this night and of entreating you to keep his arrival here an inviolable secret.

Gracious heaven! cried the lady, whose surprise equalled her concern, what can have happened to you?

Madam, replied he, we have no time to lose in a long conversation. You see the condition I am in. The fatigue I have undergone, and the company you have left, who no doubt expect you soon to return, will not permit us now to enter into particulars. A bed is all I at present want. To morrow morning you shall know my misfortunes. Give the proper orders to your domestics, and return to your friends.

The next morning the lady, whose rest had not been a little disturbed by thinking of this unexpected visitor, having rung for her servant, was informed the stranger, who had arrived the evening before had been long up. She therefore sent to request his company; and when he came, conjured him, by their ancient friendship, not to conceal any part of his history. Madam, replied he, with

with a sigh, to comply with your request: I must renounce your esteem. But you have a right to the truth, and I should think myself less deserving your pity, should self respect, which I have no longer any pretensions to indulge, tempt me to hide it from you.

I will confess, therefore, that a wretch, who is the most despicable of men, now implores your compassion, hoping to obtain from your goodness the only favour which the horror he feels at his present situation will permit him to request.

To keep you no longer in suspense, know then that I, utterly unworthy of being born within these walls, heretofore so gloriously defended by our ancestors, having been appointed to defend, thought it was only for a single hour, an advanced post upon which the entire success of the ensuing battle might depend—Shudder at what I am going to tell you! I, that veteran officer, who, three days before, had never known fear, and whose bravery is attested by the scars still remaining of the many wounds I have received, at sight of the enemy, forgetful at once of what I was, and what I must become, fled like a coward, an infamous coward; and so great was my panic, that after a flight of three hours, I scarcely recovered from my terror.

To

To crown my ignominy, I was unable, even when I felt all the excess of shame, to listen to the voice of honour, which admonished me to return to the camp, and expiate my crime, by surrendering myself to the rigour of the military law. I have not blushed to present myself, degraded and despicable as I am, before you, in whose eyes I already read all the surprize and contempt which a wretch like me must naturally inspire.

At this terrifying recital, the lady could only express the different sensations with which she was agitated by her silence and her tears.

I never doubted, Madam, continued the Officer, but you must survey me with a detestation equal to your concern; I therefore, only purposed to request you would procure me a speedy passage to England, where, changing my name, I had determined to conceal my shame. But I have now abandoned this resolution, and have written a letter, which is already on its way to my General. In it I have informed him of every thing I have related to you, and have concluded by entreating him to fix a day on which I may return to the army, and surrender myself to take my trial by a court-martial; too happy if my death, by expiating a crime which has rendered life insupportable,  
may

may procure me, if not the esteem, at least the pity of my brave comrades; among whom my name must be heard with horror, and to whom my example——

How Sir! said the lady, interrupting him, have you already sent this letter?

Yes, Madam; your servant carried it to the office two hours ago, and saw the courier ready to depart.

And should the General consent to your proposal, can you,—are you certain of yourself—can you resolve?—

Yes, Madam, and this resolution has already restored ease to my distracted mind. Every attempt to induce me to change it will be fruitless. I was once brave; I turned a coward; but I will not die a coward!

Oh, Sir! how much have you excited my admiration! yet am I inclined to hope the General, moved by your present magnanimity, will—

Hope nothing, dear Madam. Could he pardon me, I should not forgive myself; and my situation would only become a thousand times more dreadful.

Eight days after, during which time he remained concealed at his friend's house, he received the following letter from Marechal de Villars ;

"It is no doubt, a most humiliating proof of the imbecility of our nature to learn that a man, whose courage has so often been tried, and unquestioned, for more than forty years, should, on a sudden, prove so wanting to himself and the most sacred of duties; but no less extraordinary is the magnanimity with which, the moment his delirium ceases, he voluntarily offers his life in expiation of his fault, and of the evil example which the misconduct he bitterly laments has given to others.

Such, unhappy P\*\*, is my opinion; and such that of the brave officers of my army; and since, by the laws of war, you are well convinced it would be impossible for them either to acquit you, or palliate an offence of such a nature, they, as well as myself lament your sufferings too sincerely to accept the generous, or rather, heroic offer, which your extreme regret has induced you to make.

My wishes, therefore, and those of your former friends, most unfortunate man! are, that Heaven and length of time may console and give you strength to support a calamity, the remembrance of which is no less painful to us than to yourself."

This

This answer, which might in some sort prove consolatory to any other man, only served to heighten ~~the~~ distressful feelings of the unhappy P\*\*, who, after having sent to his Commander his Cross of St. Louis, condemned himself to survive what he called his *Opprobrium*, and to continue at Calais, in which town there is always a numerous garrison; there to appear, the remainder of his life, in the uniform of his regiment; a striking example of the infirmities to which human nature is ever liable, and thus devoting himself to the contempt of every officer, every foldier, and every inhabitant,

## CONSOLATIONS,

ADDRESSED TO A

### Lady on the Death of her Daughter.

**I**T is the business of friendship and philosophy, rather to prevent sorrow from growing into a habit, than to defend the heart from its first influences.—The one is a natural, the other a moral evil, and it is in the latter only that the precepts of the moralist can be of use.

That you may be willing to give up the company of sorrow, consider the nature and qualities

of your companion. Her constant business is to draw gloomy and dejecting images of life; to anticipate the hour of misery, and to prolong it when it is arrived. Peace of mind and contentment fly from her haunts, and the amiable graces of cheerfulness die beneath her influence. Sorrow is an enemy to virtue, while it destroys that cheerful habit of mind that cherishes and supports it; it is an enemy to piety, for with what language shall we address that Being whose providence our complaints either accuse or deny? It is an enemy to health, which depends greatly on the freedom and vigour of the animal spirits; and of happiness it is the reverse.—Such, Madam, is the genuine disposition, and such are the qualities of sorrow; and will you admit such an enemy to your bosom?—Her sacrifices are the aching heart, and the sleepless eye; the deep searching groan, and silent tear.—Will you become a votary to such a friend? A friend that would rob your Creator of his honour, the world of your virtue, and yourself of your happiness?—Yet farther, sorrow will rob your friends of your affection.—The heart that has been long a prey to misery gradually loses its sensibility—gloomy and unsocial habits succeed, and the love of human kind is at last absorbed in the stagnation of melancholy.

But

But shall we, Madam, enquire into the cause of this sorrow, which, possibly, you may say with Shakespeare—" is too great to be patched with proverbs."— Is it on account of her whom you lament, or on your own? " No," you answer, " 'tis on account of my dear child."— Shall I not bewail the cruelty of her destiny, cut off from the fairest hopes in the very bloom and vigour of life? Alas! is this the end of a virtuous and elegant education? My poor Harriet! What does it now avail that you neglect the trifling amusements and vain pursuits of your sex, to acquire a taste for the finer enjoyments of the mind? Surely long happiness was due to you, who had taken such pains to deserve it.— Dear creature! had she lived to adorn the married state, her amiable sincerity, her natural politeness, and, above all, the virtuous sensibility of her heart, would have completed her own happiness, by insuring that of her husband.!"

All this, Madam, you might say, and the mother's affection exaggerates no circumstance. But this must have been said upon a supposition that life, while it continues, cannot but be happy; or, at least, that virtue and excellence must infallibly produce happiness.

These, however, are conclusions which none of the best observers of human life have admitted.

Happiness



apprehensions, that when the immortal spirit has forsaken the body, its faculties shall for a time be chained down in a state of unconscious stupidity. Such an appointment would, in my opinion, both be inconsistent with the nature and properties of the soul, and contrary to the attributes of its benevolent creator.—To what various modes of being, inconceivable to us, may not Omnipotence assign our departed spirits?—What degrees of happiness may not be have in store, adapted to intellectual existence? Concluding then that your virtuous Harriet is now in a state of superior bliss, how superfluous would it be to mourn on her account.

Would you, were it in your power, recall her happy spirit to these regions of chance and vanity? Would you wish the liberal mind to leave its intellectual feast, and re-animate a clod of earth? Would you then confine its dilated powers in the prison of a mortal body, and subject it to all the pains of its miserable partner?—"No surely, no;"—I hear you say—"I will mourn no longer for my child." Yet, possibly, you may mourn for yourself; there is always something selfish in those sorrows that seem to be the most social. It is hard you will say, that you should lose the comfort of such a child in the decline of life.—Her filial tenderness,

derness would have cherished the langour of age, and would have strewed its barren way with the flowers of youth. Moreover, what joy must it have been to you to have seen your maternal cares successful in her growing virtues, and those virtues crowned with the happiness they deserved.

This, madam, you have lived to see. Believe it, your Harriet is now in possession of a greater happiness than this world has to give. By her death you are, no doubt, deprived of many comforts, but may not this be more than made up by the pleasure of reflecting on that sublime felicity she now enjoys. Indulge that reflection, and how poor, how contemptible will every thing else appear upon comparison.—

Were not those arguments sufficient to set your heart at ease, I might refer you to the universal law of nature, from whence there is no appeal. Have not *death* and *ruin* established their empire over all her works?

Does not every place through which you pass present you with the ruins of existence?—Is not the history of every nation replete with their triumphs?—Cease the mother's sighs a moment, and attend the general condition of nature. Let us  
remember

remember that we were born within the precincts of death, and sacrifice to him without many tears.

I am persuaded, madam, that *none of these things are hid from you*; but it is possible that in the depth of your affliction you might not attend to them. Should I add more, I might seem to distrust your prudence; but had I said less, I should not have proportioned my arguments to the greatness of your grief. Happy should I be if they could have the least weight with you. If you would now convince the world that, as you are possessed of every other virtue, you are not wanting in fortitude.

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### *ADDRESS to a YOUNG SCHOLAR,*

SUPPOSED TO BE

*In the Course of a liberal Education at School.*

**Y**OUR parents have watched over your helpless infancy, and conducted you, with many a pang, to an age at which your mind is capable of manly improvement. Their solicitude still continues, and no trouble nor expence is spared in giving you all the instructions and accomplishments

ments which may enable you to act your part in life, as a man of polished sense and confirmed virtue. You have, then, already contracted a great debt of gratitude to them. You can pay it by no other method but by using the advantages which their goodness has afforded you.

If your own endeavors are deficient, it is in vain that you have tutors, books, and all the external apparatus of literary pursuits. You must love learning, if you intend to possess it. In order to love it, you must feel its delights; in order to feel its delights, you must apply it, however irksome at first, closely, constantly, and for a considerable time. If you have resolution enough to do this, you cannot but love learning; for the mind always loves that to which it has been long, steadily, and voluntarily attached. Habits are formed, which render what was at first disagreeable, not only pleasant but necessary.

Pleasant, indeed, are all the paths which lead to polite and elegant literature. Yours, then, is surely a lot particularly happy. Your education is of such a sort that its principal scope is to prepare you to receive a refined pleasure during your life. Elegance, or delicacy of taste, is one of the first objects of a classical discipline; and it is this

fine quality which opens a new world to the scholar's view. Elegance of taste has a connection with many virtues, and all of them virtues of the most amiable kind. It tends to render you, at once, good and agreeable. You must therefore be an enemy to your own enjoyments, if you enter on the discipline which leads to the attainment of a classical and liberal education with reluctance. Value duly the opportunities you enjoy, and which are denied to thousands of your fellow-creatures.

Without exemplary diligence you will make but a contemptible proficiency. You may, indeed, pass through the forms of schools and universities, but you will bring nothing away from them of real value. The proper sort and degree of diligence you cannot possess, but by the efforts of your own resolution. Your instructor may, indeed, confine you within the walls of a school a certain number of hours. He may place books before you, and compel you to fix your eyes upon them; but no authority can chain down your mind. Your thoughts will escape from every external restraint, and amidst the most serious lectures, may be ranging in the wild pursuit of trifles or vice. Rules, restraints, commands, and punishments, may, indeed, assist in strengthening your resolution; but, without your own voluntary choice,

choice, your diligence will not often conduce to your pleasure or advantage. Though this truth is obvious, yet it seems to be a secret to those parents who expect to find their son's improvement increase in proportion to the number of tutors and external assistances, which their opulence has enabled them to provide. These assistances, indeed, are sometimes afforded, chiefly that the young heir to a title or estate may indulge himself in idleness and nominal pleasures. The lesson is construed to him, and the exercise written for him by the private tutor, while the hapless youth is engaged in some ruinous pleasure, which, at the same time, prevents him from learning any thing desirable, and leads to the formation of destructive habits, which can seldom be removed.

But the principal obstacle to improvement at your school, especially if you are too plentifully supplied with money, is a perverse ambition of being distinguished as a boy of spirit in mischievous pranks, in neglecting the tasks and lessons, and for every vice and irregularity which the puerile age can admit. You will have sense enough, I hope, to discover, beneath the mask of gaiety and good-nature, that malignant spirit of detraction, which endeavours to render the boy who applies to books, and to all the duties and proper business

business of the school, ridiculous. You will see, by the light of your reason, that the ridicule is misapplied. You will discover, that the boys who have recourse to ridicule, are, for the most part, stupid, unfeeling, ignorant, and vicious. Their noisy folly, their bold confidence, their contempt of learning, and their defiance of authority, are for the most part, the genuine effects of hardened insensibility. Let not their insults and ill-treatment dispirit you. If you yield to them with a tame and abject submission, they will not fail to triumph over you with additional insolence. Display a fortitude in your pursuits, equal in degree to the obstinacy in which they persist in theirs. Your fortitude will soon overcome theirs; which is, indeed, seldom any thing more than the audacity of a bully. Indeed, you cannot go through a school with ease to yourself, and with success, without a considerable share of courage. I do not mean that sort of courage which leads to battles and contentions, but which enables you to have a will of your own, and to pursue what is right, amidst all the persecutions of surrounding enviers, dunces, and detractors. Ridicule is the weapon made use of at school, as well as in the world, when the fortresses of virtue are to be assailed. You will effectually repel the attack by a dauntless spirit and unyielding perseverance. Tho' numbers

numbers are against you, yet, with truth and rectitude on your side, you may be *ipse agmen*, though alone, yet equal to an army.

By laying in a store of useful knowledge, adorning your mind with elegant literature, improving and establishing your conduct by virtuous principles, you cannot fail of being a comfort to those friends who have supported you, of being happy within yourself, and of being well received by mankind. Honour and success in life will probably attend you. Under all circumstances you will have an internal source of consolation and entertainment, of which no sublunary vicissitude can deprive you. Time shews how much wiser is your choice than that of your idle companions, who would gladly have drawn you into their association, or rather into their conspiracy, as it has been called, against good manners, and against all that is honourable and useful. While you appear in society as a respectable and valuable member of it, they have sacrificed, at the shrine of vanity, pride, extravagance, and false pleasure, their health and their sense, their fortunes and their characters.

ON



*O N E N V Y.*

**F**ROM frozen poles, the world's remote extremes,  
 To Afric's plains beneath the torrid beams;  
 Pale envy reigns, and thro' each varying zone  
 Disturbs the cottage, or assails the throne.  
 A dreadful inmate of the selfish mind,  
 Ally'd to malice, and with spleen combin'd.  
 This foe to merit, with malignant joy,  
 Would each deserving character destroy,  
 If worth, if honour, in the bosom glow,  
 Envy becomes a most invet'rate foe ;  
 If soft benevolence distress befriends,  
 Though truth applaud, still envy discommends.  
 Through a gross medium all things she decries,  
 Perverts the motive, or the act belies.

*A N E C D O T E*

**I**N the year 1478, George Neville, Duke of Bedford, was, by a petition from the House of Lords, publicly degraded by an act of Parliament, and his titles taken from him. The charge against him was, that having by gambling and other infamous practices, lost his fortune, he had not sufficient income wherewith to support his dignity,

dignity, by which the credit of the Peer was disgraced. The representation was first made to King Edward IV. who directed the means to be pursued for his 'ejection out of the upper House of Parliament. The disgraced Duke went into France where he died in the most miserable manner in a few months.

The above instance, given from Blackstone's Commentaries, may be strengthened by an observation from the same author; who says, That in a much later time, an instance occurred of a nobleman, decked with one of the first titles of this kingdom, being seen running before the carriage of a Peer of France. Indeed it was formerly supposed that the King might degrade any peer, who should so far waste his estate, as not to be able to support his dignity; but it is now settled that a peer cannot be degraded but by an act of parliament.

### *The LEGEND of POVERTY.*

A MERCHANT of tolerable good sense, not altogether unimproved by education, found, in spite of all the care he could take, his affairs in such a situation, as rendered it necessary for him

to quit a kind of life which he was so little qualified to lead, and strike out some better way of employing the small residue of his effects. Such considerations have commonly a strong effect on the imagination, so as to fill it with gloomy ideas, and even to prejudice the intellectual faculties themselves. Such was the case of this distressed trader, who, having unsuccessfully wearied himself in seeking to escape from a labyrinth of thought, at last sunk, without perceiving it, into a profound sleep; Nature affording that remedy which he wanted both the will and the power to apply.

His eyes were scarce closed, when, to his still waking mind, the image of a robust woman above the common size presented itself; she was dressed in a home-spun stuff; and tho' her head attire was far from being fine, yet it was extremely white, and very agreeably disposed; the rest of her garb was suitable, and her air had something in it frank and noble, tho' nothing that seemed to flow from the boarding school; a modest cheerfulness shone in her countenance, and altogether she looked like some person of distinction clothed after a rustic manner. The Merchant, whose thoughts even in his sleep ran out the situation he was in, saw this phantom with surprize, and hastily demanded

manded who she was, and how she came to trespass upon his privacy.

At this the Dame seemed to smile, and after a low reverence proceeded thus: My name is Poverty; do not be startled; your being afraid is the only thing that can make me hurt you: Calm your thoughts; recollect your spirits; and when you are cool enough to hear me I will go on. Having said this, she paused awhile, and then resumed her discourse. My parents, said she, were Chance and Indiscretion; they made a match almost without thinking of it; and tho' my mother went her full time, I came into the world when I was little expected. She had been married more than once before, and I have a great many sisters by different fathers, and most of them have made their husbands very unhappy: This doubtless you have heard, and therefore, nor without reason, seem confounded at the sight of me; but have patience, you are the person I have chosen for my spouse, there is no being rid of me, and yet, if you will take my advice, we may live together happily enough.

The poor man sighed, but could not speak; he contented himself with bowing, and beckoning to her to proceed. Most of my sisters, continued

she, have never been able to get the love of their husbands; they conversed with them as it were by force, and the consequence of such untoward embraces hath, in most of them been the bringing into the world, a Boy black as a Negro, called Shame, alike hated by father and mother; and sticking so close to them, as never to be disowned.

A few of my elder sisters have been more happy; some of them have matched with country clergymen, settled for the most part either in Wales, or in the North, and the men being discreet, they have lived in peace and comfort: Most of their issue have been females, such as temperance, frugality, and piety. With these maids, when they grow up to maturity, the parents passed their time very agreeably; returning the world's favours in kind, and pitying with good reason, such as pitied them.

Others have married soldiers and had no reason to repent their choice. You must have heard of fortitude, the son of one of my sisters by a martial spouse. It has been often remarked, that the greatest heroes have been best satisfied with ladies of our family, and if I am rightly informed, you may read in some Greek and Latin authors, of several men of great distinction, who would not be divorced

divorced from us when they might; and if I mistake not, Epaminondas and Cincinnatus were of that number.

By this time I hope you are convinced that being joined to me will not necessarily render you miserable; but I shall go farther still, and shew you, that though I have no fortune to boast of, yet the possession of me is attended with some blessings; for instance, from the moment we are united, you will see no flatterers, a look of mine obliges a false friend to unmask himself, and doubles the tenderness of him who is really so. Idle visitors and gossips also very rarely come where I am; so that if I bring you no good company, I shall at least keep you from the plague of bad, which the corruption of the present age considered, is of no small consequence.

I am a great enemy to luxury, and very fond of exercise; for which reason health, whose company is so desirable, shews herself at all times more ready to visit me, than ladies who make a much better figure. I can also boast that quiet is my constant companion, and that there are very few vices able to live under the same roof. The most troublesome, and perhaps you will think it strange, is pride; she is an insinuating huffy, and never wants some art or other of recommending herself

in

in cottages as well as courts ; when she pesters me too much, I have no remedy but listening a little to rumour ; for no sooner do I hear what other people say of me, than presently I resume my wits.

You have a little freehold in Warwickshire, let us go down together ; make it your study to remember your condition, and that experience has convinced you, your parts are not of a kind to make it better ; tho' it may easily be made worse. Your income, tho' small will keep necessity at the door, if you yourself are not imprudent enough to let her in. Labour will supply many wants, and at the same time divert care : He can never think himself a slave who has no master, or believe any office beneath him, which nature requires. You must shun company, because you cannot entertain them ; the ill-judging world will call this spleen, but your own right-judging heart will acquit you. Accustom yourself to go often to that tribunal, and never dispute its decrees. Time, which lessens all evils, will make the pains of which you are apprehensive become pleasures. In the course of a few years I shall render you so many services, that you will begin to love me. I am so convinced of this that I will venture to felicitate you on your nuptials ; for know my dear spouse, that Providence matches for the best ; and that men commonly  
owe

owe their miseries to a vain preferring their own choice.

At these words the decayed trader started from his seat, and stretching out his hand with great alacrity, the sudden motion waked him: He recollected, he considered his dream, and having bowed himself in humble thankfulness before his maker, he readily embraced that state of life which alone was left him; fully persuaded, that virtuous poverty might afford as much happiness as the most elevated condition, and that content with a little might prove as agreeable to him, as riches with others.

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O N T H E  
*FELICITY of INNOCENCE.*

**O**H! far beyond expression, happy he,  
Whose virgin mind from anxious guilt is  
free;

With inoffensive gaiety he's blest;  
And never fading joy shines in his breast.  
His harmless thoughts no gloomy scenes display,  
But wing'd with bliss, each sun rolls swift away,  
Then down in peace and innocence he lies,  
And golden slumbers seal his willing eyes;

When



When in bright fields of visionary flow'rs,  
 Or else reclin'd in amaranthine bow'r's,  
 He seems angelic harmony to hear,  
 And sounds immortal strike his ravish'd ear.  
 Lo! heaven's rich portals open to his sight,  
 And wide disclose the glorious realms of light;  
 With glittering legions, and cherubic trains,  
 He cover'd views the bright ætherial plains;  
 Here temples, there celestial mansions rise,  
 And groves and gardens meet his wond'ring eyes,  
 While living streams refresh th' immortal round,  
 Visit each plant and murmur all around.  
 No sun here ever gilds the happy sky,  
 But light's the effulgence of the Deity,  
 Thus every day with smiling peace is crown'd,  
 And in extatic joys the night is drown'd.

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*Acts of Kindness, over-rated by the Donor,*  
*takes off the Good intended,*  
 And renders the Receiver unhappy.

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE FOLLOWING RELATION.

**N**O depravity of the mind has been more frequently or more justly censured than Ingratitude. There is indeed sufficient reason for looking

ing

ing on him that can return evil for good, and can repay kindness and assistance with hatred or neglect, as corrupted beyond the common degrees of wickedness: not will he who has once been clearly detected in acts of injury to his benefactor, deserve to be numbered among social beings: he has endeavoured to destroy confidence, to intercept sympathy, and to turn every man's attention wholly on himself.

There is always danger, lest the honest abhorrence of a crime should raise the passions with too much violence against the man to whom it is imputed. In proportion as guilt is more enormous, it ought to be ascertained by stronger evidence. The charge against ingratitude is very general: almost every man can tell what favours he has conferred upon insensibility, and how much happiness he has bestowed without return; but perhaps if these patrons and protectors were confronted with any whom they boast of having befriended, it would often appear that they had over-rated their benevolence, that they consulted only their pleasure and vanity, and repaid themselves their petty donatives by gratifications of insolence, and indulgence of contempt.

It has happened to me, that much of my time has been passed in a dependent state, and consequently

quently I have received many favours in the opinion of those at whose expence I have been maintained; yet I do not feel in my heart any burning gratitude, or tumultuous affection: And as I would not willingly suppose myself less susceptible of virtuous passions than the rest of mankind, I shall lay the history of my life before you, that you may, by your judgment of my conduct, either reform my present sentiments, or confirm them.

My father was the second son of a very antient and wealthy family. He married a lady of equal birth; whose fortune, joined to his own, might have supported him and his posterity in honour and plenty; but being gay and ambitious, he prevailed on his friends to procure him a post, which gave him an opportunity of displaying in public his elegance and politeness. My mother was equally pleased with splendor, and equally careless of expence; and both justified their profusion to themselves, by endeavouring to believe it necessary to the extension of their acquaintance, and improvement of their interest; and whenever any place became vacant, they expected to be repaid by distinction and advancement. In the midst of these schemes and hopes, my father was snatched away by an apoplexy; and my mother, who had no pleasure but in dress, equipage, assemblies

semblies and compliments, finding that she could live no longer in her accustomed rank, sunk into dejection, and in two years wore out her life with envy and discontent.

I was sent with a sister, one year younger than myself, to the elder brother of my father. As we were not yet capable of observing how much fortune influences affection, we flattered ourselves on the road with the tenderness and regard with which we should doubtless be treated by our uncle. Our reception was rather frigid than malignant: we were introduced to our young cousins, and for the first month were more frequently consoled than upbraided; but in a short time we found our prattle repressed, our dress neglected, all our endearments unregarded, and all our requests referred to the house-keeper.

The forms of decency were now violated; and every day produced some new insult. We were soon brought to the necessity of receding from our imagined equality with our cousins, to whom we sunk into humble companions, without choice and without influence, expected only to echo their opinions, facilitate their desires, and accompany their rambles. We were told that fine clothes would only fill our heads with false conceptions, and our dress was therefore accommodated to our fortune.

Childhood is not easily dejected or mortified. We felt no lasting pain from insolence or neglect; but finding that we were favoured and commended by all whom their interest did not prompt to discountenance us, we preserved our vivacity and spirit to years of greater sensibility.

It then became more irksome and disgusting to live without any other principle of action than the will of another, and we often met privately in the garden to lament our condition, and to ease our hearts with mutual narratives of caprice, peevishness and affront.

There are innumerable modes of insult, and tokens of contempt, for which it is not easy to find a name, which vanish to nothing in an attempt to describe them, and which may yet, by continual repetition, make day pass after day in sorrow and in terror. Phrases of cursory compliment, and established salutation, may, by a different modulation of the voice, or cast of the countenance, convey contrary meanings, and be changed from indications of respect to expressions of scorn.

The dependant who cultivates delicacy in himself, very little consults his own tranquillity. My unhappy vigilance is every moment discovering some petulance of accent, or some arrogance of mien;

mien ; some vehemence of interrogation, or some quickness of reply that recalls my poverty to my mind, and which I feel more acutely, as I cannot resent them.

You are not, however, to imagine that I think myself discharged from the duties of gratitude, only because my relations do not adjust my looks, or tune their voices to my expectation. The insolence of benefaction terminates not in negative rudeness or obliquities of insult. I am often told, in express terms, of the miseries from which charity has snatched me, while multitudes are suffered, by relations equally near, to devolve upon the parish ; and have more than once heard it numbered among their favours, that I am admitted to the same table with my cousins.

That I sit at the first table I must acknowledge, but I sit there only that I may feel the stings of inferiority : my inquiries are neglected, my opinions overborne ; my assertions are controverted, and, as insolence always propagates itself, the servants over-look me, in imitation of their master : If I call modestly, I am not heard ; If loudly, my usurpation of authority is checked by a general frown. I am often obliged to look uninvited upon delicacies, and am sometimes desired to rise upon very slight pretences.

The

The ineivilities to which I am exposed would give me very little pain, were they not aggravated by the tears of my sister, whom the young ladies are hourly insulting with every art of feminine persecution. As it is said of the supreme Magistrate of Venice, that he is a Prince in one place, and a slave in another, my sister is a servant to her cousins in their apartments, and a companion only at the table: her wit and beauty drew so much regard away from them, that they never suffer her to appear with them in any place where they solicit notice, or expect admiration; and when they are visited by neighbouring ladies, and pass their hours in domestic amusements, she is sometimes called to fill a vacancy, insulted with contemptuous freedoms, and dismissed to her needle, when her place is supplied. The heir has of late, by the instigation of his sisters, begun to harass her with clownish jocularities; he seems inclined to make his first rude essays of waggery upon her; and by the connivance, if not encouragement of his father, treats her with such licentious brutality as I cannot bear, though I cannot punish it.

I beg to be informed how much we can be supposed to owe beneficence, exerted on terms like these; to beneficence which pollutes its gifts with contumely, and may be truly said to pander to pride?

pride? I would willingly be told, whether influence does not regard its own liberalities; and whether he that exacts servility, can with justice at the same time expect affection?

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## A N E C D O T E

OF

Mr. P O P E.

**I**N familiar or convivial conversation, it does not appear that Pope excelled. He may be said to have resembled Dryden, as being not one that was distinguished by vivacity in company. It is remarkable, that, so near his time, so much should be known of what he has written, and so little of what he has said: traditional memory retains no fallies of raillery, nor sentences of observation; nothing either pointed or solid, either wise or merry. One apophthegm only stands upon record. When an objection raised against his inscription for Shakespeare was defended by the authority of Patrick, he replied—*Horresco referens*—"that he would allow the Publisher of a Dictionary to know the meaning of a single word, but not of two words put together"

VIRTUE



VIRTUE and PLEASURE.

A N O D E.

**I**NFORM me Virtue is it true?  
Does Pleasure really dwell with you?  
The sons of sense say, No:  
They say, that all who mind your rules,  
Are gloomy superstitious fools,  
And every joy forego.

They say, and openly maintain,  
That your rewards are care and pain;  
And while on heaven you preach,  
At best 'tis but a phantom fair,  
The soul is mortal, melts in air,  
And heaven shall never reach.

Or tell me Pleasure! what you feel;  
Speak honestly, nor ought conceal;  
The matter is of weight.  
Pleasure, sweet power, to nature dear!  
I never wish'd to be austere;  
I seek the happiest state.

Pleasure replies, with modest smile,  
'Let not a name thy heart beguile.  
'My name the sons of sense  
'Have oft assum'd: but, trust me, they  
From happiness are far astray:  
'Tis all a mere pretence.

' To

‘ To me they boast alliance near ;  
‘ As men of pleasure, men of cheer,  
‘ If you will them believe.  
Meanwhile they are of Circe’s crew,  
‘ Wretched, defil’d; with painted hue,  
‘ Weak mortal to deceive.

‘ Circe, my rival, harlot base!  
‘ Her poison’d cup the human race  
‘ To frenzy can inflame:  
Her blinded followers she betrays:  
Her specious arts, her flowery ways,  
‘ Lead on to guilt and shame.

‘ Mine is a purer nobler rise,  
‘ Virtue, my parent, from the skies  
‘ Came down to bless the earth  
‘ With me, the child she bore to love;  
‘ A beauteous happy pair above,  
And here of highest worth!

‘ Virtue, I grant, is often tried  
‘ By sickness, sorrow, envy, pride;  
‘ Nor is asham’d to mourn.  
‘ But trial strengthens: conscience cheers;  
‘ Of death and woe prevents the fears:  
‘ Assaults to vict’ry turn.

‘ Of

‘ Of active life the hard turmoils,  
‘ The patriot’s cares, the hero’s toils,  
    In brighter triumphs end.  
‘ Of friendship sympathy, the pains  
‘ A generous soul accounts her gains  
    ‘ While all the good commend.

‘ But who can paint the heart-felt glow  
‘ Of holy love, of thought the flow  
    ‘ Reciprocal, sincere ;  
‘ Faith’s firm repose, hope’s vision bright,  
‘ Of God’s approving face the light  
    ‘ Of prayer the rapt’rous tear ?

‘ Nor deem such bliss an empty form :  
‘ Tis solid, will defy the storm,  
    ‘ And keep the breast serene :  
‘ When all the merriment of vice  
‘ A low-born vapour, sudden flies,  
    ‘ And leaves a void within ;

‘ An aching void, where nought can come,  
‘ But self-reproach, and secret gloom,  
    ‘ Earnest of future woe !  
‘ Let braggart sinners loudly boast,  
‘ To joy, to peace, to comfort lost  
    True heart they do not know.

• They

‘ They dare not face rich folly’s frown,  
‘ To faucy greatness they bow down.  
‘ Held fast in passion’s chain  
‘ They talk of liberty: ’tis prate,  
‘ The slaves of appetite and fate,  
‘ They start at every pain.

Left death their trembling souls should seize,  
Their blood with mortal horrors freeze,  
‘ And all their prospects end.  
‘ At that inevitable hour,  
‘ My parent, Virtue, proves her power,  
‘ An everlasting friend !

‘ In life, in death, I follow her:  
‘ She, she alone, can joys confer,  
‘ To fill the human heart ;  
‘ From heav’n together first we came ;  
‘ Constant we breathe one common flame,  
‘ And never, never part !’

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*The CHURCH YARD.*

**W**HAT a number of hillocks of death appear  
all round us ! What are the tomb-stones,  
but memorials of the inhabitants of that town, to  
inform us of the period of all their lives, and to  
point

point out the day when it was said to each of them, "Your time shall be no longer." O, may I readily learn this important lesson, that my turn is hastening too; such a little hillock shall shortly arise for me in some unknown spot of ground; it shall cover this flesh and these bones of mine in darkness, and shall hide them from the light of the sun, and from the sight of man till the heavens be no more.

Perhaps some kind surviving friend may engrave my name, with the number of my days, upon a plain funeral stone, without ornament, and below envy: there shall my tomb stand among the rest as a fresh monument of the frailty of nature and the end of time. It is possible some friendly foot may now and then visit the place of my repose, and some tender eye may bedew the cold memorial with a tear: one or another of my old acquaintance may possibly attend there to learn the silent lecture of morality from my grave-stone, which my lips are now preaching aloud to the world: and if love and sorrows should reach so far, perhaps while his soul is melting in his eyelids, and his voice scarce finds utterance, he will point with his finger, and shew his companion the month and the day of my decease. O, that solemn, that awful day, which shall finish my appointed  
time

time on earth, and put a final period to all the designs of my heart, and all the labours of my tongue and pen!—

Think, O my soul that while friends or strangers are engaged on that spot, and reading the date of my departure hence, thou wilt be fixed under a decisive and unchangeable sentence, rejoicing in the rewards of time well-improved, or suffering the longer sorrows which shall attend the abuse of it, in an unknown world of happiness or misery.

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### *Anecdote of Chatterton.*

**A**N old gentleman that possessed a great respect for men of uncommon literary talents, and who frequently conversed with Chatterton, at the cyder-cellar in Maiden-lane, gave a loose to his good nature one evening, and requested the pleasure of the poet's company to supper at his house.

When the cloth was removed, some very four wine was placed upon the table, which the generous old gentleman praised extravagantly as he was filling Chatterton's glass, requesting him at the same time to drink a bumper to the memory of  
Shakespeare.

Shakespeare. The inspired youth had not finished his glass when tears stood trembling in his eyes, and instantly rolled down his cheeks. "God bless me!" says the old gentleman, "you are in tears, Mr. Chatterton,"—"Yes, Sir," says the bard, 'this dead wine of your's compels me to shed tears, but by H—n they are not the tears of veneration!"

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## On EDUCATION.

**E**DUCATION, like a polisher of marble, when it works upon a noble mind, and a tractable understanding, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such assistance are never able to make their appearance. By the aid of *right* education it is that human kind removes *itself* from those habits, which, though common with, are degrading to the species;—by it the lapsed state of human nature is recovered, and the rude, untoward *principles* of the iron age are brushed off, and swept away. That the present plan of education, as it is prosecuted by school-masters in general, is at least no absurd one, the following simple observations are intended to affirm:—It is asserted by *some*, that a person may acquire

quire a *good* education without ever being taught either to *read* or *write*. "Living words," it is said, will do the business—that I deny—Whoever reads, attentively, the human mind, and contemplates on it, will readily coincide with the assertion, that our ideas of modes and substances are assisted, in searching after truths, by other *intermediate* ideas, which, forming a congruity of *parts*, constitute a *whole*,—what is sought after. Every art and science depends upon these secondary aids—every piece of mechanism is thereby constructed.—In penmanship, the pen is the instrument, the person the agent, and the paper the thing acted upon. In like manner are moral truths found out, every mode and substance conveying to the mind a congruity of modes and substances. As a proof of this assertion, let a parent begin with his child, or a school-master with his pupil, at his own wished-for age, and let him disclose to him the nature and use (for instance) of figures, he will readily find the child to comprehend the meaning of *twenty*; that it is produced by a number of figures following each other in arithmetical progression, 1, 2, 3, &c. he may also find in him a tractability in calculations by geometrical progression; nay, he may lead him (for it is possible) through all the rules of arithmetic, both vulgar and decimal, theoretically; but should he demand of him notation, he is nonplused.

*Twenty*



*Twenty* he knows to be *twice ten*, or *four times five*; but if decyphered with a pencil or pen, he knows not what it means. To a person who never *saw* 20 thus expressed, 6 is as many: hence the advantage of letting example *precede* precept. Moreover, as man liveth not for *himself*, he is under a necessity of joining in society, and, consequently, of communicating his sentiments by *letters* (whether on commerce or pleasure) therefore, if he has not been taught the *use* of letters and figures, what does his *theory* profit him. The general, and, I think, the most eligible custom of Schoolmasters, in the education of children, is first to lead their pupils to a knowledge of their vernacular alphabet, hence to the formation of words, then to sentences: from this connection of *modes* new ideas spring, and from these others, and hereby a noble superstructure is reared on this stable foundation; for not from speech come letters, but speech from letters flows. The same may be observed with regard to figures, notation being the first step thereto: for a boy should no sooner know what *twenty* is than he should be taught to *mark* it. There are *two* things that have made moral ideas to be thought incapable of demonstration, namely, their complexedness, and want of sensible representations. Ideas of *quantity* have the advantage of others, and are more capable of certainty

tainty and demonstration, on the account that they have greater assistance from *intermediate* ideas—that they can be set down and distinguished by certain characters, which have a nearer correspondence with them than either *words* or sounds. A triangle or a circle laid down on *paper*, is a copy of the idea in the mind that form'd it, and therefore not liable to the uncertainty of signification that words carry with them. Describe to a boy who has not been taught construction, any *figure* in mathematics, or problem in geometry, he may remember the description, but cannot comprehend its *nature*.—Let him be told that a triangle is a three-sided figure; that one side is called the hypotenuse, another the base, and the third the perpendicular; let him be told, that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the squares of the base and perpendicular; let these truths be told him, he remembers the *description*, as was before hinted, but cannot hence, without manual demonstration, discover either its properties or its shape. His teacher, indeed, may, as they walk abroad, describe it to him with his staff upon the sand; but most men, I presume, will allow that the description would look better on paper.

The human mind, however penetrating, cannot always perceive the immediate agreement or dis-

Y

agreement

agreement of ideas, because, those ideas concerning which the enquiry is made, cannot by the mind alone be so connected, as to lead to a true conclusion—therefore it has recourse to the invention of *others* to come at the truth. I may venture to assert, that there is not any man, of any age or genius, able to comprehend fully any one branch of even *ordinary* education, without the aid of those *intermediate* ideas which the present mode of teaching requires; which every branch obtains.—Whoever defers beginning a boy to *read*, till he be eight years of age and yet trusts he can qualify him for the senate, bar, or pulpit, by the time he is fifteen, will find himself mistaken.—It was a maxim with a famous Thalian muse, “to suit the action to the word, and the word to the action.”—Similar to this is that of suiting *young* minds with simple subjects, and their intermediate helps.—What are all the properties of writing in *theory*, to a boy who is destined to earn his bread with his pen? or what profit would accrue from a knowledge of arithmetic, if he knew not whereby to put it in *practise*? *Intuitive* knowledge, I confess, ought to take the lead; but the knowledge that is serviceable between man and man must be *demonstrative* also.—That knowledge which is acquired without those *intermediate* ideas, (marks or characters) cannot be communicated to any other person—no one  
being

being able to affix the ideas of *another* with what he himself has no idea of—consequently serviceable to him only who possesses it.—Knowledge thus circumscribed may profit a philosopher, but cannot be of use to the man of business.—As there are few men without their *prejudices*, so there are few institutions without their deficiencies—but the *present* established plan of our best schools, has the fewest faults of any.—An old plan, especially of education, may sooner be improved on, than a new one adopted.—He who scorns to tread the old frequented path, in which good men are made *great*, and *great* men *good*, has much, besides prejudice, to surmount—and, therefore, must not think it strange, should he never attain the half-way post to the summit of his wishes.—From the foregoing observations, I firmly assert, that any part of education that is by a child acquired, previous to his being taught either to read or *write*, is only the fruit of lost labour.—Such knowledge, having no foundation but what is ideal (airy assurance) the superstructure, like the foundation, disappears before demonstration, like a bubble emptied on the surface of the brook.

## THE DIFFERENCE OF

*FOLLY AND WISDOM,**With Regard to the Conduct of Life.*

**W**HAT is the greatest worldly grandeur in the possession of folly, but a puff of vanity and emptiness? her spring of age is wasted under Mammon's wing; the vigour of her manhood is consumed in horses, hounds, and harlots; and her winter, or evening of life, is prostituted to insatiable avarice; and when death arises, no preceding incident can be remembered to fortify the mind with magnanimity enough to bid him welcome.—On the other side, wisdom in youth lays up such a magazine of knowledge, virtue and humanity, as communicates a lustre and beauty to every stage of life; considers she was not born for herself, but for the general weal of mankind. In affluence, the poor are warmed and fed at her fire-side, the naked cloth'd with the fleece of her sheep; the prisoners visited with relief, and the sick supplied with advice and necessaries. Adversity is not irksome: but as it cramps the liberal exercises of that quality; in either case she is a perfect mistress of herself, in the first, a shining pattern of love and good-will for her neighbour, and in the last, a bright example of patience and every

every virtue; while she seems the sport of time, innocent joy adorns her table, and peace unruffled smiles about her house. Folly claims for her supporters a monkey and a rattle, Wisdom a dove and a serpent.

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## A N E C D O T E

OF A

### SCOTCH CLERGYMAN.

A SCOTCH Clergyman, whose wife was a descendant of the famous Xantippe, in going through a course of lectures on the Revelations of St. John, imbibed from this abstruse writer an opinion *that the sex had no souls*, and were incapable of future punishment. It was no sooner known in the country, that he maintained this doctrine, than he was summoned before a presbytery of his brethren, to be dealt with according to his delinquency. When he appeared at the bar, they asked him, if he really held so heretical an opinion. He told them plainly he did. On desiring to be informed of his reason for so doing—"In the Revelation of St. John the Divine, (said he) *you will find this passage,*" *And there was silence in Heaven*  
for

*for about half an hour.* “ Now I appeal to all of you, whether that could have happened, had there been any women there; and Charity forbids us to imagine that they were in a worse place; thereby it follows, that they have no immortal part, and are exempted from being accountable for all the noise and disturbance they have raised in this world.

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### A N E C D O T E

**A** GENTLEMAN telling a friend of his, that he wondered he did not lay up money, when to his knowledge, he had eight hundred a-year, and did not appear to spend above two; your surprise, said the other, will cease, when you know how my estate goes. I employ two hundred in paying what I owe; I lend two hundred; I spend two hundred; and I loose two hundred. The two hundred I pay, are what I allow my Father and Mother, who are poor; the two hundred I lend, are laid out in the education of my children, who I hope will return it to me; the two hundred I spend are in necessaries for my family; and the two hundred I loose, are consumed by my wife in dress and pleasure.

**AN**

A N E L E G Y

*On the FIRST of SEPTEMBER.*

WHEN the still night withdrew her sable  
    shroud,

And left these climes with steps sedate and slow;  
Whilst sad Aurora kerchief'd in a cloud,

With drizzy vapours hung the mountain brow:

The wretched bird from hapless \*Perdix sprung,  
With trembling wings forsook the furrow'd  
    plain ;

And calling round her all her list'ning young ;  
In falt'ring accents sung this plaintive strain.

' Unwelcome morn ! full well thy low'ring mien,  
    ' Foretells the slaughters of the approaching day ;  
' The gloomy sky laments with tears the scene,  
    ' Where pale-eyed terror re-assumes her sway.

' Ah luckless train ! ah fate-devoted race !  
    ' The dreadful tale experience tells believe ;  
' Dark heavy mists obscure the morning's face  
    ' But blood and death shall close the dreary eve.

' This day fell man, whose unrelenting hate  
    ' No grief can soften and no tears assuage  
' Pours dire destruction on the feather'd state  
    ' Whilst pride and rapine urge his savage rage.

' I

\*Perdix was supposed to be turn'd into a partridge.



‘ I who so oft have ’scap’d the impending snare,  
‘ Ere night arrives may feel the fiery wound ;  
‘ In giddy circles quit the realms of air;  
‘ And, stain with streaming gore the dewy  
ground.’

She said; when lo! the Pointer winds his prey  
The rustling stubble gives the fear’d alarm;  
The gunner views the covey fleet away  
And rears th’ unerring tube with skilful arm.

In vain the mother wings her whirring flight  
The leaden deaths arrest her as she flies  
Her scatter’d offspring swim before her fight,  
And bath’d in blood, she flutters, pants, and dies.

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### *ANECDOTE of HANDEL.*

**I**T is well known that there was a time when the compositions of Handel were not so popular as they are in our day: nay, it is well remembered, that at the performance of his *Messiah*, the Royal presence could not produce any thing like an audience. The witticisms of Lord Chesterfield on the occasion will not be forgotten. The great composer, however conscious of the real merit of his music, consoled himself with the certainty of  
that

that posthumous fame which he now possesses. Indeed; he was once a prophet on this subject; for as he was conducting a morning concert at Leicester-House, when his present Majesty was about four years of age, he was so struck with the attention which the Royal boy paid to the music, that he exclaimed to the performers about him.—  
*If that young Prince should live to ascend the throne; then will be the æra of Handel's glory.* No one will venture to say that his prophecy has not found completion.

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## A N E S S A Y

### *On the Love of our Country.*

**B**ENEVOLENCE is the noblest quality of human nature, and great minds must excel in this generous virtue. The most attractive objects of a benevolent mind is his country: to make that happy and prosperous, is the pride and pleasure of his soul. A natural sweetness of temper is an early indication of social virtues: but just reflection alone can influence the noble passions. The more men reason on truth and justice, the more they are ashamed of vice and error: hence a man of sense despises a selfish action, and de-

lights in the most diffusive beneficence, as he finds it the most lasting, valuable, and requisite pleasure. 'Twas well observed, he that would be generous, must first be just. How often are men undone by a generous extravagance? And how happy would it be for mankind, did every one study fair dealing and equity, more than ostentatious actions? Benevolence flourishes most in Republican governments; where the people are equal and free, there's a general emulation who shall love and serve the publick most; but where it is denied them to act for their country, they quickly forget the care of it. What more affect the passions of a noble mind than national hazards and dangers? who, that has honour or worth, would not sacrifice a private advantage, give up the dearest friend and most valuable interest in life, to support the liberties and blessings of his country, if invaded? How must a generous Roman resent and deplore those devouring plagues which beset the people when the *Lex Majestatis*, the law made to guard the sacred rights and honour of the common wealth, was extended by a forced construction, to punish and restrain the liberty of speaking and writing? Or, how must the subjects of France bemoan themselves and their country, when the practice of dragooning was first introduced? We BRITAINS have dearly bought the liberties we  
now

now possess; and we should adore the freedoms we enjoy, honour the Prince who preserves them, and oppose all attempts that may be made to hurt them. It is a duty which a man owes to himself to assert the public rights and privileges; let the parties concerned be ever so exalted, or courted, any one may say with all truth as Phocion of old said to king Antipater "I cannot be your flatterer and friend." 'Twas a memorable saying of Monsieur Mezeray, the famous historian, to a gentleman of our country in the close of the last century, "We had once in France the same happiness, and the same privileges which you have; our laws were made by representatives of our own choosing; our money was not taken from us but by our own consent; our Kings were subject to the rules of Law and Reason; yet now, alas! we are miserable and all is lost. Think nothing, Sir, too dear, to maintain these precious advantages; if ever there be occasion, venture your life and estate, and all you have, rather than submit to the conditions you see us reduced to."

ON

~~The man the moment his Content we find,~~  
~~Exults in the easy influence on the mind!~~  
 The man whose source of health, long life remains,  
 While active hours swell the untainted veins.  
 The ~~Thracian~~ ~~man~~ ~~is~~ with affluent fortune  
~~born.~~

And pompous vice his noon of life employ'd,  
When mild reflection calm'd his heated breast,  
Bright virtue's lovelier beauties he confest.  
Her awful pow'r with reverence he ador'd;  
And blooming years by temperate life restor'd.  
Like him, ye Libertines, tho' earlier, aim  
Youth's vice, e'er strong by habit, to reclaim,

## Taint

- **Lewis Corbano.**

Taint not the vital springs, nor cloud the soul,  
 And all the solid joys of life controul;  
 Dissolv'd in wine, how dull the minutes pass,  
 Whole nights repeating o'er th' unrelish'd glass,  
 The senses, drown'd in vice, unbing'd the mind,  
 Nought, can the wretch, but palling pleasures find.

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## A N E C D O T E

*Of the great Duke of Marlborough.*

A DETACHED party under the Duke of Marlborough, having fallen in with a superior party of the French, took them prisoners. When they were brought into the camp, and the Duke rode along the lines, the French appeared very much dejected at the defeat, except a tall grenadier, who assumed more the air of a Conqueror than a captive. The Duke, struck with his appearance, rode up to him and said—"If the King your master had 50,000 such brave fellows as you, we should find enough to do in the Netherlands."—"The King my master," replied he, "does not stand in need of 50,000 such as *me*; he only wants *one* man like *Your Grace*." Upon which the Duke immediately presented him with ten guineas, and an escort to the French army.

THE

## The UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.

**M**R. WATSON was an eminent West-India merchant, who had acquired a very large fortune, most of which was vested in the funds. When he was upwards of forty, he married a brisk young lady who bore him several children; but they all died young, except Emilia, the unhappy subject of this narrative. She was brought up in the most tender manner, under the fond eyes of her indulgent parents, till she was ten years of age, and then she was sent to a boarding-school at Hampstead. There she acquired the knowledge of French and Italian, with music, dancing, and all sorts of needle-work.

When she was fifteen, she lost her mother, who was taken off by a violent fever, in consequence of having over heated herself, at a city ball. As Mr. Watson loved his wife in the most tender manner, so he remained disconsolate for his loss; but when he began to reflect that his daughter was almost able to manage his domestic affairs, he sent for her home, and was pleased to find what progress she had made in learning.

Emilia was tall and well proportioned, had fine dark eyes, and brown hair; her voice was extremely  
ly

ly agreeable, and there was something in the whole of her deportment so engaging, that few could behold her without admiration. He gave her every indulgence consistent with his duty as a parent, and by that time she had completed her seventeenth year, he had the pleasure to see her grown up to her full size, and daily acquiring new accomplishments.

In the same street in which Mr. Watson lived, was the house of one Mr. Mellefs, a merchant of eminence in trade; but unfortunately, he and Mr. Watson happened once to have a very expensive law-suit, in which the latter was cast, and so enraged were they at each other, that when they met in the streets, they would not speak. The one would not go into the coffee-house which the other frequented; nor was any of their servants allowed to meet at the same coffee-house. Mr. Mellefs had several children, some of whom were married; and his domestic affairs were managed by his youngest daughter, an agreeable lady, not much turned of twenty.

Emilia, who was not allowed to speak to any one belonging to Mr. Mellefs, happened one evening to be at a ball, and a young gentleman, finely dressed, made choice of her as a partner. She did not know his name; but, when the dancing was over,



over, and he conducted her to his coach; how great was her surprize to hear him called Mellefs. This young gentleman, was the son of Mr. Mellefs, and had managed the greatest part of his business several years; but Emilia had never seen him before.

He was extremely handsome in his shape and agreeable in his features; but had not read much, nor was he very well acquainted with the world. He was, however, very polite in his manners, and had something in his behaviour that charmed all those who conversed with him. In his dress he was neat rather than fine; and was altogether free from the least affectation; so that with most people, who knew him, he passed for a more accomplished gentleman than he really was.

He had often seen Emilia; but as it was in company with her father, he knew that he could not be allowed to speak to her; for Mr. Watson would sooner have married his daughter to a footman, than to any one belonging to Mr. Mellefs, Emilia told the young gentleman to set her down before they came to the end of the street where her father lived; but, unfortunately, just as she was coming out of the coach, her father happened to pass by, and saw who she was in company with. He took

no

no notice, but walked home; she called for a chair, that set her down at her father's door.

When she came into the parlour, her father asked with whom she had been dancing; to which she answered, that a young gentleman had chosen her for a partner at the ball; but she could not tell his name. "That is a little strange," said the father, "that your memory should be so bad, when it is but a few minutes since I saw you come out of his coach. Emilia turned pale, burst into tears, and falling on her knees, implored her father's pardon, declaring, in the most solemn manner, that she never saw the gentleman before that night; and her meeting with him was merely accidental. Mr. Watson, however, did not pay much regard to what was said by his daughter; for he concluded, that they had met together at the ball, in consequence of some previous appointment.

He told her he should forgive her for the present offence; but if ever he should know of her being in his company again, he would dispose of his fortune in such a manner, that she should not enjoy any of it.

Next morning Mr. Watson received the following letter; the contents of which had almost driven him to a state of madness.

A a

" Sir,

“ Sir,

“ I had the honour to meet your daughter by accident, last night at the ball; and must acknowledge she has many more accomplishments than ever I knew fell to the share of one of her sex; but alas! I am writing to one who I fear will pay no regard to my strongest arguments. But surely, Sir, you are a rational creature; and although my father and you were so unfortunate as to have a law-suit, yet why should you continue your hatred to his son? If my father ever did you an injury, why should I be blamed for it, seeing I am innocent? How much more noble would it be to forgive, than resent an injury: nor can we repeat the Lord's prayer in sincerity, unless we freely forgive our enemies.”

“ Let me beg, Sir, that a reconciliation may yet take place between my father and you; that you might live like neighbours; and as a bond of that union, let your lovely daughter be mine.”

“ In hopes of a favourable answer, I am Sir, with the utmost respect

“ Your most obedient Servant,

“ CHARLES MELLESE.”

Had news arrived that the Spaniards had seized his plantations in the West-Indies; had all the  
uninsured

uninsured vessels been sunk, or had the Gazette told him that his banker had failed, Mr. Watson could not have raved more like a madman than he did when he received the young gentleman's letter. His daughter seeing him in such agitation of mind, and not knowing what was the matter, was going to ask him; when, in the violence of passion, he struck her a terrible blow on the temple, which brought her to the ground.

The poor young lady screamed out, and the servants ran to her assistance; while her father stood trembling with the violence of his passion. The servants told Emilia, that the letter came from young Mr. Mellefs, and therefore they did not wonder that their master should be so enraged, as the parents had kept up a continual hatred of each other for more than twelve years.

“Alas!” said Emilia, and do they expect to be forgiven, when they die? But I am innocent, and why should I suffer?”

There is nothing so much stimulates love, as opposition. When young people of both sexes are allowed to meet freely together, while they behave with decency, courtship goes on more rationally and smooth than when the parents are very strict in their orders for them not to meet.

Prohibitions of this nature, without the most justifiable reasons, seldom end in any thing good ; for they put young lovers upon the invention of schemes, that otherwise would never have been thought of by them. Nay, there are many young women, as well as men, who elope with lovers, whom, had they been allowed to meet in a regular manner, they would never have married ; because they would have seen into their natural temper.

Such was the case with Miss Watson ; she could not bear to think that the young gentleman should be treated with so much indignity, for no other reason than that her father and his once had a law suit, and that he had danced with her at a ball.

When Mr. Watson's passion had so far subsided, that he was able to hold a pen, he folded up the young gentleman's letter in a cover, on the inside of which he wrote the following, addressed to old Mr. Mellefs.

“ Sir,

“ You will see by the inclosed, what a rascal your son is, to have the impudence to speak to my daughter, or to write letters to me. If he ever presumes to write to me again, I shall not spare his bones, having bought an exceeding good cudgel for that purpose.

G. W.

As

As old Mr. Mellefs hated Mr. Watfon as much as the latter did him, fo when he faw the young gentleman's letter, he was as much enraged againft his fon, as the other had been againft his daughter. He told Charles, that he would difcard him for ever if he fpoke to the young lady again, for he was determined that none of his family fhould, while he lived, be connected with Mr. Watfon's.

Charles promifed fubmiffion and obedience; but promifes are more eafily made than kept, efpecially in love affairs. The week after this affair of the ball, Mr. Watfon was obliged to go to Falmouth, on account of a fhip of his being stranded on the coaft near that town; and he did not return in lefs than a week.

Charles, who had learned, by giving a guinea to one of the fervants, where Mifs Watfon's milliner lived, went to the fhop, and left a letter for the young lady. It was not long before he received an answer; and from the contents he found, that notwithstanding all that her father had faid, yet his perfon was not indifferent to her.

By the affiftance of the very obliging milliner, the two lovers had an interview, which was as affecting as could be imagined, efpecially when it is confidered under what restraints they both lay.

But

But although they kept their meetings as secret as possible, yet it was not long before Mr. Watson discovered them. One of his footmen had lately married the cook-maid; and the young couple had taken a public house, near to where the milliner lived; so that they often saw Miss Watson go in, and Charles soon after her. They knew that these meetings must be unknown to the old gentleman; and therefore the publican, in order to procure favour with his late master, who had lent him money to buy the lease of his house, went and informed Mr. Watson, who ordered his daughter to be confined in a close room, to which there was only one small window, looking into the yard behind the house.

As she had never known what confinement was before, this severity threw her into a fever; and though she recovered a little from it, yet melancholy preyed upon her spirits; and her physicians told her father that she must try what effect the waters at Scarborough would have upon her. To this her father consented, because he had been informed that young Mr. Mellefs was gone over to Rotterdam, in Holland, to settle some business relating to a failure that had happened there.

Accordingly, the young lady was sent to Scarborough, under the care of an aged female, a distant

tant relation of Mr. Watson; who had strict orders not to let her see any letters that came to her, unless from him. But this caution was needless; for the day after her arrival at Scarborough, as she was walking by the sea-side, she met young Mr. Mellefs in company with the captain of a Dutch ship.

It seems, Charles had settled his business at Rotterdam; and, as it was in the summer season, he thought he could not spend a few weeks better, than by visiting some of the most noted curiosities in the north of England. For this purpose he landed at Scarborough, and had only been a few hours on shore, when he was met by Emilia. Their mutual transports were so sudden, that they could scarce believe their own eyes; and, lest any thing should separate them for the future, they set off the same night for Scotland, where they were married; and then returned to Scarborough.

As soon as Mr. Watson heard of his daughter's marriage, he made his addresses to a young milliner of nineteen, upon whom he settled all his fortune; and Mr. Mellefs so much resented the conduct of his son, that he made his will, and cut him off with a shilling.

The young couple being thus left destitute, were soon reduced to great distress; and Emilia, being  
taken



taken in labour, died together with her child. Charles did not long survive her; for not being able to endure the thoughts of staying any longer in England, he went over to the East Indies, where he was seized with a fever, which soon put a period to his life.

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## On the VICISSITUDES of LIFE.

**I**N life what various scenes appear!  
How differs every day!  
We now the face of comfort wear,  
To-morrow — of dismay.

As light and darkness each succeed,  
So pleasure follows pain,  
Our spirits drooping while we bleed,  
The brisker flow again.

Winter and summer have their turns,  
Each vale its rising hills;  
One hour the raging fever burns  
The next an ague chills.

A mind at ease and free from care  
Can paradise excel,  
But when in trouble and despair,  
A palace then is hell.

VIRTUE

*VIRTUE AND VICE;*

## A VISION.

**W**HEN silent night invited to rest and repose, I slept in gentle slumber, but fancy busied itself in an aerial ramble: Methought I was conveyed to an extensive plain crowded with people, who seemed to be in search of something by their diligence; I stood some time musing on the scene before me, when there appeared a radiant form like the description of an angel, which thus accosted me: What there thou see'st is not by every one rightly understood; my business is to inform the curious enquirer; if thou wilt follow me, I will unfold to thee the mystery; I replied, such a condescension will inspire me with gratitude and thankfulness.

Direct thine eyes and thou wilt see before thee on the plain two paths, extending different ways; each of which is terminated by a temple dedicated to the powers which influence their respective votaries; the one Virtue, the other Vice; that on the left directs to the temple of Vice, this on the right to the temple of Virtue; follow me and thou shalt see the manners of each. We entered the gate, guarded by Innocence blooming as the morning;

B b

a severity,

a severity, mixed with satisfaction, appeared in her countenance; we passed by, after my guide had resolved the necessary questions. We walked a few steps and came to a noble pile of building, but no unnecessary ornaments to decorate it, the whole plain but beautiful; we entered in and saw a great number of boys and girls listening to the dictates of a grave, elderly person, who I was informed was Wisdom. I stood some time, with pleasure, to hear the divine precepts explained so clearly, and with such energy of language. We then walked on to another building, where I saw several grave, elderly persons with globes and other mathematical instruments instructing the young men in the sciences necessary to inform the mind of the stupendous works of the Supreme Being, and thereby teach them to adore the Power that made them; When I had satisfied my curiosity, we walked farther on. In this part of the path the youth of both sexes were busy in walking up and down between that and the next building. Methought this part seemed exposed to the assaults of some troublesome persons who mixed among the crowd: I sat down on a convenient seat to observe their conduct; I turned my eyes and saw walking from the path of Vice a beauteous woman arrayed in all the splendid ornaments that could be of use to attract the eye; when she came near, the young men

men ey'd her with pleasure; she beckoned and looked languishing and wanton with her eyes, some followed her, overcome with her charms, others turned away. Immediately there appeared an antique figure, who, I was informed, was Calumny with a bow and quiver of arrows, which he discharged at several youths, but Fortitude supported, and Truth, with her adamantine shield, covered them; some turned back, through fear, others stood the trial; those that stood were conducted by Fortitude to her temple, when they entered I could hear the sound of a trumpet in honour of their courage. I said to my guide, why are such disturbers suffered to discompose these virtuous in their progress; she replied, these things are suffered to try the faith of the votaries of Virtue; if they fall, it shews their insincerity and want of faith. We walked on to the building where Fortitude received the bold in Virtue; we entered in and saw a number who had arrived thus far through trials of various kinds; a sweet serenity and home-felt joy appeared in the countenance of those men; This was a joy of Reason, accompanied with a kind of celestial happiness, but their work was not yet accomplished, though they had thus far fought the good fight. We left them, and journeyed on to the last building, except the temple; here we found a great number of old men discoursing to-

gether in harmony and love, relating the circumstances of their past lives, and penning precepts for the instruction of rising youth. Me-thought one among them declared audibly thus: " We have fought the good fight, we have also finished our course, hence there is laid up for us, a crown immortal in the heavens." We left them, and walked on towards the magnificent temple of Virtue; my guide said to me, forbear to approach too near that sacred place, nothing unholy can ever enter there, thou art young and unexperienced, and have many probations to go through before thou canst gain admittance there. The distant view ravished my soul with its beauty and grandeur; no language can paint the dazzling splendor thereof.

My guide bid me prepare for the second fight; methought we were immediately conveyed to the gate at the entrance of the path of Vice, which was guarded by Licentiousness in loose attire, when we came near she looked a languishing leer, and whispered some immodest words as we passed by; we walked on a little way and came to a building which we entered and found a croud of little boys and girls, listening to the instructions of several masters and mistresses who were teaching the arts of music, dancing, and how to improve the person by arts of dress; some were singing amo-  
rous

trous songs, some frisking up and down in the dance, some practising airs at the glass to prepare them for future life. When we had viewed these, we walked on to another building, which appeared exquisitely beautiful; the pillars at the entrance were ornamented with sculptural imagery of various kinds; in the inside of the roof which was lofty, was represented in curious paintings the amours of the Heathen Gods and Goddeses; music both vocal and instrumental, was the entertainment of these youths of both sexes who were all striving which should raise the greatest passions. I had a secret inclination to have staid here, but my guide called me away. We walked on to the next building. In this part of the path many were walking to recover a lost bloom; their countenances looked pale and emaciated through intemperance. When we entered the next building I was surprized at the change from love to hatred of one another, men cursing women for their infidelity, and one another for their treachery and deceit, some singing songs in honour of intemperance, some stupid with drinking, some raving, some laughing, some crying out through pains of gout, rheumatisms, fevers &c. in short, it seemed both an hospital and bedlam too. We soon left these and journeyed on to another building; here was some few old men, but these looked sorrowful and

and full of pains, hopes of annihilation and fear of eternal torment agitated their minds; after this I said to my guide, if this is the state of the vicious, certainly virtue is most eligible. We walked out and viewed the temple of vice at a little distance, which was grand on the outside, but there seemed an eternal discord to reign amongst the inhabitants; the chief rulers here were pride, lust, envy, malice, pain, grief, calumny and innumerable others; the works and caves around seemed to echo to the incessant uproar; when the seeming sound disturbed my sleep, and I awoke, and mused on the oddness of my dream.

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## AN INDIAN ANECDOTE

### *Of a KING of MALACCA.*

**O**SORIUS, in his history of Portugal, gives this memorable story; that Alphonso Albuquerque whom the King of Portugal had made his viceroy in the East-Indies, being empowered to constitute and appoint such magistrates under him as should best contribute to the establishment of tranquillity and commerce, first of all, about the year 1514, conferred the title and dignity of supreme Indian governor or king under him, upon  
Ninachetuen,

Ninachetuen, venerable for his age, and esteemed by the people for his wisdom and conduct; but in the course of time Albuquerque, being induced by some private reasons to transfer that honour and dignity upon Uterimutaria, the petty king of Campar, endeavoured by all possible persuasions to bring Ninachetuen into a temper of resignation; and when he found all his arguments and intrigues ineffectual, resolved to fetch Uterimutaria and fix him by his own authority in the place of Ninachetuen.

This was no sooner known, than Ninachetuen, not able to bear the indignity of being reduced to a private station, after he had been accustomed to reign, ordered a scaffold to be erected upon several pillars, and to be decked with rich tapestry, strewed with flowers, and fumigated with the richest perfumes. He then dressed himself in a robe made of cloth of gold, and studded all over with precious stones, and mounted this scaffold, under which was a pile of sweet wood, well disposed and prepared to be lighted.

Such an extraordinary appearance attracted the eyes and attention of the whole place, from whom the king had secreted his real intention; to whom he spoke, first reminding them of the services he had performed for the Portuguese before



fore their conquest of Malacca ; then related what he had done for their sovereign since their settlement at Malacca ; and called them to witness his brave actions for the good of the Portuguese, and his constant attendance and faithfulness in the administration of justice towards his countrymen and those concerned.

He then informed them, that the Portuguese were come to a resolution, and were then contriving to put it in force, to depose him from his dignity and office, and to raise another up to his place, which he looked upon to be such a defamation of his old age that no man with the least sense of honour, could possibly digest such an indignity, because they deprived him of the trust they had themselves given him ; and they degraded him of his honours, that he might spin out an ignominious old age with reproach and contempt ; that he had always regarded his own life less than his honour ; and was now resolved to put an end to his life before they had an opportunity to sully his reputation ; and therefore that he was come there prepared to die, and in their presence to put a period to his life, rather than undergo the affront intended to be put upon him.

With these words, the fire already kindled, and blazing up, he cast himself into the midst of it,  
and

and soon expired, in the sight of a sorrowful and amazed people, who lamented the miserable end of so good a magistrate, and highly condemned the ungrateful treatment he had met with from the Portuguese.

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## EXTRAORDINARY RESOLUTION

OF A

### *GOVERNOR of a FORTRESS.*

**T**HE bravery of a garrison in the fortress of Merdin is scarcely to be matched in history, It sustained a seven years siege, by the mighty Timurleng who lay before it, during that time, with his invincible army. To terrify the besieged and give them an earnest of his resolution, he caused all the old trees round about the place to be cut down, and young ones to be planted in far greater numbers: declaring at the same time, that he would not raise the siege, till those trees should be mature enough to bear fruit: when that time came, he sent a present of the fruits to the Governor of the garrison; as likewise of mutton, with this message, that he took pity on so brave a man, fearing lest he should starve for want of necessaries.

C c

As

As soon as the Governor had received these presents, turning to the messenger he said, "go tell thy master, I thank him for his presents of fruits; but, for the flesh, we shall have no occasion for it, so long as our ewes afford us milk enough to sustain the whole garrison: And that thy master may be assured we are not in want of that, I will send him a present of cheeses made of the same." Accordingly he commanded four cheeses to be delivered to the messenger; which, when Timurleng saw, and heard the words of the Governor, he despaired of reducing the place, tho' he had laid before it seven years, wanting only two months, and so raised the siege; but had he known or understood what sort of cheeses these were, he would no doubt not have done so: for they were made of the milk of bitches, and were the very last sustenance the garrison had, except the flesh itself of those animals.

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*How much better Money is employ'd in Charity,  
than the Indulgence of our Appetites,*

EXEMPLIFIED IN AN

## E A S T E R N T A L E.

**Z**ACCHOR and Esreff, two youths, begged  
of the Dervise Morat their tutor, who was a  
seer,

seer, and blessed by Mahomet with the knowledge of future events, to permit them to visit the curiosities of Aleppo, to which place they were but lately come for the advantage of the wise and holy man's instructions, and who had undertaken their education: he gave each of them a few aspers on going forth to expend on whatever their inclinations prompted to; and on their return he enquired how they had disposed of their money. I said Zacchor cast my eyes on the finest dates Syria ever produced; laid out my aspers, and indulged in what perhaps I shall never meet with again. And I said Efress, met a poor helpless wretch with an infant at her breast, whose cries pierced my soul, she was reduced to the very utmost extremity; the angel of death seemed to glare forth at her eyes, and she had scarce strength left to beg that assistance my heart yearned to give her and which our prophet commands all Mussulmen to bestow on misery like her's. She had my aspers, and I grieved I had not more to bestow. The money, said Morat to Zacchor, which you exchanged for the dates will in a few hours be converted into the most odious of substances,—mere excrement; but Afress, said he, turning to the other, besides the pleasure you must enjoy whenever you reflect on what you have done, know that your well bestowed aspers will produce

a never fading fruit, and contribute to your happiness, both in this world and the world to come; and moreover know that the infant whose life you saved, and who without your assistance must with its mother have perished, will (so heaven has decreed) live to repay your goodness by saving your life many years hence, and rescuing you from the most imminent danger.

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## A N E C D O T E

OF

### *KING JAMES the FIRST.*

**O**NCE when the King was hunting, he heard three labouring men complaining heavily of the King's making so many poor Scots great men. The King showing himself, asked, what had been the subject of their conversation. Upon which, judging the King had overheard them, they fell on their knees entreating his pardon. The King drawing his sword, commanded them to tell him their names, and they with trembling voices expecting nothing less than immediate death, replied, John, Thomas, and William, upon which the King flourishing his sword over their heads, cried

cried with an audible voice, "Rise up Sir John, Sir Thomas and Sir William," and then added, "by my Saul men, there are not three poorer knights in aw Scotland."

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### *THOUGHTS on the CREATION.*

**T**O eyes of flesh tho' God remained conceal'd,  
 To eyes of faith how gloriously reveal'd!  
 What shining witnesses croud all around!  
 Answer earth, sea, or speak ye Heavens profound,  
 What arm, unnumber'd orbs can you suspend?  
 What hand resplendent night, thy veil extend?  
 What might, what majesty, the Heavens declare!  
 How full confess'd the great CREATOR there!  
 O Heavens, whom thousand worlds and wonders  
 fill,  
 Yet cost your Author only once to will.  
 He sprinkles light in the vast dome of Sky  
 As in our field he makes the dust to fly,  
 O thou by morn announc'd refulgent flame,  
 Still brightly new, yet beaming still the same;  
 What brings thee from the bosom of the main,  
 To cheer us with thy genial rays again,  
 Each day I look for, and thou com'st each day;  
 'Tis God that calls thee, thou his voice obey.  
 What

What croud of objects does the eye unite!  
 What scatter'd rays concenter in the sight!  
 The flexile picture paints all objects plain,  
 And strikes a nerve that bears it to the brain.  
 Heaven! what frail texture! what fine fibres meet!  
 Yet here my memory erects her seat!  
 Reposits in this precious magazine,  
 Whate'er my ears have heard, my eyes have seen;  
 Remits a will, resumes what went before,  
 Here keeps my treasures, faithful to restore.  
 Those subtle spirits, there as at a goal.  
 Await the signal of their queen my soul.  
 'Tis given; they fly; and swift thro' all my frame  
 Those docile ministers diffuse their flame.  
 Scarce have I spoke, when lo! they all stand by:  
 Ye unseen subjects which way did you fly?  
 Who bids my blood with wholesome ardour flow,  
 Which gives my frame with proper warmth to glow?  
 Its motions equally my heart impel,  
 It forms its liquor in that central cell;  
 It comes and warms me with its rapid course,  
 Retraces then more cool and calm its source;  
 And still exhausting it is still supply'd;  
 The ports of its canals stand ever wide,  
 Affording to its flow a free access:  
 But with oppos'd barriers deny regrefs.  
 Are these wise laws supported by my choice?  
 Or to their sanction did I give my voice?

I hardly know them. By attentive care  
 I learn the order and the wisdom there.  
 This order found, the Author let us own:  
 Without a law-giver, were laws e'er known.

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### *A Picture of True Religion.*

**T**HE Religion which the divine Author of it taught, is far from banishing harmless mirth, it rather gives a wider scope, and livelier relish of it; it lets in upon every ingenuous breast solid peace, manly joy, and rational complacency: it lays no restraint upon the little flights and sallies of wit, or the sportive turns of humour and fancy; all it pretends to, is to mark out the just measures and boundaries of sobriety and decorum, and to establish a taste in all kinds of them. It is not for extinguishing our passions, but allows and even approves the free indulgence and gratification of natural appetites, within the sacred verge of reason, temperance and discretion. In religious exercise, it enjoins not lengthen'd forms, wearisome rituals, or unnatural fervours: but only such a due frequency, measure, and temper in our external devotions as may best suit the purposes of inward reverence and rational piety. What the Roman poet,



Poet said of Virtue, holds equally good of religion, which is nothing else, but Virtue inforced and improved; that it consists in steering a middle course between two opposite and equal extremes.

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### THOUGHTS ON POVERTY.

**T**HERE's not an evil that we fly  
 So much as dreaded *Poverty* ;  
 And yet I think it no disdain  
 To be an honest homely swain ;—  
 'Tis true, some void of *thought* or *sense*  
 Live careless of their vast expence,  
 Mind only what regards their ease ;  
 Their passions gratify, and please ;  
 Yet midst their thousands, who can say,  
 " How blest am I each circling day ?"  
 Since every kind of troubles found,  
 Where'er luxurious feasts abound,  
 And always *something* to alloy  
 This wanton mirth and seeming joy :  
*Content*, that sweet foretaste of Heaven,  
 Is to the peasant oftener giv'n ;  
 'Tis this (dispelling future fear)  
 Creates a sunshine thro' the year ;  
 No anxious cares— those foes protest  
 To peace of mind, distract his breast ;

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with a calm secure retreat  
He wants not riches to be great;  
Has no ambitious scheme in view  
The road of honour to pursue;  
But, far from noise and hated strife  
Enjoys the purer sweets of life;  
Ev'n thus some verdant plant I see  
(As growing near a friendly tree)  
From adverse storms is shelter'd quite;  
And all the dreary blasts of night;  
Whilst tow'ring fir-trees oft are bent  
And thro' their greatness split and rent:  
Let *Poverty* none then despise;  
What each has got let that suffice,  
And of true riches all have store;  
What would we have? what want we more?

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A REMARKABLE  
STORY OF A NUN:

*In a Letter from a Lady at PARIS, to her  
Friend in LONDON.*

MY DEAR MIRANDA,

I AM sorry to find by your's, that you imagine  
the short time I have been in *France* has made  
D d me

me cease to be an *English* woman, or that any attachments here can make me forget the more natural ones I have to the country which gave me birth. I can do justice to the pleasures of this place, without loving them beyond those I found at home, and am not so enchanted with the magnificence of *Versailles* or *Fontainebleau*, as not sometimes to wish myself with you, wandering in the delightful shades of dear *Windsor Forest*.—That curiosity, however, which brought me hither, inclines me to stay till I have seen every thing worthy the observation of a traveller, and I should be glad to atone for that absence you so kindly regret, by faithfully communicating to you all the occurrences which my situation makes me acquainted with, such of them, at least, as appear to me to have any claim to your attention.

The following adventure, which I believe, you will think as odd a one as any you have ever met with in Romance; but I can assure, from the testimony of my own eyes, it is a fact which happened but a few days past.

It is the miscalled policy, and I think cruel custom of this country, that when a person of condition has a greater number of daughters than his fortune will allow him to portion off according to their rank, he forces the younger, or the least favourite,

into a convent, rather than suffer the dignity of his family to be demeaned by an ignoble marriage. —By the laws of the church, it is true no woman can be compelled to take the veil; and after the year of probation, the question is always asked in the most solemn manner by the bishop; but when once a poor young creature is carried within those fatal walls, there are so many insinuations on the one side, from the abbess and Sister-hood, and so many threats on the other, from the parents and kindred, that few have had the courage to testify their dislike.

One of these intended victims to pride and ostentation, I happened to be acquainted with at the grate of the *St. Augustine* monastery, behind which she frequently appeared with some of the nuns, to whom I had been introduced. She was extremely pretty, and her age did not exceed seventeen, but she had an air of dejection in her face, which shewed how little she was satisfied with the lot assigned her.—She had, it seems besides, a natural aversion to a monastic life, the most tender attachment to this world:—She loved a young gentleman, by whom as the sequel will prove, she was no less ardently beloved.—The story of their mutual passion was no secret.—I heard it from as many as had the least acquaintance with either of

them, and every one compassionated the cruel and eternal separation which must shortly be between them.

But of what service is pity, without the power of helping.—The parents of the young lady were inexorable.—Her year of noviceship was now expired, and the fatal day appointed to tear her for ever from all her hopes, and every enjoyment of life and love.

As I had never seen the ceremony of initiation, and had been told much of it, I was very desirous of being present at this, and no sooner gave a hint of my inclination, than a gentleman and his lady, from whom I have received many signal favours since my arrival, offered to accompany and place me where no part of the solemnity should escape my sight.

Accordingly we went, and had not long attended, before we saw the intended nun appear, led between her father and another grave old gentleman, who was the next of kin and followed by a vast number of both sexes.—She was habited extremely rich. Her head, stomacher, and the borders of her gown, sparkled with jewels, and seemed rather to bespeak the magnificence of a bride; than of one who was going to be secluded for ever from

from the world. My obliging guides, however, informed me this was always the custom, but that the instant of her admission, she would be disrobed of all this state.

The splendor in which she appeared, on so sad an occasion, put me in mind of those beautiful lines which *Mr. Philips* has put into the mouth of *Andromache* :

*Thus the gay victim, with fresh garlands crown'd,  
Pleas'd with the sacred fire's enliv'ning sound,  
Through gazing crouds, in solemn states proceeds ;  
And, dress'd in fatal pomp, magnificently bleeds.*

For I must own, that without any of these tender emotions she was possessed of, I look on a monastic life as a total privation of all the purposes of our being.—Our talents were designed for action, and are not only relative to our own wants, but to the good of social life. Each individual, is in some sense, related to the community in general, as each member is to the body. Their mutual good offices constitute the public welfare. It is therefore a species of murder to inclose within the prison of monastic walls, a life which might have been valuable to society ; for whoever enters into it is, in a natural sense, as effectually buried, as if deposited in the *land where all things are forgotten.*

But

But as, by what I have been told of her, I thought I had reason to guess at the situation of her heart, I was beyond measure surprised to find, instead of that distraction, that melancholy gloom, I expected in her countenance, a look more lively than I had ever seen her put on.—Her pace indeed was even, and composed, befitting the solemnity of the procession, but her eyes darted the most sprightly rays, while she continually turned her head from side to side, as willing no one of that numerous assembly should be unnoticed by her.—The short reflection I had time to make on her behaviour, rendered me incapable of believing her heart was engaged, at least so deeply, as had been represented to me; for it did not enter into my head, that a person of her years, and so extravagantly in love, could have either real fortitude enough to make the cruel sacrifice she was about to do, without the greatest and most visible emotions, or artifice enough to disguise the anguish of her soul, were it, in any measure, proportionable to what the world imagined.

As I had been told the form observed in admitting a young nun, I was not a little impatient to see how she would go through this last scene of her part. I doubt not but you are equally so, and I will not keep you in suspense. She knocked at the  
the

the gate of the convent, with the intrepidity she had approached it. The bishop appeared, and asked what was her demand? To which, it seems, she should have answered, *To be admitted within these sacred walls, and that heaven will accept my vows of everlasting chastity.*— But my dear *Miranda*, she had prepared a speech of a far different nature, and putting one knee to the earth, and at the same time taking hold of the hand of a well-made agreeable young gentleman, who had pressed through the crowd till he got close to her, *My lord*, said she, *I demand this gentleman for my husband, to whom I have been long since engaged by the most solemn promises, and from whom death only shall divide me.*

Never was any consternation greater, than which appeared in the faces of all present.—The bishop frowned.—The father of the young lady, and some other of the kindred, endeavoured to force her from her lover; but their hands were too closely locked to be easily unriveted, and six or seven gentlemen, who till now had seemed disinterested spectators of the show, but were in the plot, came that instant up, and each laying his hand upon his sword, said, If persuasion was ineffectual, they were prepared to do justice to their friend, who was betrothed to the lady they would compel to be a nun.

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On this, the bishop took the old gentleman aside, and as I have been since informed, remonstrated to him that as no convent either would, or could, according to the orders of the church, pretend to receive her after this public declaration of her pre-engagement, the most prudent way would be to give his consent to what would doubtless be consummated without it, perhaps in a less honourable way.— The rest of the kindred were afterwards consulted, and after a short whisper among themselves, they turned to the young lady, who was now encircled by the friends of her lover, and the father said, that though she had taken a step so contrary to his intentions, and the duty she owed him, yet he would no longer oppose her inclinations.—

On which the same bishop, who was to have received her vows of celibacy, performed the ceremony of her nuptials, to the infinite satisfaction of the whole assembly, who loudly expressed their approbation of the conduct both had shewn, and doubted whether the courage of the bride, or the constancy and ingenuity of the bridegroom were most to be commended.—For my part, as little compassion as you think I have for the woes of love, I was so much affected with those she had laboured under, that I was infinitely rejoiced to see so happy a period put to them.

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## ESSAY on DISCRETION.

**D**ISCRETION does not only shew itself in words, but in all the circumstances of action; and is like an under-agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life. There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion; it is this indeed which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence: Virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in error, and active to his own prejudice. Nor does discretion only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other men's. The discreet man finds out the talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly if we look into particular communities and divisions of men, we may observe that it is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation, and gives measures to the society. A man with great talents, but void of discretion, is like Polyphemus in the fable, strong

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and blind, endued with an irresistible force, which for want of sight is of no use to him. Though a man has all other perfections, and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share in others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life. As discretion is the most useful talent a man can be master of, so Cunning is the accomplishment of little minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them: Cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and like a well formed eye, commands a whole horizon: Cunning is a kind of short sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it: Cunning when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life; Cunning is a kind of instinct that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in  
men

men of strong sense and good understanding: Cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest that removes from them. In short cunning is only the mimick of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom. The cast of mind which is natural to a discreet man, makes him look forward to futurity, and consider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what is at present. He knows that the misery or happiness which are reserved for him in another world, lose nothing of their reality by being placed at so great a distance from him. The objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that those pleasures and pains which lie hid in eternity, approach nearer to him every moment, and will be present with him in their full weight and measure, as much as those pains and pleasures which he feels at this very instant. For this reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper happiness of his nature, and the ultimate design of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and considers the most distant as well as the most immediate effects of it. He supersedes every little prospect of gain and advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his

views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality, his schemes are large and glorious, and his conduct suitable to one who knows his true interest, and how to pursue it by proper methods.

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## HUMANITY.

**A**H me! how little knows the human heart,  
 The pleasing task of soft'ning others woe,  
 Strangers to joys that pity can impart,  
 And tears sweet sympathy can teach to flow.  
 If e'er I've mourn'd my humble, lowly state,  
 If e'er I've bow'd my knee at Fortune's shrine,  
 If e'er a wish escap'd me to be great,  
 The fervent pray'r, HUMANITY was thine.  
 Perish that man who hears the piteous tale,  
 Unmov'd, to whom the heart felt glows unknown,  
 On whom the widow's plaints could ne'er prevail,  
 Nor make the injur'd wretch's cause his own.  
 How little knows he the extatic joy,  
 The thrilling bliss of chearing wan despair,  
 How little knows the pleasing, warm employ,  
 That calls the grateful tribute of a tear.  
 The splendid dome, the vaulted roof to rear,  
 The glare of pride & pomp, be grandeur thine,  
 To wipe from mis'ry's eye the wailing tear,  
 And soothe the oppress'd orphan's woes be mine.  
Be't

Be't mine the blush of modest worth to spare,

To change to smiles affliction's rising sigh,  
The kind'red warmth of charity to share,

Till joy shall sparkle from the tear-fill'd eye,  
Can the loud laugh, the mirth inspiring bowl,  
The dance or choral song, or jocund glee,  
Affect the glowing, sympathizing soul?

Or warm the breast, HUMANITY, like thee.  
The pallid coward's heart thou scorn'st to bear,

Thy seat's the generous bosom of the brave,  
The same bold warmth that bids the gallant dare,  
Bids him the trembling, prostrate victim save.

Not all the laurels on Great Cæsar's brow

Not all the honour Rome to pay him strove,  
Could such a glorious, deathless meed bestow

As the fair wreath that meek-ey'd Mercy wove.  
Shall murd'rous conquest point the path to fame?

Shall scenes of ravage still employ the muse?  
And shall not tender mercy have her claim?

The palm to her shall still the song refuse?  
Ah no! the prowess of the hero's sword.

(When but to rapine and to waste confin'd)  
The shouts of triumph can no name afford,

No title like THE FATHER OF MANKIND.

Young Ammon's or the Swedish Charles's fame,

May win the wonder of the unthinking crowd  
But reason's sober voice shall still proclaim,

! The paths to glory are not wet with blood.'

To

To purge an impious, bold, offending race,  
 The stagnate, poison-breeding air to cleanse,  
 Th' indignant father bids his wrath take place  
 A conquerer now, and now a whirlwind sends.  
 Relenting then, he bids the storms assuage,  
 And lo! a Titus or a BRUNSWICK reigns:  
 Justice and mercy blest the happy age,  
 And peace and plenty cheer the smiling plains.

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## Frolicks Unlawful because Dangerous.

### A FATAL ONE RELATED.

**D**URING the hard frost in the year 1740, four young gentlemen of considerable rank, rode into an inn, near one of the principal avenues to London, at Eleven o'Clock at Night without any attendant; and having expressed uncommon concern about their horses; and overlooked the provision that was made for them, called for a room; ordering wine and tobacco to be brought in, and declaring, that as they were to set out very early in the morning, it was not worth while to go to bed. Before the waiter returned, each of them had laid a pocket pistol upon the table, which when he entered they appeared to be very solicitous to conceal, and shewed some confusion at the

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the surprize: they perceived with great satisfaction, that the fellow was alarmed at his discovery; and having upon various pretences called him often into the room, one of them contrived to pull out a mask with his handkerchief from the pocket of a horseman's coat; they discoursed in dark and ambiguous terms, affected a busy and anxious circumsppection, urged the man often to drink, and seemed desirous to render him subservient to some purpose which they were unwilling to discover; they endeavoured to conciliate his good will, by extravagant commendation of his dexterity and diligence, and encouraged him to familiarity, by asking him many questions; he was however, still cautious, and reserved; one of them, therefore, pretending to have known his mother, put a crown into his hand, and soon after took an opportunity to ask him at what hour a stage coach, the passenger of which they intended to *hum-bug*, set out in the morning, whether it was full, and if it was attended by a guard.

The man was now confirmed in his suspicions: and though he had accepted the bribe, resolved to discover the secret: having evaded the questions, with as much art as he could, he went to his master Mr. Spiggot, who was then in bed, and acquainted him with what he had observed.

Mr.



Mr. Spiggot immediately got up, and held a consultation with his wife what was to be done. She advised him immediately to send for a constable with proper assistants and secure them; but he considered, that as this would probably prevent a robbery, it would deprive him of an opportunity to gain a very considerable sum, which he would become intitled to upon their conviction, if he could apprehend them after the fact; he, therefore very prudently called up four or five of the ostlers that belonged to the yard, and having communicated his suspicions and design, engaged them to enlist under his command, as an escort to the coach, and to watch the motions of the highwaymen as he should direct.

But the host also wisely considering, that this expedition would be attended with certain expence, acquainted the passengers with their danger, and proposed that a guard should be hired by a voluntary contribution; a proposal, to which upon a sight of the robbers through the window, they readily agreed. Spiggot was now secured against pecuniary loss at all events, and about three o'clock the knights of the frolick, with infinite satisfaction, beheld five passengers, among whom there was but one gentleman, step into the coach with the aspect of criminals, going to execution; and  
enjoyed

enjoyed the significant signs which passed between them and the landlord, concerning the precautions taken for their defence.

As soon as the coach was gone, the supposed highwaymen paid the reckoning in great haste, and called for their horses; care had already been taken to saddle them; for it was not Mr. Spigot's desire that the adventurers should go far, before they executed their plan; and as soon as they departed he prepared to follow them with his posse. He was, indeed greatly surprised to see, that they turned the contrary way when they went out of the inn yard; but he supposed they might choose to take a small circuit to prevent suspicion, as they might easily overtake the coach whenever they would: he determined however, to keep behind them; and, therefore, instead of going after the coach, followed them at a distance, till to his utter disappointment, he saw them persist in a different rout, and at length turn into an inn in Piccadilly, where several servants in livery appeared to having been waiting for them, and where his curiosity was soon gratified with their characters and names.

In the mean time the coach proceeded in its journey: the panic of the passengers increased upon perceiving that the guard which they had

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hired

hired did not come up; and they began to accuse Spiggot of having betrayed them to the robbers for a share of the booty; they could not help looking every moment from the window, though it was so dark that a waggon could not be seen at the distance of twenty yards; every tree was mistaken for a man and horse, the noise of the vehicle in which they rode was believed to be the trampling of pursuers, and they expected every moment to hear the coachman commanded to stop, and to see a pistol thrust in among them with the dreadful injunction, *deliver your money*.

Thus far the distress, however great and unmerited, will be deemed ridiculous; the sufferers will appear to have ingeniously tormented themselves, by the sagacity with which they reasoned from appearances intended to deceive them, and their solicitude to prevent mischiefs which none would attempt.

But it happened that when the coach had got about two miles out of town, it was overtaken by a horseman who rode very hard, and called out with great eagerness to the driver to stop; this incident among persons who had suffered perpetual apprehension and alarm from the moment they set out, produced a proportionate effect. The wife of the gentleman was so terrified, that she sunk  
down

down from her seat; and he was so much convinced of his danger, so touched at her distress, and so incensed against the ruffian who had produced it, that without uttering a word he drew a pistol from his pocket, and seeing the man parley with the coachman, who had stopt his horses, he shot him dead upon the spot.

The man however who had thus fallen the victim of a frolick, was soon known to be the servant of a lady who had paid earnest for the vacant place in the stage; and by some accident been delayed till it was set out, had followed it in a hackney coach, and sent him before her to detain it till she came up.

Here the ridicule is at an end; and we are surprized that we did not sooner reflect, that the company had sufficient cause for their fear and precaution, and that the frolic was nothing more than a lie, which it would have been folly not to believe and presumption to disregard.

The next day, while the *Bucks* were entertaining a polite circle at *White's* with an account of the farce they had played the night before, news arrived of the catastrophe. A sudden confusion covered every countenance, and they remained sometime silent looking upon each other mutually accused, reproached, and condemned.

This favourable moment was improved by a gentleman, who, though sometimes seen in that assembly, is yet eminent for his humanity and his wisdom. "A man," said he, "who found himself bewildered in the intricacies of a labyrinth when the sun was going down; would think himself happy, if a clue should be put into his hand by which he might be led out in safety, he would not, surely, quit it for a moment, because it might possibly be recovered; and if he did, would be in perpetual danger of stumbling upon some other wanderer, and bringing a common calamity upon both. In the maze of life we are often bewildered, and darkness and danger surround us; but every one may at least secure conscience against the power of accident, by adhering inviolably to that rule, by which we are enjoined to abstain even from the appearances of evil."

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#### AN INTERESTING

#### *SPANISH STORY.*

**I**T was about eleven o'Clock, on a summer's night, when the moon shone in its full splendour, that a poor old gentleman returned from his walks in the suburbs of Toledo, accompanied by his

his whole family, consisting of his wife, his daughter, (a young girl of sixteen) and a female servant. The gentleman, whose virtue had long stood the test of indigence, was called Don Lewis; his wife Donna Maria; and his daughter, whose mind and person were equally angelic, Leocadia. As this worthy groupe approached the city, they were met by a young Cavalier named Rodolpho; one of those youths of quality, who think that rank and fortune are adequate substitutes for honour and decency. He had just risen from table, and was proceeding on his nocturnal rambles, attended by a number of his companions, all heated with the dangerous fumes of wine; their meeting with Don Lewis and his family, was that of the wolves and the sheep.

These youthful debauchees stopped short, and flared at the women with an air of insolence. One of them kissed the servant; the old gentleman expostulates; they insult him; he draws his sword with a hand that trembles with age; Rodolpho disarms him with a contemptuous sneer; then takes Leocadia in his arms, and escorted by his guilty companions, conveys her in triumph to the city.

While Don Lewis was uttering imprecations against his own weakness, while Donna Maria was rending

rending the air with her cries, and the servants calling in vain for assistance, the wretched Leocadia fainted in the arms of Rodolpho; who, having reached his own mansion, dismissed his friends, and opening a private door, carried his victim to his chamber, without a light, and without being seen by any of the servants. Before she could effectually recover her senses, he there perpetrated the most abominable crime, of which intoxication and brutality can render a man guilty.

When Rodolpho had gratified his infamous desires, he remained an instant in a state of suspense, at a loss how to act; and he doubtless experienced sentiments of remorse: but before he could come to any determination, Leocadia recovered; all was silence and darkness around her; she sighed, she trembled, and exclaimed with a feeble voice—  
 “ My mother! Oh! my mother, where are you?  
 — My father!— answer me; where am I?—  
 What bed is this? O God! my God, hast thou forsaken me? Does any one hear me?— Am I in my tomb?— Ah wretch that I am! would to Heaven I were there!”

At that moment, Rodolpho seized her hand; she shrieked aloud, started from him, advanced a few steps, and fell on the floor. Rodolpho approached;

proached; she then rose on her knees and in accents of despair interrupted by frequent sobs, exclaim'd: " O you, whoever you are, who are the author of my misery; you, who have just rendered me the most wretched, the most contemptible of creatures; if in your breast remains one single spark of honour; if your heart be susceptible of the least sense of pity; I beseech you, I conjure you, to put an end to my existence; it is the only possible reparation for the injury you have done me. In the name of heaven, in the name of all that is dear to you, take away my life. You may do it, without incurring the smallest danger; there is no witness here; nobody will know your guilt; the crime will be inferior to that you have already committed: and I think—yes, I think—I can forgive you all that you have done, if you but grant my present prayer, and give me that death which is now my sole resource." As she uttered these words, she embraced the knees of Rodolpho, who immediately left the room without speaking a syllable; and having locked the door after him, went doubtless to see whether there was any body in the house, or in the street, that could oppose the execution of a project he had just conceived.

As soon as he was gone, Leocadia got up, and approached the window, with a design of throwing  
herself



herself out of it; but she was prevented by a strong shutter, which she was unable to open. Having drawn aside the window curtains, the light of the moon entered the apartment. Leocadia remained motionless, reflecting on the misery of her situation: as she cast her eyes around her, she examined with care the form and size of the room; and having observed the furniture, the pictures, and the tapestry, she discovered a small golden crucifix lying on an *oratory*, which she took up, and hid in her bosom. She then placed the curtains as it was before, and waited in darkness for the barbarian who was to decide on her fate.

It was not long before Rodolpho returned; he was alone and still without a light. He approached Leocadia; and having tied a handkerchief over her eyes, took her by the hand, without uttering a single word, led her into the street, and after taking several turns, stopped at the door of the great church, where he left her, and retired with the utmost precipitation.

It was sometime before Leocadia durst remove the handkerchief from her eyes. At length finding every thing quiet around her, she ventured to untie it; and the church being the first object that presented itself to her sight, her first action was to fall on her knees, and address a fervent prayer to  
Heaven:

Heaven: she then arose, and directed her trembling steps to the house of Don Lewis.

The wretched parents were lamenting the loss of their child, when they heard a knock at the door. Don Lewis ran to open it; and seeing Leocadia, threw his arms round her neck, uttering a loud exclamation of joy, which brought Donna Maria, who, equally surprised and rejoiced, pressed her daughter to her bosom. They both invoked the benedictions of Heaven on their child, whom they called the comfort of their lives, and the sole support of their old age; they bathed her with the tears of affection; and harassed her with such a multiplicity of questions, as effectually precluded the possibility of an answer.

When the first transports were over, the unhappy Leocadia threw herself at her father's feet, and with downcast eyes, and blushing countenance, related every thing that had passed, though she had scarcely strength enough to finish the dismal tale. Don Lewis raised her up, and pressing her in his arms, said, " My dearest child, dishonour can only result from the commission of a crime; and thou hast committed none! Interrogate thy conscience; can it find in thy words, actions, or thoughts, the smallest subject for reproach? No,

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my child, thou art still the same, still my good, my virtuous Leocadia ; and my paternal heart esteems, respects, and venerates thee, more perhaps than before thy misfortune."

Leocadia, encouraged by these affectionate expressions shewed her father the crucifix, which she had brought away with her, in the hope that it might one day lead to the discovery of her ravisher. The old man, fixing his eyes on the crucifix, and shedding tears, thus addressed it, " O my God! may your eternal justice deign to discover, deign to present to my sight, the barbarian who has injured my child, my arm shall recover the vigour of youth, and wash away the insult with his guilty blood!"

The transports of Don Lewis augmented the grief of Leocadia ; which her mother endeavoured to soothe by taking the crucifix from her husband; who, forgetting his anger, when the object that caused it was removed, again returned to console his daughter both by words and careffes.

After some time, wholly devoted to sorrow, the unfortunate Leocadia recovered a small portion of her lost tranquillity ; but she never left the house for a moment, from a conviction that her countenance would betray, to every one she met, the  
cruel

cruel outrage she had suffered.—Alas! she soon found more powerful inducements to keep herself concealed! Not many weeks had elapsed, before she perceived she was pregnant; a discovery which affected her so deeply, that her father and mother had the utmost difficulty to prevail on her to survive it. For several days, she refused all kind of nourishment; and courted death, as the only source from whence she could derive consolation. But affection for her parents, and respect for the new character she was about to assume, overcame, at length, the suggestions of despair, and fortified her mind with sufficient resolution to support the evils she was doomed to experience.

When the time of her delivery approached Don Lewis and his wife hired a small country house, whither they repaired without a single attendant; and Donna Maria herself supplied the place of a midwife. With her assistance Leocadia gave birth to a lovely boy; to whom Don Lewis stood godfather, and bestowed on him his own name. The mother soon recovered; and as she experienced much affection for her child, being never easy when he was out of her sight, her parents resolved to keep him in the house, and to pass him for the son of a near relation. When the health of Leocadia was sufficiently re-established, they all returned to

Toledo, where no one had suspected the true cause of their absence. The adventure of Rodolpho (who soon after it happened, had set out on a journey to Naples) made no noise; and Leocadia, an object of universal respect and esteem, continued to discharge with equal strictness, the sacred duties of a parent and a child.

Young Lewis, in the mean time, advanced in age and beauty, daily acquiring new charms, and exhibiting frequent proofs of an understanding far above his years. One day, when he had just entered his eighth year; there was a grand combat of bulls in the city; and the child placed himself at the door of his mother's house, to see the procession of young noblemen who were to enter the lists with those ferocious animals. Endeavouring to cross the street, in order to obtain a better sight of the procession, he was rode over by one of the troop, whose horse had run away with him, and received a wound in the head, from whence issued a great quantity of blood. A crowd speedily collected around him, as he lay crying on the pavement; and a venerable cavalier who was going to the combat, attended by a number of servants having approached to enquire the cause of the tumult, and seeing the child in that condition, immediately alighted, took him up in his arms, and wiped

ped the blood from his wound; then sending for the best surgeon in the place, pierced the crowd, and carried him to his own house.

During this time, Don Lewis, his wife, and daughter, having been informed of the accident, Leocadia ran into the street, and as the tears streamed from her eyes, called aloud for her son. Her father followed her, and in vain conjured her to be silent; the people joined in their lamentations, and every one was eager to point out the road which the old cavalier had taken. They pursued him with hasty steps; and being arrived at his house, ran up to the apartment where the child lay, under the hand of the surgeon who was dressing his wound. Leocadia folded him in her arms, and anxiously enquired whether the wound was dangerous; and being assured of the contrary, her exclamations of grief were succeeded by demonstrations of joy, equally extravagant. While she was thus giving vent to the effusions of maternal tenderness, Don Lewis and his wife returned thanks to the old cavalier for his kindness and humanity: they told him that the child was the son of a distant relation; and that having had him from his infancy, their daughter had conceived as great an affection for him as if he were her own.

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When the fears of Leocadia for the safety of her child, had subsided, she set herself down on the bedside, and cast her eyes around the room; but what was her surprise, when she saw the same furniture, and the same pictures, as the light of the moon had once discovered to her sight! she perceived the same *oratory*, from whence she had taken the crucifix; the tapestry was the same; in short, every thing bespoke the fatal apartment in which her chastity had suffered so gross a violation.

The dreadful recollection overpowered her spirits, already exhausted by too violent exertion; the colour forsook her cheeks, and she sunk senseless on the floor. Her parents ran to her assistance, and having by the usual applications, restored her to her senses, immediately conveyed her to their own house. She would fain have taken her child with her; but the old cavalier was so earnest in his entreaties for him to remain where he was, till his health should be perfectly re-established, that they could not resist his solicitations.

As soon as they were alone, Leocadia communicated to her parents the observations she had made, and assured them that the house they had just left, was certainly the residence of her ravisher. Don Lewis instantly went to obtain every  
species

species of information, which the importance of the subject demanded. The result of the enquiries was this—That the old cavalier's name was Don Diego de Lara ; that he had a son called Rodolpho, who had passed the last seven years at Naples, where his manners had undergone such a total change, that from being the most irregular and unprincipled young man in Toledo, he had become a model of prudence and virtue ; and that the beauty of his person, joined to his mental accomplishments, rendered him the most desirable man for a husband of any in Castile.

Don Lewis and his wife no longer doubted but that Rodolpho was the man who had dishonoured Leocadia. But could they flatter themselves that he would repair the outrage he had committed, by espousing the daughter of a person, who, though he could boast of a noble descent, and a spotless reputation, had the misfortune to be the poorest nobleman in Toledo? No, he did not encourage such pleasing hopes ; all his thoughts, therefore were bent on revenge. But Leocadia, beseeching him to leave the management of this intricate affair wholly to her, and not to interfere till she should require his interference, he was induced, though not without great reluctance, to comply with her request. She now reflected, therefore,

on



no the best mode of reconciling the dictates of prudence with the preservation of her honour. Her child still remaining at Don Diego's; and that worthy old man paid him every possible attention. His wound wore a favourable appearance; and his mother, together with Don Lewis and his wife, passed whole days in his room.

One day, as Leocadia was alone with Don Diego, who held her son in his arms, and caressed him with all the fondness, she could not refrain from bursting into tears; when Don Diego pressed her with such friendly anxiety to declare the cause of her grief, that being unable to withstand his solicitations, she related with a heavy heart and dejected countenance, every thing which happened in his house; and, in proof of her assertions, produced the crucifix, which Don Diego immediately recollected. She then threw herself at his feet, and exclaimed—"Though your son has dishonoured me, I cannot refrain from embracing your knees; though your son has condemned me to disgrace and misery, I cannot withhold my love from you; I cannot but esteem you as the best of fathers."

The child, seeing his mother cry, wept from sympathy; and Don Diego, unable to resist such an affecting sight, raised up Leocadia, pressing her and

and her son, alternately to his bosom; swore that Rodolpho should either marry her, or remain single during his whole life. In consequence of this declaration, he wrote to his son the very next day, commanding him to repair to Toledo without delay, in order to celebrate his marriage with a lady he had chosen for his daughter-in-law. Rodolpho obeyed the summons, and arrived at his father's house; who after the first congratulations were over, began to talk of his approaching nuptials. He expatiated greatly on the riches of his destined bride, but concluded by shewing a hideous picture, which could not fail to excite disgust. Rodolpho, accordingly, shuddered at the idea of marrying such an object of deformity; and attempted to remonstrate with his father on the impossibility of obeying his commands: but Don Diego assuming an air of severity, told him, that fortune was the only point worthy of consideration in a matrimonial connexion. Rodolpho, however, declaimed with great eloquence against a principle so destructive of human felicity; adding, that it had been his constant prayer to Heaven to find a wife, endued with prudence and beauty, whose fortune he might make, in return for the happiness he was sure to derive from her society.

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Don

Don Diego dissembling his joy at the promulgation of sentiments so congenial with his own was proceeding to combat the doctrine advanced by his son, when a servant announced Donna Maria, Leocadia, and her child, who had come to sup with him. Never did Leocadia appear so lovely; it seemed as if the native graces and beauty of her person had received the aid of supernatural embellishments. Her charms dazzled the eyes of Rodolpho, who eagerly asked his father who that divine creature was? Don Diego pretending not to hear him, advanced to the ladies, and was grieved to see a deadly paleness over-spread the face of Leocadia, to feel her hands trembling within his own, and to perceive that the sight of his son had almost deprived her of her senses. Her utmost efforts were inadequate to support her courage on this trying occasion; she fainted, and Rodolpho ran to her assistance with an enthusiastic ardour, that charmed his worthy parent.

At length she recovered and supper was served; during which the eyes of Rodolpho were invariably fixed on Leocadia who scarcely dared look up; she spoke little, but her words were expressive of her sense, and were pronounced in a melancholy tone, which augmented the pleasure Rodolpho experienced in listening to them. Her child was  
seated

seated by the side of his father, and by his insinuating looks and innocent caresses, attracted his attention, and gained his friendship, so far as to extort a remark, that the father of such a child, ought to esteem himself a happy mortal.

After supper, Rodolpho, stricken with the charms of Leocadia, took his father aside, and told him, in a respectful but decisive manner, that nothing should ever induce him to marry the person whose portrait he had shewn him. "You must though," replied the old man—"unless you prefer the young and noble lady, with whom you have just supped.—"O gracious heavens!" exclaimed Rodolpho, "would she but deign to accept my hand, I should be the happiest of men!" "And I the happiest of fathers—if my son, by such an alliance, could atone for the crime which has polluted his honour!"

He then told Rodolpho all he knew; and drawing the golden crucifix from his bosom—"There my son," said he, "there is the witness and judge of that horrible outrage which your blind obedience to a vicious impulse induced you to commit; a judge who will not forgive you, till you shall have obtained the forgiveness of Leocadia." The blush of conscious guilt now tinged the cheek of Rodolpho, who ran to throw himself at Leocadia's

feet.—“ I have deserved your hatred and contempt,” exclaimed he; “ but if love the most respectful, if repentance the most sincere, can be deemed worthy of pardon, do not refuse to bestow it on me. Consider that a single word from your lips will either render me the vilest and most wretched of men, or the most tender and happiest of husbands.”

Leocadia was silent for an instant, while her eyes, over-flowing with tears, were fixed on Rodolpho; then turning to her son, she took him up in her arms, and delivered him to his father. “ There,” said she with a feeble voice, “ there is my answer! may that child render you as happy as he had made me miserable!

A Priest and two witnesses being immediately sent for, this fortunate nuptials was celebrated that very night; and Rodolpho restored for ever to virtue, experienced this important truth—*That real happiness can only be found in lawful love.*

ON



O N T H E  
*DUTY of IMPROVING OUR MINDS.*

**P**LAC'D on this shore of time's far-stretching  
bourn,  
With leave to look at nature and return ;  
While wave on wave impels the human tide,  
And ages sink, forgotten as they glide ;  
Can *life's* short duties better be discharg'd,  
Than when we leave it with a mind *enlarg'd* ?  
Judg'd not the old philosopher aright,  
When thus he preach'd, his pupils in his sight ?  
It matters not, my friends, how low or high,  
Your little walk of transient life may lie.  
Soon will the reign of hope and fear be o'er,  
And warring passions militate no more.  
And, trust me, he who, having once survey'd  
The Good and Fair which nature's wisdom made,  
The soonest to his former state retires,  
And feels the peace of satisfied desires,  
(Let others deem more wisely if they can)  
I look on him to be the happiest man.  
So thought the sacred sage, in whom I trust,  
Because I feel his sentiments are just.  
'Twas not in lustrums of long-counted years,  
That swell th' alternate reign of hopes and fears.

Not

Not in the splendid scenes of pain and strife,  
 That wisdom plac'd the dignity of life;  
 To study nature was the task assign'd,  
 And learn from her th' ENLARGEMENT OF THE  
                   MIND;  
 Learn from her works whatever truth admires,  
 And sleep in death with satisfied desires.

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## A N E C D O T E

OF

## Dr. JOHNSON.

**D**R. JOHNSON was exceedingly disposed to the general indulgence of children, and was even scrupulously and ceremoniously attentive not to offend them. He had strongly persuaded himself of the difficulty people always find to erase early impressions either of kindness or resentment, and said, he should never have so loved his mother when a man, had she not given him coffee, she could ill afford, to gratify his appetite when a boy: and being asked, whether, if he had had children, he would have taught them any thing, he replied, that he should willingly have lived on bread and water to obtain instruction for them.

ANEC-

A N E C D O T E

OF

G I O T T O.

**A**S Cimabue was going one day from Florence to Vespignano, he saw in the fields a shepherd's boy drawing upon a flat stone, with a pointed one, the figure of a sheep: This was Giotto. The good-humoured and discerning artist asked him if he should like to go home with him, and learn to paint. The boy replied, "very willingly, if his father would give him leave." Permission being obtained from the father, Cimabue took Giotto with him to Florence, where he soon excelled his Master, and became one of the founders of the Florentine School.

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A L I and O R A S M I N,

O R T H E

E F F E C T S of E N V Y;

A N O R I E N T A L T A L E.

**W**HEN Muley Mustapha swayed the Ottoman Empire, lived Ali and Orasmin, sons of two most eminent Lords in the court of Amurath his father: they were born on the same day; had



had been companions from infancy ; contemplated together the stupendous beauties of Nature ; scrutinized the complicated labyrinths of Knowledge ; cultivated the heroick discipline of War ; and courted the irresistible Graces calculated to meliorate the ruggedness of the soldier, and familiarize the pedantick stiffness of the scholar ; polished the invaluable precepts of Wisdom, and make even Virtue's self more divine. It was determined at their births, by the Genit of Excellence, that Ali should surpass Orasmin in beauty of person, strength of body, and vigour of mind ; and though the latter apparently possessed all the candour and generosity of the former, he was in reality subtle and selfish ; jealous of merit, and impatient of superiority ; yet the sacred zone of friendship was mutually exchanged between them, and they were the sole confidants of each other.

A foil so ungrateful as the breast of Orasmin was little propitious to the seeds of amity ; especially as increasing maturity confirmed proportionately the unkind bias of nature. In all their emulatory exercises, the wreath of victory was the boon of Ali, who wore it with the most conciliating demeanour : but nothing could reconcile Orasmin to repeated disappointment ; continual defeat increased his chagrin ; his friendship daily subsided ;  
 he

he had recourse to stratagem for triumph, but the result was ever accumulated mortification ; till, at length, envy took possession of his breast, and was by a most important occurrence sublimed into a desire of revenge.

Of Amine, the beautiful and virtuous daughter of the Vizier Omar, they were both enamoured ; and both sought her affections, though unknown to each other : but the talisman of Fortune was in the hand of Ali ; and, by consent of the vizier, the cadi drew up the contract of union between them. Orasmin attended the celebration of his friend's nuptials ; but, while he prayed aloud that Alla might shower down innumerable blessings on his head, he cursed him in his heart, and from that moment meditated his destruction. But his resentment he veiled under the garb of extreme solicitude ; and, while on his lips dwelt the mellifluous accents of disinterested profession, the deadly gall of hatred rankled in his soul. Lo ! to the eye, how beautiful appears the serpent of the desert ; yet in his mouth is inserted a barbed sting, and under his tongue is collected the dark beverage of death ! Orasmin, now steadfast in his hate, waited with the utmost anxiety for a favourable moment to effect his monstrous purposes on his rival, as the tawny lion of Africa watches an  
 I i opportunity

opportunity to spring on his prey : but the hopes of the envious were vain ; the conduct of Ali put Scandal to shame, and bade defiance to the machinations of Malice.

The pure bliss which the new-married couple enjoyed, was in the fullness of time heightened extremely by the birth of a son : but it is written in the ample book of Nature—" That the fairest blossom shall be blighted, and the green leaf shall not last for ever ; and in the unutterable volume of Destiny, that—The aspect of human happiness is deceitful as the complexion of the sky ; and that the exquisite season of enjoyment flees away on the light pinions of impatience." The son of Amine was stolen from his nurse ; and the house of Ali, from being the mansion of supreme felicity, became, on a sudden the dwelling of anguish and the haunt of despair. An hundred moons had revolved, and Ali and Amine heard not of their first-born ; neither did the all-wise Alla think fit to supply his place by another. At length, Ali was dispatched on an expedition against the enemies of the faithful ; and Orasmin had the mortification to serve under him, as second in command. He resolved to thwart him all he could insidiously : and, by a well-concerted stratagem, and most consummate address, made so grand a diversion in fa-

vour

vour of the foe, that the Mussulmen were not only defeated; but, apparently to the whole army, through the imbecility of the commander in chief, who narrowly escaped being made a prisoner.

The sagacious Ali, however, though he little suspected the treachery of Orasmin, knew well where the blame lay; yet, rather than his friend should suffer, nobly chose to keep silence, and himself bear the whole weight of the Sultan's displeasure. The perfidious Orasmin, internally rejoicing at the effect of his art, with the greatest pleasure received the news, that the generous Ali was banished his sovereign's presence, and had retired to hide his shame far from the royal city. Time, however, and the interest of Omar, once more restored Ali to Mustapha's favour: he was entrusted, in a full divan, with an embassy to the Christian states; and returned, after having concluded his mission in the most honourable manner. But it should seem that the Genii of Prosperity had resigned his destiny to the Spirits of Malediction; the sublime satisfaction he received from the approving smiles of his royal master, were blasted by the intelligence that Amine, the wife of his bosom, was no more! At his departure, she had retired to a house which he possessed by the seashore; and it was her custom every evening to

ramble among the rocks, as if to look for his return: from one of these excursions she never returned; and her attendants concluded that she must have been drowned. Ali was distracted at the information, and flew from society to bury his grief in sympathizing solitude. In the mean time, partly through sorrowing for his daughter, and partly through the dilapidations of time, the venerable Omar resigned his seat of mortality; and Orasmin, by mere intrigue, obtained the post of tempory Vizier; as Mustapha had proclaimed, that no one should be confirmed in it, but he who should perform an action worthy of such a reward.

Orasmin, however, through the most refined artifice, had almost induced the Sultan to perpetuate his claim to the viziership; when Nadar Ismoul, with a formidable army, approached, with all the inculence of a rebel, within two days march of the royal capital. The voice of rebellion pierces the recesses of grief; and Ali, roused from his desponding lethargy by the eminent danger of his country, hastened to court; and throwing himself at the Sultan's feet, entreated leave to march against Nadar, and retrieve his former dishonour. Muley readily complied; and Ali took the field with a less, but a much better disciplined army than that of Nadar: victory strode before him;

him ; the deluded forces of the traitor threw down their arms, but it was the will of Alla that their leader should escape.

The acclamations of thousands proclaimed the honourable return of Ali ; and Orasmin, making a virtue of necessity, was the first to declare him worthy of the viziership. He at first hesitated to accept it, for the memory of Amine had estranged his heart from society ; but, reflecting that man was not made for himself, and he who slights the power of doing good is an enemy to human nature, he received it at the hands of his gracious sovereign with the most zealous and heartfelt professions of gratitude. The torments of Orasmin increased daily ; and though he observed the most marked attention to his rival outwardly, the dark projects of revenge continually absorbed his mind. An orphan, who from earliest infancy had been under his protection, loved, and was beloved by his daughter ; he had long noticed it, but concealed that knowledge. One day, when the lovers were enjoying, as they thought, the blisses of security, he surprised them, and with a stern frown bid Ibrahim follow him. They entered a private apartment ; when Orasmin, seating himself, thus addressed the youth who stood trembling before him—“ Ibrahim, when the angel of death deprived

prived thee of thy parents, and the angel of adversity destroyed the fortunes of thine house, thou wast insensible to thy loss. Thy father had been my most intimate friend, and I took thee under my protection. I have been to thee as a father, and thou hast been profuse in professions of gratitude; but it is by deeds alone that we can judge of the sincerity of the heart, and Orasmin now finds it necessary to put thy gratitude to trial." Then giving him a letter, bade him read it; which the terrified Ibrahim, immediately opening, found to contain these words—

" Ali Mahomet, to his esteemed friend, Nadar Issmoul, greeting, health and happiness. To the tyrant Mustapha, despair and death! The plan of thy defeat was well managed; the credulous Muley is compleatly deceived, and has made me Vizier: he little dreams, that he has put himself into the power of his most implacable enemy. I dispatched this by a trusty messenger; by whom, from time to time, I shall communicate to thee what steps thou art to take. At present, keep still where thou art; and I hope soon to call thee from thy hiding-place, to share with me the empire of the usurping Othmans.

Thine in all the ardour of sincerity,

" Ali Mahomet."

" Among

“ Among the talents thou possessed,” continued Orasmin, “ thou hast that of imitating, beyond the possibility of detection, the most difficult handwriting; transcribe, then, that letter in the characters of Ali our vizier, specimens of which I shall give thee; and, if thou succeedest to my wish, the hand of my daughter Almeria, whom thou lovest, shall be thine.” The agitation of surprize which possessed the youthful Ibrahim, left him not words to reply; he stammered a few incoherent words; when Orasmin, drawing his scymitar, cried—“ I am not to be trifled with! to the task this moment; or, by the head of Mahomet, thou shalt follow the shade of thy father! But, I again repeat it, if thou pleasest me, Almeria shall be thine to-morrow.” Flattered by the hopes of possessing Almeria, but more through fear at the threats of Orasmin, Ibrahim sat down, without a thought of the consequences which might ensue, to imitate the treasonous scroll. The monster who compelled him to the action, was delighted with his performance: and, calling for sherbet, he drank, telling Ibrahim to pledge him, then, bidding him good night with a farcical smile, and securing the door when he went, left him in a most painful reverie.

Repairing to the walls of the seraglio, he entered by a private passage, through which the Emperor



peror always passed when went to survey the royal city in disguise; and which, by having been vizier, he was well acquainted with: and having, while in office, procured false keys to the various doors, he easily found admission to the secret audience chamber, where none but the vizier can enter, on pain of death, without permission of the Sultan; and, there leaving the letter, he returned to his house exulting in the hope that Mustapha would discover it when he retired there alone, as was his custom every night, to inspect such dispatches as the vizier in the day prepared for his approbation: trusting the success of his plan on the extreme credulity and impetuosity of that monarch, which hurried him into actions that provided him the most severe repentance for his moments of reflection. The event justified his most sanguine expectations; and, before the first watch of the night was passed, a hasty messenger summoned him to a secret audience in the palace. The Sultan presented him with the letter; he read it, and appeared petrified with astonishment: compared the writing with some of Ali's he had purposely brought with him, to satisfy himself of its identity; then bemoaning the defalcation of his friend, in accents of the most awfully counterfeited grief, and after an apparent struggle between duty and friendship—"Glory," said he, "to God and his prophet; long life to the com-



dungeon; and to-morrow's sun shall behold inflicted on him the reward of his treachery!"——

"Will it please the gracious emblem of Alla," replied Orasmin, "to listen a moment longer, without anger, to his slave; while he offers, as Alla himself can witness, the counsel only dictated by that unshaken attachment ever evinced by his house to the renowned family of the Ottomans?"——"Speak on, and not,"—returned Mustapha. Orasmin proceeded—"Thou knowest well, O glory of thy race! that Ali is the idol of the deluded multitude; and should they behold him going forth to execution, what desperate steps may not their blind attachment induce them to take for his preservation. And a commotion once begun, as we know not how far the treason has spread, may encourage hundreds of accomplices in the guilt to come forward; and, led by Nadar, who doubtless is at hand, induce the populace to join the compact of treason, release Ali, and shake perhaps even the foundation of the Ottoman throne? Let policy, then, bid Justice strike this night; so, the root of the confederacy being cut away, the branches shall necessarily wither; and, when to-morrow's sun shall expose the traitor's head, branded with his crime, to the trembling people, thy subjects shall be more firmly fixed in their obedience—taught by the awful lesson, that the  
most

most exalted enemies of Mustapha are the fated victims of destruction!" He ceased. "By Mahomet, I swear," rejoined the Sultan, "thy reasons are just! See him instantly dispatched!" "Be this," presenting his ring, "thy warrant. Be gone!" Orasmin wanted not urging, he seized Ali; but appeared not before him, till he beheld him extended on the floor of a loathsome dungeon, secured by the ponderous manacles of injustice. On entering, having ordered the guard to withdraw—"Mahomet!" said he, "is it my noble friend Ali I am commissioned to guard? Can any wretch have accused thee of a crime meriting such dishonour! thou, whose name scandal had not even dared to prophane? Alas! my friend! where will oppression finish its career!"—"I know not, my dear Orasmin!" replied the injured Ali, half raising himself, "my crime, nor mine accuser: innocence, however, is my support; and, while thou art my gaoler, I shall find pleasure even in a prison!"—"Generous, noble Ali!" rejoined the brute, "what is it I do not feel for thee! Yet it were unkind to keep thee in suspense. Know, then, that the abandoned wretch, who was the occasion of the foul disgrace thou endurest, is no other than thy dear, thy beloved friend, Orasmin!"—"Orasmin! Orasmin!" with an accent of doubting horror, enquired the

victim. "Yes!" returned the fiend, "thy Orasmin!" Ali sunk down senseless. On his recovering, Orasmin continued—"From the hour that early youth submitted me to the scourgings of a pedagogue, thou hast been my rival, and the name of Orasmin has shrunk before that of Ali. Thinkest thou, that I could have a spirit, and bear it? No! the childish weaknesses of friendship I soon got rid of; and, from the moment thou deprivedst me of all hope of possessing the sorceress Amine, I determined on a revenge—not a common revenge, that was always at hand—I waited, with all the patience of deliberate malignance, for a revenge worthy my hatred, and I have accused thee of treason; and, behold, this ring is my warrant for thy private murder! Murder! I say; for, O it delights my soul to pronounce it—thou art innocent!"—"And must I die innocent?" exclaimed the devoted Ali. "Yet thy will; O Alla! be done. What more have I to wish for on earth? I have lost my friend, my wife, and my child!"—"Friend," interrupted Orasmin, "thou never hadst! Thy wife and child.—But hold!—I came to torment, not to satisfy thee!"—"Oh! Orasmin, what a conflict hast thou raised in my bosom! My wife and child! knowest thou any thing of them?" Orasmin smiled contemptuously. "Speak, only say if thou knowest aught of them!"—"I will say nothing,"

nothing," replied he; "uncertainty will ease thy pangs. Prepare for death! Slaves!" The door of the dungeon burst open, and presented to their view Mustapha, Ibrahim, and Amine! "Secure that fiend!" cried the Sultan and instantly Orasmin was loaded with chains. Ali and Amine were lying senseless in each others arms; Orasmin assumed a desperate fullness; the Sultan and Ibrahim surveyed the whole in silence. "Alla! Alla!" repeated the reviving Ali; "thou art merciful! thou art merciful!"—"My dear lord," interrupted Amine, "dreary have been the hours since we parted! O hear my justification! While walking by the sea-side, a band of men, masked, beset me; and, forcing me on a horse, carried me, blindfolded, I knew not where; for, when suffered to remove the bandage, I was alone, in a mean, gloomy apartment the door of which was secured. There have I remained, in vain lamenting my fate; ignorant of my oppressor; and seeing no one, except a slave, who put my food through a lattice daily, but never spoke; till this night I heard the voice of Orasmin in a tone of threatening. I listened; and discovered, that he was compelling that generous youth, Ibrahim, to write a treasonous letter in characters like yours.

When I found Orasmin was gone, I-entreated  
the

the youth to liberate me: instantly he opened a door into my apartment, so artfully contrived, that I had never before observed it. I told him who I was, and begged him again to deliver me. He was shocked; confirmed what I had over-heard, and promised to protect me. He discovered with indignation, that he himself was also a prisoner. After a long deliberation, and many fruitless attempts to force the door, at the peril of our lives, we escaped by a window into the garden. Here we had fresh difficulties to encounter, and the fourth watch passed before we were quite at liberty.

“ We soon learned that you was imprisoned. Flying to the palace, our gracious Sultan admitted us to an audience, when we convinced him of the villainy of thy false friend.”—“ And, behold me,” interrupted the Sultan, “ ready to do thee justice, Ali; and inflict on that wretch the punishment which he had prepared for thee; for, by Alla’s self I swear, this night is his last!”—My fate is just!” said Orasmin, in a tone of penitence. “ But, before I die, let me make what reparation is in my power to the man I have injured. Behold, Ali, in Ibrahim, I restore thee thy long-lost son!” Extreme was the astonishment of all; and the rapture of Ali and Amine induced them to kneel for a  
pardon

pardon for the culprit. "Ask not a pardon," said Orasmin, "which must soon be repented! I stole thy child solely for the purposes of revenge; though fortune never, till now, gave me an opportunity of making use of him equal to my wishes; and, to make him the source of his father's death, was a stroke worthy the noblest policy of vengeance. Thou hast escaped me; but, to give him thus kindly, were an inequality of soul, poor indeed! No; I have pangs for thee yet in store, the thought of which makes the contemplation of death and tortures pleasant to me. I only revealed him to thee, to make thee feel the curses of lasting separation. The mother once disdained the offer I made of my hand; it was my intention, therefore, to have kept her ignorant of her persecutor, languishing till grief and despair removed her from my reach; but the boy had answered the end I designed him for: I wanted him no more; and, at liberty, he might have betrayed me. For security, I gave him poison in sherbet; and thought, even had he got free, so strong it was, that it would have worked faster than his conscience!"—"The vengeance be on thine own head!" cried Ibrahim; "for it was thyself who drank the poison. I saw thee drop something in the draught intended for me; and, unseen by thee, changed the cups." "I feel it! I feel it!" exclaimed the frantick Orasmin.



\* min. Curse on thee, Mahomet! thou hast frustrated all!"—Hence with him!" said Mustapha. And then led Amine and Ibrahim out of the prison. By permission of the Sultan, Ibrahim was united to Almeria; and the participation of her husband's honours, who was restored to his viziership, amply recompensed Amine for all her sorrows. An exemplary instance of gratitude towards Alla and the Sultan—towards the latter, by faithful counsel, and steady attachment to his interest; and, towards the former, by an uniform course of piety, and a conscientious dispensation of justice and benevolence to his fellow subjects, Ali lived long beloved, and happy. As it is written in the sacred tablets of Truth—"The righteous shall dwell in the tents of gladness, and the merciful in the gardens of peace: while the wicked shall be covered with shame; and the envious man shall be consumed in the fire which he kindleth for his neighbour."

ANEC-



## A N E C D O T E

OF

Dr. J O H N S O N.

**T**HE Doctor being called abruptly from a friend's house after dinner, and returning in about three hours; said, he had been with an enraged author; whose landlady pressed him for payment within, while the bailiffs beset him without;— that he was drinking himself drunk with Madeira to drown care, and fretting over a novel, which when finished was to be his whole fortune, but he could not get it done for distraction, nor could he step out of doors to offer it for sale. Dr. Johnson, therefore set away the bottle, and went to the Bookseller, recommending the performance, and desiring some immediate relief, which when he brought back to the writer, he called the woman of the house directly to partake of punch, and pass their time in merriment. The Novel was the charming Vicar of Wakefield.

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## A PRAYER for BRITAIN.

**G**REAT source of life! eternal God!  
At whose omnipotent command,

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Th

Th' avenging angel weilds thy rod,  
And spreads destruction through the land :  
Empires, and states, are nothing in thy sight;  
By thee they rise—or sink in endless night!

Thou dwell'st retir'd, in awful state !  
Tremendous glories veil thy throne :  
War and disease thy pleasure wait,  
Swift wing'd to make thy anger known.  
While pestilence, and earthquakes, at thy call,  
Dread sons of vengeance! seize this earthly ball.

When man would raise his feeble arm,  
Against the ruler of the sky ;  
Thy terrors and thy judgments warn  
The wretch who dares, “ Shall surely die !”  
Tho' high exalted, on bright Mercy's seat,  
Sins unrepented must with justice meet.

Benignant view this favour'd isle,  
Thy guardian care, supremely blest'd;  
Avert thy threaten'd wrath, awhile;  
Here let the olive sweetly rest.  
May mercy shewn and judgment long forborne,  
Teach us, in dust, our num'rous sins to mourn !  
But if thy anger we despise,  
And idly mock its long delay ;  
Forth from thy throne stern vengeance flies,  
Eager thy mandates to obey :

While

While famine, war, and elements combine,  
The executioners of wrath divine !

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### SONNET to LOVE.

**T**HOUGH doom'd alas! to shed th' unpiti'd  
tear,

And breathe unheard the sigh that rends my  
breast ;

Though ne'er the seraph voice of Hope I hear,  
Soft whisp'ring to my anguish'd bosom—"Rest!"

Yet dear to me, too dear, O Love! the sighs,  
That with expressive pow'r my sorrows speak;  
The tear that, stealing from my languid eyes,  
Slow wanders down my rapid fading cheek.

While yet on earth I sadly ling'ring stay,  
The tear, the sigh, by thee inspir'd, be mine;  
Still from my bosom keep the fiend away,  
Whose fullen influence chills the flame divine;

Lord of my soul ! I would not give thy woes,  
For the cold, lifeless calm, which Apathy be-  
stows!

*Wisdom & Goodness of Providence*

Display'd in several curious Observations

## On FISHES and BIRDS.

**W**HAT abundance of Fish do the waters produce, of every size? But as they devour one another, how can these watery inhabitants subsist? God has provided for it, by multiplying them in a prodigious manner, and making the weak race swifter in their course than the others. They creep into places where the low water will not admit of the larger fish, and it seems as if they had foresight given them in proportion to their weakness and danger. Whence comes it, that the fish live in the midst of waters so loaded with salt, that we cannot bear a drop of them in our mouths, and enjoy there a perfect vigour and health? And how do they preserve in the midst of salt, a flesh that has not the least taste of it?

Why do the best, and such as are most fit for the use of man, draw near the coasts, to offer themselves in a manner to him; whilst a great many others, which are useless to him, affect remoteness from him?

Why

Why do those, who keep themselves in unknown places, whilst they multiply and acquire a certain bulk come in shoals at a particular time to invite the fishermen, and throw themselves in a manner into their nets and boats?

Why do several of them, and of the best kinds, enter the mouths of rivers and run up even to their springs, to communicate the advantages of the sea to such counties as lie at a distance from it? And what hand conducts them with so much care and goodness towards man, but thine, O Lord? though so visible a providence seldom occasions their acknowledgment.

As to Birds, we see a surprizing imitation of reason in several animals, but it no where appears in a more sensible manner than in the industry of these creatures in building their nests.

What master has taught them that they have need of them? Who has taken care to inform them to prepare them in time, and not to suffer themselves to be prevented by necessity? Who has told them how they should build them? What mathematician has given them the figure of them? What architect has taught them to chuse a firm place, and to build upon a solid foundation? What tender mother has advised them to cover  
the

the bottom with a soft and delicate substance, such as down and cotton? And, when these matters fail, who has suggested to them that ingenious charity; which leads them to pluck off so many feathers from their own breasts with their beaks, as is requisite for the preparing a cradle for their young?

What wisdom has pointed out to every distinct kind a peculiar manner of building their nests, so as to observe the same precautions, though in a thousand different ways? Who has commanded the swallow, the skilfullest of birds, to draw near to man, and make choice of his house for the building of his nest, within his view, without fear of his knowing it, and seeming rather to invite him to a consideration of his labour? Neither does he build, like other birds with little bits of stick and stubble, but employs cement and mortar, and in so solid a manner, that it requires some pains to demolish its work; and yet in all this it makes use of no other instrument but its beak. Reduce, if it is possible, the ablest architect to the small bulk of a swallow, leave him all his knowledge and only a beak, and see if he will have the same skill, and the like success.

Who



Who has made all the birds comprehend, that they must hatch their eggs by sitting upon them. That this necessity was indispensable? That the father and mother could not leave them at the same time, and that if one went abroad to seek for food, the other must wait till it returns? Who has fixed in the calendar the express number of days this painful diligence is to last? Who has advertised them to assist the young, that are already formed in coming out of the egg, by first breaking the shell? And who has so exactly instructed them in the very moment before which they never come?

Who has given lessons to all the birds upon the care they ought to take of their young, till such a time as they are grown up, and in a condition to provide for themselves? Who has made them to distinguish such things as agree well with one species, but are prejudicial to another? And amongst such as are proper to the parents and unfit for the young, who has made them to distinguish such as are salutary? We know the tenderness of mothers and the carefulness of nurses amongst mankind, but I question whether ever it came up to what we see in these little creatures.

Who has taught several among the birds that marvellous industry of retaining food or water in the gullet, without swallowing either the one or the other,



other, and preserving them for their young, to whom this first preparation serves instead of milk?

Let us now hearken a little to the concert of their music, the first praise which God received from nature, and the first song of thanksgiving which was offered to him before man was formed. All their sounds are different, but all harmonious, and altogether compose a choir, which men have but forrowly imitated. One voice, however, more strong and melodious, is distinguished among the rest, and I find upon enquiry, from whence it comes, that it is a very small bird which is the organ of it. This leads me to consider all the rest of the singing tribe, and they also are all small; the great ones being either wholly ignorant of music, or having a disagreeable voice. Thus I every where find, that what seems weak and small, has the best destination, and the most gratitude. Some of these little birds are extremely beautiful, nor can any thing be more rich or variegated than their feathers; but it must be owned that all ornament must give place to the finery of the peacock, upon which God has plentifully bestowed all the riches which set off the rest, and lavished upon it, with gold and azure, all the shades of every other colour. But this most pompous bird of all has a most disagreeable cry, and is a proof, that with a  
shining

shining outside there may be but a sorry substance within, little gratitude; and a great deal of vanity.

In examining the feathers of the rest, I find one thing very singular in those of the swans, and other river fowls; for they are proof against the water, and continue always dry, and yet our eyes do not discover either the artifice or difference of them.

I look upon the feet of the same birds, and observe webs there, which distinctly mark their destination. But I am much astonished to see these birds so sure, that they run no hazard by throwing themselves into the water; whereas others, to whom God has not given the like feathers or feet, are never so rash as to expose themselves to it. Who has told the former that they run no danger, and who keeps back the others from following their example? It is not unusual to set duck eggs under a hen, which in this case is deceived by her affection, and takes a foreign brood for her natural offspring; that run to the water as soon as they come out of the shell; nor can their pretended mother prevent them by her repeated calls. She stands upon the brink in astonishment at their rashness, and still more at the success of it. She finds herself violently tempted to follow them; and warmly expresses her impatience; but nothing is

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capable

capable of carrying her to an indiscretion which God has prohibited. The spectators are surprized at it; but it is rare that they learn, from this example, that it is necessary to be defined by Providence to discharge the functions of a dangerous state, and to receive from it all that is requisite for our security; and that it is fatal rashness for others to venture upon it, who have neither the same vocation, nor the same talents.

I shall content myself with one observation more, which takes in several others, and relates to kinds of passage. They have all their allotted times, which they do not exceed; but this time is not the same for every species. Some wait for the winter, others the spring; some the summer, and others the autumn. There is amongst every sort a public and general rule of government, which guides and retains every single bird in its duty. Before the general edict, there is not one thinks of departing: after its publication, there is no one tarries behind. A kind of council fixes the day, and grants a certain time to prepare for it; after which they all take their flight, and so exact to their discipline, that the next day there is not a straggler or deserter to be found. Now I ask, what news they have received from the countries whither they go, to be assured that they shall find

And all things there prepared for their reception? I ask why they do not keep, like other birds, to the country where they have brought up their young which have been so kindly treated in it? By what disposition to travel does this new brood, which knows no other than its native country, conspire all at once to quit it? In what language is the ordinance published, which forbids all, both old and new subjects of the republic, to carry beyond a certain day? And lastly, by what signs do the principal magistrates know that they should run an extreme hazard in exposing themselves to be prevented by a rigorous season? What other answer can be given to these questions, than that of the prophet,—*“O Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all!”*

## H O P E,

*The Comforter of our Lives.*

**A**CCURATE observation will most evidently shew, with all the high value which we set on possessions and enjoyments, that Hope is the chief animater, comforter and sweetener of our lives.

Life may not unaptly be compared with the pursuit of an *Ignis fatuus*, or in other words a deception, in what regards this world at least, of perfect happiness or contentment; neither of which was ever found, or at most experienced with long duration. As we gradually tire of every thing, so we at last tire of ourselves; for old age is sure to deprive us of our faculties for rightly judging, or else creates in our minds wishes to be released from its grievous burthens and infirmities.

Trite are the observations, that infants who are eager after toys, soon grow weary of the possession of them, and then with satisfaction destroy what they were so anxious to obtain: that as soon as reason dawns in children, they look forward from a state of constraint to a state of liberty, for happiness; & when years have given them an entire power over themselves, it becomes one of their first views to curtail, if not sacrifice it; from hopes of being made more happy by depending for comforts and enjoyments upon others.

Having been influenced by love to hazard, if not resign, part of that liberty which they had so much wished for as the first of blessings; a new field opens for hope, in the attainment of riches, honours, fame, or a variety of enjoyments in a variety

riety of pleasures; which they really make businesses of, for the sake of killing that time which they think they have no occasion to improve. But in no one state do they appear satisfied with what they are in possession of, but continue to look forward, and find their principal comfort in hoping for something more or better; which faculty leads them on through delusions to the last, and never resigns them but to satiety, despair, or death.

It was a very natural answer that was said to be given by an eminent merchant of the last age, to one who asked him what sum of money a man ought to be contented with? when he replied, "A little more than what he has." For it was founded on this practical truth, that habitual pursuits can have no satisfactory end, as men, long used to busy life, are incapable of happiness in the most affluent state of indolence. Hence it is, that mens minds which have been long habituated to strong pursuits, on the view of quitting them to become most happy, are sure to find in the end, that their greatest happiness depends on never quitting them at all. The man who sets off with contemplative life, may make it as comfortable to him as any one can do his, who plunges into business, or who immerses himself in what he may call pleasures, but what  
another

another will deem toils : and which is indeed the most toilsome life, it may be hard to determine, of the sportsman, the trader, the warrior, the cour- tier, or the man of science, or studious contempla- tion. Habit mixes pleasure and principally the pleasure which hope furnishes, with fatigue, vex- ation, mortification, and occasional disappoint- ment, in every one of these modes of life : but when they are become habitual, there is a great hazard, from changing them, of losing all hap- piness.

Alexander, when he had conquered the world, is said to have wept at the unhappiness of not having more worlds to conquer. And if Pyrrhus had li- ved to accomplish that scheme of ambition which was to prepare him for contentment, it is reason- able to imagine he would have found himself full as much unqualified as Alexander did, for the en- joyment of leisure and his bottle. The same ha- bitude in bustle, influences old statesmen to drudge on in business, and old courtiers to dangle under their loads of encumbering finery, in the servilities of office. Traders who quit business of- ten return to it again, or at least find themselves constrained for enjoyment to keep lingering about its scenes : nor has the compleat sportsman any re- source, when age disqualifies him for his habitual pursuits,

pursuits, but in the conversations of associates on their field exploits and his own, on those jolly carousals with which he finishes his course ; while the man of painful study continues sequestered in his closet, in pursuit of enquiries which are endless but with life.

Human life like air and water, becomes baneful by being stagnant. There must be action, or employment for its preservation, and that action and employment can only be stimulated by some kind of hope : and as a hope of any acquisition implies an incompleteness of possession, we may truly say, what at one time or another we are all sure to discover, that there is not, nor can be, any perfect happiness, or satisfaction of desires upon earth : and as hope is the last faculty that can possibly leave us, nay is the only faculty that, while we continue with reason, should never desert us, because it naturally ought, must, will, and does extend to another life, it certainly may be pronounced, our most solid enjoyment, and only lasting comfort ; and from a contemplation of the incomprehensible divine nature, our own admirable faculties, so seemingly capable of perfection, its own inseparable adherence to the powers of our minds, and its irresistibly impelling of our views towards another, it may be considered as the strongest



Strongest natural evidence we can have of our existence in a future and lasting state, in which that perfection of happiness may be found, of which this life is incapable.

Youth is a vigorous and delightful state, full of fond hopes for this life, which barren age, from the long experience of disappointments, convinces us were all vain, except that permanent one, which as it roots in a life consciously well-spent, and a contemplation of the perfections of a divine Being, which are fully evidenced by all his works. Thus does this admirable faculty, in its purest operation, survive all earthly enjoyments and worldly desires. It cherishes us under our afflictions and infirmities, and comforts us even in the awful scene of death. So that however delusive it may be with regard to the imperfect delights and fleeting joys of this world, it is still our last abiding friend, our best promiser, and the surest guide we can have to the fuller enjoyments of a life that must be as compleat in its duration, as it will be in its felicity.



THE

## The MERCENARY LOVER:

### A MORAL TALE.

**W**HEN a woman of fortune happens to look with very favourable eyes (no uncommon case) upon a man much inferior to her, though a gentleman, in his circumstances, she naturally wishes to see an equal degree of inclination in him to be united to her for life; to see her passion for him sincerely returned.—Such a woman, however, is often afraid to give the man to whom her heart is partial, encouragement, from an apprehension that he may be ready to avail himself of her prepossessions in his behalf, merely to improve his affairs, without feeling the slightest personal regard for her. These wishes and these apprehensions are natural; and if the latter are predominant, the removal of them cannot but be desirable, for the accomplishment of the former.

The woman in the above supposed situation certainly acts with prudence, by putting the affection of her lover to the test before she consents to be bound to him with the cords of matrimony. If ever dissimulation is pardonable, it is upon such an occasion; and she who has recourse to it, will rather deserve pity than censure, should her test be attended with disappointment.

Raised to a sphere of life in which she never expected to shine from the humility of her birth, and the straitness of her father's finances, Emilia Linton enjoyed her large fortune like a woman of spirit, and did not, in the enjoyment of it, lose sight of discretion. Having no relations, no persons of either sex nearly enough related to her to controul her actions, to talk to her in a didactic style, to direct her conduct, the discretion which she discovered was the more remarkable, and the more to be commended, when she came into the possession of it. The propriety of her behaviour in every shape, was observed with pleasure by all who had a real esteem for her; by those among her female friends, who longed to make the same figure in the world, and who remembered her inferior to themselves, with pain. Envy may, doubtless, be called pain; and they who are disturbed with this meanest of the human passions, may feelingly exclaim with the jealous Moor.

“Farewell, the tranquil mind! Farewell, content!”

Without beauty, without bright parts, without any dazzling accomplishments, without any airs to set herself off to advantage, Emilia pleased. Though not handsome, she was far from being ugly; and though she had not an acute, yet she had a solid understanding.

understanding. Smart expressions never dropped from her lips, but for sensible ones she had yielded not to the most sensible of her sex. Her manners were winning, her observations were judicious, and her conduct was exemplary.

Emilia was not, it may be imagined, from this sketch of her character, without followers. She had even admirers too. The majority of those, indeed, who paid their addresses to her, were attracted by her fortune: there were some, however, whom she could not rank, as they were in superior circumstances, among the fortune hunting train.

She received all the attentions of those who crowded about her at every public place, with the greatest politeness: but that politeness was general; she gave not one of them reason to imagine, by any particular distinctions, that he had made the smallest impression upon her heart. Her heart, indeed, was not affected by any of the speeches which were addressed to her ears. Thoroughly acquainted, from the extensiveness of her observation, with the precise value of the compliments lavished upon her, she considered them as counters on a card table, serviceable to those who had tricks, but of no intrinsic worth.

In the suite of Emelia's admirers, one man at length appeared, who seemed to be more studious than his competitors to be noticed by her. Of this man she, at first, saw the assiduities with no particular emotions, but she felt herself in a little while so much flattered by them, that she could hardly help shewing in her face what passed in her bosom concerning him. In proportion to the encrease of his attention to her, was the encrease of her partiality to him; and she began, in a short time, to wish that he would make his addresses to her in form. Fearful of betraying her feelings by her looks, and of being considered by her lover as a woman ready to fall into his hands, without giving him the trouble of putting the previous question to her, she could not bear the idea of having her features translated in that manner, and therefore, did all in her power to suppress sensations which might, she imagined occasion constructions not much to the credit of her understanding, though in no way injurious to her honour.

The man in whose favour Emelia felt her heart a little agitated, was a gentleman by birth, and had been genteely educated; but his fortune not being answerable to his desires, he had been for some time looking out for a woman in a situation to improve it. However, though a lucrative marriage

was

was the chief object of his attention, he was not quite of so mercenary a disposition as to wish to enrich himself with a woman whom he abhorred, with whom he could have no prospect of being tolerably happy in the domestic state. To engage Miss Linton's affections, he was the most solicitous, as he really believed, from the apparent sweetness of her temper, and the goodness of her heart, that he should, by marrying her, with the enlargement of his fortune, gain a considerable addition to his happiness. Animated by all those motives, he redoubled his assiduities, and, having drawn very favourable conclusions, one day, in a conversation with Emilia, gave pretty strong hints that it was in her power to make him the happiest of men,

The hint was not thrown away upon Emilia; but she behaved upon that occasion with the propriety which she had discovered upon every other, and without departing in the least from her character as a woman of fortune, a woman of sense, and a woman of virtue. Fully satisfied—more than satisfied—charmed with her behaviour, he took his leave, and left her not less pleased with the deportment of her lover.

When she came to reflect, however, upon the encouragement which she had given to Boothby, she

she began to think that she had been too hasty, and, in consequence of a retrospect of her behaviour, determined to make use of stratagem, in order to find out if her lover had a sincere personal regard for her, independent of her fortune; or if he only counterfeited a passion which he did not feel, with a view to increase his income.

While Emilia was considering in what manner she should conduct her new scheme, Boothby was enjoying, by anticipation, the splendid style of life in which he was resolv'd to appear, as soon as he became master of the wealth which hung temptingly in his sight, and just within his grasp.

Flushed with the success he had met with, upon the disclosure of his passion for a woman to whom many of his rivals, with better incomes than he had, looked up with a kind of reverential awe, (either deterred by diffidence, occasioned by the disproportion in their circumstances, or a pride which would not let them risk the disgrace,) he triumphed over those rivals, but not with all the decency of a politic conqueror: exhibited too many marks of exultation, and pushed his raillery so far one day, against the least formidable of them, who had been on the point of breaking through his natural modesty, (having no pride, to restrain him,) that he provoked him to return an  
answer

answer not easily to be digested. "What do you mean by that, Sir?" said Boothby. "What do I mean by that, Sir," replied his adversary in a taunting tone!

These interrogations would have, perhaps, produced a duel, had not their swords been kept peaceably in their scabbards by the interposition of their surrounding friends: they even shook hands, and declared themselves perfectly reconciled; but Boothby was not reconciled to his antagonist in his heart; his impertinent doubts, with regard to his marriage with Miss Linton, were painfully remembered.

When Boothby went to his Emelia, to put the last hand to the preparations for their union, he found her weeping over a letter. Struck at the sight of her in so unexpected a situation, he flew to her with all the eagerness of a sympathising lover, and begged to know what had happened to throw her into such a distressful condition.

Instead of returning a verbal answer she gave him the letter. The perusal of it shocked him extremely, by informing him that his mistress, had, by a capital bankruptcy, lost the greatest part of her fortune,

After



After a long pause, (during which Emelia contrived to watch every turn of his countenance without being perceived,) he told her plainly that he could not afford to marry a woman without money, and he should only injure her, as well as himself, by making her his wife. "Mighty well, Sir!" replied she, bursting into a laugh, "you shall never be injured by me."

By this sudden change in Emelia, Boothby was extremely disconcerted: but when he found that the letter was a forged one, merely to try the sincerity of his passion, he was almost ready to hang himself.—Never was there a Mercenary Lover more completely mortified.

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## A N E C D O T E

or

### Dr. B R O W N.

**B**ISHOP WARBURTON quarrelled with his great adulator and friend the ingenious Dr. Brown, of Newcastle, because he differed with him in opinion respecting the worship the Old Egyptians paid to animals. Warburton told a friend of Brown's, that he would gladly see him again,

again, and make it up with him, provided he would not mention the subject in dispute between them in conversation. Brown said, that he could not bear to be prevented from conversing upon any proper subject, and never saw him afterwards.

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“ *MANY THINGS FALL OUT*  
BETWEEN THE  
*CUP AND THE LIP.*”

**H**AS been supposed to take its origin from one of Penelope's wooers being shot as he was going to drink. But it arose as Ainsworth has it, thus: “A King of Thrace had planted a vineyard, when one of his slaves, whom he had much oppressed in that very work, prophesied that he, the King, should never taste of the wine produced in it. The king disregarded the prophecy, and when at an entertainment he held the cup full of his own wine, he sent for this slave, and asked him insultingly what he thought of his prophecy now? The slave only answered, “*Multa inter pocula ac labia cadunt.*” Scarcely had he spoke, when news was brought that an huge boar was laying his vineyard waste. The King rose in a fury, attacked the boar, and was killed without ever tasting the wine.

## A N E C D O T E

OF

## EARL SANDWICH &amp; SIR E. HUGHES.

**S**IR Edward, it is known, before his appointment as Commander in Chief on the Indian station, had little money and many debts. He obtained that appointment by the friendship of the Earl of Sandwich.

Upon his return, after many suitable testimonies of respect, he seized one moment of cordiality to extort from the Earl a promise, that whatever he should ask should not be refused, if it could be granted. He asked accordingly a list of his Lordships debts. They amounted to one hundred thousand pounds, which the grateful seaman paid, believing that he had thus made a new man of his patron.

But it was not so. The Earl did not shew all his debts; and what he kept back was enough to begin a fresh list; the inconveniences of which harrassed the latter years of a life, more to be pitied than condemned.

AN

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## HYMN to CONTENTMENT.

**L** OVELY, lasting peace of mind,  
 Sweet delight of human kind;  
 Heav'nly born, and bred on high,  
 To crown the fav'rites of the sky,  
 With more of happiness below,  
 Than victors in a triumph know;  
 Whither, oh? whither, art thou fled,  
 To lay thy meek contented head?  
 What happy regions dost thou please,  
 To make the seat of charms and ease?  
 Ambition searches all its sphere  
 Of pomp and state, to meet thee there;  
 Increasing avarice would find  
 Thy presence in its gold enshrined;  
 The bold advent'rer ploughs his way  
 Thro' rocks, amidst the foaming sea,  
 To gain thy love, and then perceives  
 Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.  
 The silent heart, which grief affails,  
 Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales;  
 Sees daisies open, rivers run,  
 And seeks, as I have vainly done,  
 Amusing thought; but learns to know,  
 That solitude's the nurse of woe.

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No

No real happiness is found  
 In trailing purple on the ground ;  
 Or in a soul, exalted high,  
 To range the circuit of the sky ;  
 Converse with stars above, and know  
 All nature in its forms below.  
 The rest it seeks—in seeking dies,  
 And doubts, at last, for knowledge rise.  
 'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,  
 I sung my wishes to the wood ;  
 And, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd  
 The branches whisper'd as they wav'd ;  
 It seem'd as all the quiet place,  
 Confess'd the presence of the grace,  
 When thus she spoke, “ Go, rule thy will,  
 Bid thy wild passions all be still ;  
 Know God, and bring thy heart to know  
 The joys which from religion flow.  
 Then every grace shall prove its guest,  
 And I'll be there to crown the rest.”  
 Oh ! by yonder mossy seat,  
 In my hours of sweet retreat,  
 Might I thus my soul employ,  
 With sense of gratitude and joy ?  
 Rais'd as ancient prophets were  
 In heavenly vision, praise, and pray'r ;  
 Pleasing all men, hurting none,  
 Pleas'd and blest with God alone.

Then

Then while the gardens take my fight,  
 With all the colours of delight,  
 While silver water glide along,  
 To please my ear and court my song,  
 I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,  
 And thee, great source of nature, sing!  
 The sun, that walks his airy way,  
 To light the world, and give the day;  
 The moon, that shines with borrow'd light,  
 The stars, that glad the gloomy night.  
 The seas, that roll unnumber'd waves,  
 The wood that spreads its shady leaves;  
 The field, whose ears conceal the grain,  
 The yellow treasure of the plain;  
 All of these, and all I see  
 Should be sung, and sung by me;  
 They speak their Maker as they can,  
 But want, and ask, the tongue of man.  
 Go search among your idle dreams,  
 Your busy or your vain extremes,  
 And find a life of equal bliss,  
 Or own the next begun in this.

AN



## ESSAY on INDUSTRY.

*All is the Gift of INDUSTRY, whate'er  
Exalts embellishes, and renders Life delightful.*

THE poet has so remarkably, nay infinitely, set forth the beauties of industry, that it is, perhaps, but a weak attempt to elucidate the subject; but as idleness is named the child of sloth, so industry should prompt men, by the labour of their hands and faculties, to the attainment of a sufficiency, to render their lives as comfortable as possible, through this passage of mortality.

But as man is placed here under the eye of an all-seeing Providence, beneath the inspection of Omniscience itself, he should be extremely careful to obtain nothing but what an honest industry may allot him; whatever methods are pursued, to accomplish lucrative designs, that bear any contrast to this, will, in no wise, render the enjoyment delightful, but sadly embitter, and give a false taste to enjoyment itself.

We should be much upon our guard not to deviate from this principle, if we expect peace at the last; for as the attainments and acquisitions of such an industry as the poet speaks of, may have

a very happy effect in the relish of such good things, which the bountifulness of providence has thus bestowed, in implanting a suitable return of gratitude to the wise giver, and an universal benevolence towards mankind, these are the just and equitable returns of a feeling mind. A mind thus ennobled, thus qualified, must possess very different reflections from such as have by oppression and injustice accumulated to themselves ill - gotten wealth, a sort of riches that carry with them their own sting, and serve but to enhance the remorse of their possessor.

The industrious labourer contented in his humble cot with the fruits of his labour, is happier,—far happier, with a small portion to furnish his table, than the luxurious, where fashion and extravagance decorate the same.

The industrious man has a sensible, pleasing relish of his labours, which the indolent and inactive cannot possibly partake of. As he knows the fatigues of acquiring, so the pleasures of enjoying must necessarily be his just compensation.

A competency, acquired by industry must be more permanent, and give greater satisfaction than any other, and a little thus got is commonly seen the more lasting.



If sentiments of industry were properly cultivated, universally understood, and as happily received, the errors of a bewitching covetousness on the one hand, and its opposite, a luxurious prodigality on the other, would, in a great measure, be avoided, and render a medium of circumstances the most desirable, and the having a sufficiency would learn us to be content.

Industry is a virtue calculated by providence as a fit employ for man, provided it be attended to with due restrictions as not to forget the weightier matters of futurity.

Will it not rather increase and add to our piety and devotion? For he who by intemperance and other follies is rendered unfit for the necessary callings of his daily necessities, perhaps, is an object as unfit and disqualified to render the services and duties required of him to the author of his being.

Many, by adhering to the proper rules of industry, have been happily preserved from dangers and difficulties, which would otherwise befall them, as well as from the distresses of abject poverty. It is not my intention to make any remarks on the different orders of men, which, undoubtedly, are intended for wise purposes, to create an emulation amongst all degrees by industry, that all would re-  
member

member the wife saying, "Go to the ant, consider her ways, and be wise." The very insects and creatures innumerable have this instinct of making provision against the hapless and approaching period of want.

Poverty is but too universally known, therefore a picture of its miseries, is superfluous and unnecessary; but, indeed the fate of men is so diversified here, that all are not to enjoy an equality; but how many more might if industry were properly attended to? and a little attained by it "will exalt, embellish, and render life delightful."

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## A N E C D O T E

OF

## W H I S T O N.

THE celebrated Whiston dining with Lady Jekyll, sister to Lord Somers; she asked him why God Almighty made woman out of the rib? Whiston, after reflecting a moment, replied—"Indeed my Lady, I don't know; except it was because the rib is the crookedest part of the body."

ANEC-

## A N E C D O T E

o f

*J O H N II. of P O R T U G A L.*

**T**HE Duke of Viseu, at the head of a discontented party, conspired against the life of John the Second of Portugal. His Majesty having escaped the hand of the assassin three times, sent for the Duke and walked with him in a garden, where he conversed with him on the relative duty of the king and the subject; and at the end put this emphatical question to him. "What wouldst thou do to the man who attempted to take away thy life?" to which the Duke answered, "I would take his first if I could." "Then verily," said the king, "As Nathan said to David, thou art the man," and immediately plunged a dagger into his breast.

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## EDWARD and MATILDA.

**A**T the age of twenty-two, Mrs. Falkland being left a widow, with an only daughter, retired into the country, that she might devote her future life to the education of her Matilda; an  
employ

employ she was well qualified to undertake, as she joined to the accomplished lady a well improved mind, and an elegant understanding.

Under the tuition of such a mother, Matilda made a rapid progress in every branch of useful and ornamental knowledge; but unhappily for her, Mrs. Falkland was determined to raise the declining fortunes of her family by a profitable marriage.

The beauty and accomplishments of Matilda, who had now reached her seventeenth year, were the topick of conversation among all the neighbouring gentlemen, and many offered themselves as candidates for her affection. In this number was Edward Stanly, the only son of a gentleman who lived near the mother of Matilda. He possessed a fortune sufficiently above the reach of want; was handsome in figure, and elegant in address. These however, were his least important qualities—his temper was open and generous; his mind well stored with useful learning, and gifted with every virtue that dignifies the nature of man. He had long admired Matilda. There seemed to be, in her, a mind above “the level of the vulgar great.” She had also been an attentive observer of Edward; and discovered, in him, a dispo-

sion, and education much superior to that of any other gentleman. Mr. Stanly was, what every country Gentleman should be, a man of real sense, and sound morals. He had bestowed the greatest care in educating his son, and had the abundant satisfaction to see the blessings of Heaven attend his endeavours. He often admired the great understanding of Mrs. Falkland, and the amiable character of her daughter; as persons possessed of far more sense and accomplishments, than many to whom Providence had given abundance of wealth, and bestowed greater means of improvement. He had commenced an acquaintance with Mrs. Falkland; and it was at these little interviews the flame of love caught the heart of Edward. He was no longer the same; the rose of health, which before bloomed in his countenance, forsook his cheek; he was never happy, but in the company of Matilda. She saw the anguish which distracted his heart, and often the tear of pity stole down her cheek when conversing with him. But she well knew her mother's determination; and reflected that, by encouraging a hopeless attachment, she would only bring misery on both. She revealed to her mother the situation of Edward; and desired, as the only remedy, she might be sent to London, to try whether absence would not obliterate her from his mind.

The

The departure of Matilda was carefully concealed from Edward. After waiting three days, in hopes of seeing her, his anxiety could be no longer sustained. He ventured to enquire whither she was gone; and could ill conceal his agitation, at the information. "To London!" says he; and when will she return?"—"Not these two months," replied Mrs. Falkland. "Two months!" exclaimed Edward, and rushed out of the room.

He begged of his father to let him go to London for a few days. Mr. Stanly would have granted any thing else. "No, my dear Edward," said he; "I cannot consent that you should mix in those scenes of riot and dissipation with which that city abounds, without a proper guide to steer your course. I intend shortly to go thither myself, and you may accompany me." Edward thanked his father with a heavy heart; who never guessed the reason of his son's demand.

Matilda returned; and he embraced the earliest opportunity of paying his respects. She received him with such indifference, as shot a dagger through his heart. He parted from her, nearly in a state of madness; sleep fled his pillow and he passed the night almost bordering on despair.

But

But the ensuing day fully explained the fatal cause of her behaviour. An elegant carriage, with four horses, appeared at Mrs. Falkland's door, accompanied with a proportionable number of attendants in splendid liveries. Lord Oglethorpe was ushered in, as the lover of Matilda.

Edward scarcely believed what he saw. He took particular care to review his Lordship, as he entered his coach, and gave him a look of merited contempt : his Lordship was the very effluence of a *modern beau* : too fine to be a man.

During a month, Lord Oglethorpe paid the genteelst attention to Matilda ; he then solicited her hand. Mrs. Falkland elated to the very pinnacle of imaginary bliss, would now hardly own acquaintance with Mr. Stanly ; who foresaw with infinite concern, the ruin of her daughter. But all his friendly cautions were treated with disdain.

At length, the day was fixed ; when Matilda, by marrying a nobleman, would crown the height of her mother's ambition.

Edward had been diligent to gain every information concerning Lord Oglethorpe ; and the arrival of a gentleman from London, who came on a visit to his father, afforded an opportunity.

Mr.

Mr. Melville was the son of an eminent merchant in the city; a youth of a virtuous mind, and liberal education; by him, he learned that his lordship possessed a plentiful portion of riches; and this was all, for he had neither understanding or virtue. Edward perceived, in the mind of Melville, a congeniality of sentiments with his own, and determined to make him the friend of his youth. He related to him the whole of his love for Matilda, and her intended union with Lord Oglethorpe; then asked his advice concerning his future conduct.

Mr. Melville advised him to go some distance from home, during the nuptials, as the spectacle would be too painful for his feelings; but first to obtain an interview with Matilda, and know how far her inclinations were in unison with her intended marriage. If he should find it impossible to see her before he departed, to write a letter which he would engage she should receive.

Edward used every means in his power to gain admission to Matilda. Finding all his efforts vain, he wrote the following letter.

“ I am about to leave my father's house, to avoid a sight of all others the most dreadful to me. What can you think! Surely the elegant mind of  
Matilda



Matilda can never be dazzled by the trappings of wealth and splendour ! Can you ever esteem a man destitute of every quality that adorns the human mind ? or is it the false ambition of a mother, who would barter her daughter's happiness for wealth, and a title ? You may never see me more ! I have loved you tenderly. But, alas ! who could behold such a mind, such a form, and not fall a martyr to their charms ! Let the tear of pity so- lace him, who can never cease to love you.

EDWARD STANLEY."

He left this letter with his friend ; who faithfully delivered it to Matilda, the morning preceding their nuptials. The un auspicious morn now arrived, when Matilda was to fall a victim to her mother's power. The ceremony was performed by his lordship's chaplain, at her mother's house ; after which, they departed to a house belonging to a relation of Lord Oglethorpe's, some miles farther in the country.

Three weeks passed, with all apparent happiness ; when, one morning, his lordship, pretending some urgent business, set off to London, promising a speedy return. A week had elapsed, in the greatest anxiety, when Matilda received the following letter.

" I

" I WILL no longer keep you in suspense— You are not my wife! the person who performed the marriage ceremony was not a clergyman, but hired to fulfil that office. I was astonished that you could believe my intentions serious, or suppose a nobleman would marry a girl whose only portion was her merit. The person at whose house you are, is no relation of mine. If you will consent to live with me *a life of honour*, every advantage love and riches can afford are yours.

" OGLETHORPE."

" O! what a wretch!" said she, after reading the letter; and sunk almost lifeless on the floor. At this moment a servant entered the room, to inform her that a gentleman wished to see her. The notice was scarcely delivered, when Edward appeared. At the sight of him, she shrieked violently—" Merciful Father!" cried Edward, " what disaster is this!" She could make no reply, but gave him the letter. " Infamous villain! his life shall pay the debt of justice, and revenge! Take particular care of that lady," said he, to the servant; " I will reward you."

In a few hours she recovered, sufficiently to proceed to her mother's; but waited at Mr. Stanley's, while Edward unfolded the dreadful scene to Mrs.

Falkland. " Good God! exclaimed her mother,  
" Matilda ruined! The crime is mine.

It was my miserable pride has caused this; and the remaining days of life will now be " few and evil!" " But where is my unhappy daughter?"—" Be comforted," replied Edward; " she is at my father's. I will bring her immediately."

The interview was too affecting for words to describe. " Generous youth," said Matilda, " your services I can never repay: if I had loved you as much as your merit demanded, I had never seen this day!"—" You must forget," said Edward, " that there is such a wretch as your seducer in being; he will meet his punishment."

When he returned home, he wrote as follows to Lord Oglethorpe—

" **BASE** and unmanly wretch! think not that you shall triumph over seduced innocence; or that your elevated rank in life, which only serves to make you more despicable, shall secure you from the arm of justice. I command you to meet me next Thursday, provided with a brace of pistols. The bearer will settle time and place."

" **EDWARD STANLEY.**"

Lord

Lord Ogelthorpe returned the following answer.  
“ Your challenge is accepted, though I despise the giver ; but let this convince you, that I am not so unmanly as you imagine.”

“ OGLETHORPE.”

Edward communicated his design to no one till the challenge was accepted ; then he informed Mr. Melville that he should soon need an equivocal proof of his friendship.

Mr. Melville sincerely regretted the step he had taken ; but, as it was now past recalling, he consented to accompany him.

The Wednesday preceding the duel, was spent in the company of his father and Melville ; and the tear started from his eye, probably, from the reflection, that he might never see another day in the house of a father whom he tenderly loved, but dared not acquaint him with the impending danger.

On the Thursday morning he arose at five, and remained adjusting his little affairs till seven ; about eight, he breakfasted with Matilda and her mother. He appeared serene and chearful in conversation ; said he was going on a shooting party into the country ; and added, clasping the hand of Matilda—“ I will bring you the laurels my skill may obtain.” He took his farewell.

It was then that his countenance assumed a mournful aspect. "I fear," said Matilda, "some accident should happen!"—"If it be for your good," said Edward, embracing her: "I shall not repine. This life is uncertain!" At these words he parted; and proceeded, with Melville, to the place agreed on.

They arrived a little before Lord Oglethorpe, who was attended by a gentleman as his second, and two domesticks. The ground being measured, it was agreed that Edward should fire first. He advanced with a firm step and serene countenance. Lord Oglethorpe seemed much agitated, Edward discharged his pistol, but without any effect; but the ball of his antagonist entered his body, and he fell. His lordship mounted his horse, and fled, with his attendants to the continent.

It was some time before Mr. Melville could procure assistance to remove the body of his friend, whose father he dreaded to meet. The intelligence of his son's death had, however, reached his ear, before the arrival of Mr. Melville; for Matilda had followed, soon after their departure, and met the servants of Lord Oglethorpe, who informed her of Edward's unhappy fate. She had just strength to arrive at her mother's, and relate the event to her and Mr. Stanley, who endeavoured

oured to repress his grief at the loss of Edward. "These," said he, "are the mysterious dealings of Omnipotence towards his creatures, and I must submit to his pleasure!—Edward, in thee have I lost a son, who was the ornament and delight of my years: but it is enough! such is the will of God."

Mr. Melville arrived with the corpse of Edward. "Sir," said Mr. Stanley, "why did you not inform me of my son's resolution? I shall never forget, though I may forgive you."

In his room were found three letters; one to his father, begging forgiveness for not acquainting him with the circumstance— "And I hope," added he, "my errors will be buried in my grave;" a second to his friend Melville, thanking him for his kind assistance:— and a third to Matilda, as follows—

"Thursday Morning, Five o'Clock,

DEAR MATILDA,

"After my death, you will receive this letter. That I have ever loved you sincerely, the cause will, I think, put beyond doubt. There is, in my mind, a strong foreboding that I shall fall a victim. I am content! It is for you, it is in defence of injured

jured innocence. Heaven sometimes permits, for ends human reason cannot penetrate, the wicked to escape the punishment they merit in this life. The time is drawing near, when I must part with you; I have resolved to exercise all the compoſure I can; but I fear, it will be too much. From me, learn this truth—that noble qualities are not confin'd to opulence, but oftener thrive in the ſoil of ſufficiency. Adieu!—for ever!

“ EDWARD STANLEY.”

The preſſure of ſo many calamities was too great for the delicate frame of Matilda. She is now lunatick, but not ſo as to occaſion confinement. A beautiful melancholy is ſeen in her countenance, and not an evening paſſes, but ſhe viſits his tomb, and ſheds the tear of love on his turf; but, chiefly by the penſive light of the moon, ſhe will ſpend hours at his grave!—ſometimes ſinging extemporaneous verſes in the ſweeteſt notes of wildneſs.

To ſee her at ſuch a time, you would think her more than mortal. A deep conſumption has ſeized her mother; to which, it is thought, ſhe muſt ſoon fall a prey.

Mr. Stanley, with a reſignation truly admirable, never repines at the diſpenſations of heaven, but  
is

is thankful for the mercies he has left. His house is now the home of Matilda and her mother, and his time is employed in procuring them every comfort in his power. As for the wretched Oglethorpe, he has at last fallen a victim to his own licentiousness. A letter lately received by Mr. Stanley, from a friend in Portugal, says, " Lord Oglethorpe was stabbed a few nights since, by some hired assassins. An adulterous connection with the wife of a Portuguese, was the occasion of this catastrophe." Thus we see, that although wicked men may for a long time go unpunished, the arm of justice will seldom fail, sooner or later to overtake them.

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### *A N E C D O T E.*

**T**HAT as great a variety of fortunes often attend upon obscure characters as are attributed to some of the heroes of romance, the following sketch of the life of one of the few remaining seamen that attended Lord Anson's voyage will partly evince. Born in a sea port in the North, he went from home in a coasting vessel at ten years of age, to which he never returned. At twenty years of Age he became master of a small vessel,



vessel, but being taken by the French, was, after remaining in prison some months, obliged to enter on board a man of war; was retaken by the English; made his voyage with Anson; upon his return took a public house near Tooley-Street, was plundered by his wife, who eloped with a common beggar; gave up his house and went to Ireland; from thence as a servant to America, was sold to a planter in the back settlement of Virginia; eloped and travelled on foot to Charles-Town; after fording several rivers, &c. worked his passage in a vessel to New-York, from thence to England; entered into the East-India company's service, in which he continued ten years, where, in assisting a cook to one of the general officers, as he was going to finge a fowl with some old letters given him for that purpose, he discovered that an uncle was dead in England, leaving him a house and legacy of a thousand pounds, returned to England, expended his legacy, &c. and afterwards met with his wife at a lodging house in St. Giles's. His last stage was becoming a waterer of horses at a coach stand near Barbican where a few weeks since, in assisting a gentleman at a public house to pull off his boots, he accidentally heard of another legacy bequeathed him by a distant relation, supposed dead; and he is now, at the age of 65, in possession of forty pounds per annum.

*F I N I S.*

INTERESTING  
ANECDOTES,  
MEMOIRS,  
ALLEGORIES,  
ESSAYS,  
AND  
POETICAL FRAGMENTS,  
TENDING  
TO AMUSE THE FANCY,  
AND  
INCULCATE MORALITY.

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BY MR. ADDISON.

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LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1797.



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A  
COLLECTION

OF INTERESTING

*Anecdotes, Essays, &c.*

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A N E C D O T E.

A CERTAIN Nobleman, high in office, had once a number of his friends, mostly people of rank, to dine with him ; and great elegance and hospitality were displayed on the occasion. Amongst the company, there happened to be a Reverend Divine, of worthy character and great learning, but alas ! he was only a *Curate* at ~~50~~ *£*100. per annum ! He happened, amidst all the preparation of a well spread table, to be in want of one of the first necessaries of life, and not chusing to call aloud (which he feared might be infringing on the privilege of his rich neighbours) he inclined a lit-

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tle

he back in his chair, and in a half whisper addressed a footman in a laced livery, "*I wish I had a little bread,*"—"I wish you had, Sir," returned the other with a haughty air, and bustled about from one great Lord to another, without vouchsafing any further notice. The poor Curate, being a man of extreme modesty, made no more applications.

A Gentleman of some humour, who sat next the Clergyman, and had observed the transaction, either through compassion, or for the entertainment of the company, made the affair public.—The master of the house, roused with proper indignation, ordered the fellow to be called; and after a severe reprimand for his insolent behaviour, told him to go immediately and seek *his own bread* elsewhere. Then turning to the abashed curate, he said, "Sir, I am ashamed of what has passed; but in order to make amends for the ill treatment you have experienced at my table, it shall be my endeavour to provide you *better bread.*"—He kept his word, and in a very short time, presented the Clergyman with a comfortable living.

## A N E C D O T E

O F

## J U D G E J E F F E R Y S.

**A**T a contested election for a member to serve in parliament for the town of Arundel, in Suffex, government strenuously interfered, and that so openly, as to send Sir George Jefferys, then Lord Chancellor, with instructions to use every method to procure the return of the court candidate. On the day of election, in order to intimidate the electors, he placed himself on the hustings close by the returning officer, the Mayor, who had been an attorney, but was retired from business, with an ample fortune and fair character. This officer well knew the chancellor, but for prudential reasons acted as if he was a stranger both to his person and rank. In the course of the poll, that magistrate, who scrutinised every man before he admitted him to vote, rejected one of the court party; at which Jefferys rising in a heat, after several indecent reflections declared the man should poll; adding, "I am the Lord Chancellor of this realm." The mayor, regarding him with a look of the highest contempt, replied, "Your ungentlemanlike behaviour convinces me, it is impossi-

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ble you should be the person you pretend; were you the Chancellor, you would know that you have nothing to do here, where I alone preside:’ then turning to the crier, ‘ officer! ’ said he, ‘ turn that fellow out of court.’ His commands were obeyed without hesitation; the Chancellor retired to his inn in great confusion; and the election terminated in favour of the popular candidate. In the evening, the mayor, to his great surprise, received a message from Jefferys, desiring the favour of his company at the inn; which he declining, the Chancellor came to his house, and, being introduced to him, made the following compliment: “ Sir, notwithstanding we are in different interests, I cannot help revering one who so well knows, and dares so nobly execute the law; and though I myself was somewhat degraded thereby, you did but your duty. You, as I have learned, are independent; but you may have some relation who is not so well provided for: if you have, let me have the pleasure of presenting him with a considerable place in my gift, just now vacant.” Such an offer, and so handsomely made, could not fail of drawing the acknowledgments of the party to whom it was made: he, having a nephew in no affluent circumstances, named him to the Chancellor, who immediately signed the necessary instrument for his appointment to a very lucrative and honourable employment.

GRA-

## G R A T I T U D E.

**O**H! how amiable is gratitude! especially when it has the supreme benefactor for its object. I have always looked upon gratitude as the most exalted principle that can actuate the heart of man. It has something in it noble, disinterested, and, (if I may be allowed the term) generously devout. Repentance indicates our nature fallen, and prayer returns chiefly upon a regard to one's self. But the exercise of gratitude subsisted in Paradise, when there was no fault to deplore; and will be perpetuated in heaven, when God shall be all in all,

DEMOSTHENES said, it becometh him, who receiveth a benefit from another man, for ever to be sensible of it, but him that bestowed it, presently to forget it. He is unjust, said Socrates, who does not return deserved thanks for any benefit, whether the giver be a friend or foe.

THERE is no vice nor failing of man, that doth so much unprinciple humanity, as ingratitude; since he who is guilty of it lives unworthy of his own soul, that hath not virtue enough to be obliged nor to acknowledge the due merits of the obliger.

IT is as common a thing for gratitude to be forgetful, as for hope to be mindful.

Without



Without good nature and gratitude, man had as well live in a wilderness, as in a civil society.

HE who receives a good turn, should never forget it, he who does one, should never remember it.

IT is the character of an unworthy nature, to write injuries in marble, and benefits in dust.

HE that preaches gratitude, pleads the cause both of God and man, for without it we can neither be sociable nor religious.

IT is the glory of gratitude, that it depends only on the goodwill: if I have will to be grateful, says Seneca, I am so.

If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker? The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the Gift of Him who is the great author of good, and Father of mercies.

GRATITUDE, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleasing sensation in  
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in the mind of a grateful man ; it exalts the soul into raptures when it is employed in this great object of gratitude ; on this beneficent Being who has given us every thing we already possess, and from whom we expect every thing we hope for.

Ungenerous the man, and base of heart,  
Who takes the kind, and pays the ~~ungrateful~~  
part.

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### *Anecdote of a Farmer.*

MR. BALLENTINE, a wealthy farmer in Middlesex, justified a bail in the court of King's Bench, and upon being asked by Mr. Serjeant Davy, if he could produce no more deeds of his ability to bail the action, replied, " there is an Indian bond for 100*l.* and if that would not do, here is a note 5*l.* 9*s.* 11*d.*  $\frac{1}{2}$  that a great counsellor gave to his butcher, and which has been due upwards of two years ; I think the great lawyer's name is Mr. Serjeant Davy, or some such name, perhaps Mr. Lawyer you may have heard of such a one," addressing himself to Mr. Davy ; which set the whole court in such an immoderate fit of laughter, that Lord Mansfield declared next day, such another *bout* would certainly put a period to his life.

FRIEND-

*FRIENDSHIP.*

**I**N young minds there is commonly a strong propensity to particular intimacies and friendships. Youth, indeed, is the season when friendships are sometimes formed, which not only continue through succeeding life, but which glow to the last, with a tenderness unknown to the connections begun in cooler years. The propensity therefore is not to be discouraged; though at the same time, it must be regulated with much circumspection and care. Too many of the pretended friendships of youth are mere combinations in pleasure.—They are often founded on capricious likings, suddenly contracted, and as suddenly dissolved. Sometimes they are the effect of interested complaisance and flattery, on the one side, and of credulous fondness on the other. Such rash and dangerous connections should be avoided, lest they afterwards load us with dishonour. We should ever have it fixed in our memories, that by the character of those whom we choose for our friends, our own is likely to be formed, and will certainly be judged of by the world. We ought therefore, to be slow and cautious in contracting intimacy; but when a virtuous friendship is once established, we must ever consider it as a sacred engagement. We  
 should

should not expose ourselves to the reproach of lightness and inconstancy, which always bespeak either a trifling or a base mind. We should not reveal any secrets of our friend; but be faithful to his interest, forsake him not in danger, and abhor the thought of acquiring any advantage by his prejudice or hurt. In the choice of friends, principal regard should be had to goodness of heart and fidelity. If they possess taste and genius, that will make them more agreeable and useful companions. To those who deserve the name of friends, we should always unbosom ourselves with the most unsuspicious confidence. An open temper, if restrained but by tolerable prudence, will make us upon the whole, much happier than a suspicious one, although by it we may sometimes suffer. Coldness and distrust are but the too certain consequences of age and experience; but they are unpleasant feelings, and need not be anticipated before their time. We should never disclose the secrets of one friend to another. They are secret deposits which do not belong to us, nor have we any right to make use of them.

## BON MOT of a Countryman.

**A** GENTLEMAN lately riding through a village in Hertfordshire, where a painted board over the door of a low house had the following notice:—J. and M. Grainge, midwife and sexton;—was induced, from the oddity of the circumstance, to ask a countryman that was passing if he knew the people? Know them! aye, replied he, every body in our parish knows them, their names are the first and last in every body's mouth here. Why so, says the gentleman; Because, answered the clown, she brings every body into our village, and he takes them out.

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TO S T E L L A,

*March 23, 1723-4.*

By D E A N S W I F T.

*[Written on the Day of her Birth, but not  
on the Subject, when I was Sick in Bed.]*

**T**ORMENTED with incessant pains,  
Can I devise poetic strains?  
Time was, when I could yearly pay  
My verse on Stella's natal day;

But

But now, unable grown to write,  
 I grieve she ever saw the light :  
 Ungrateful, since to her I owe  
 That I these pains can undergo,  
 She tends me like an humble slave,  
 And, when indecently I rave,  
 When out my brutish passions break,  
 With gall in ev'ry word I speak,  
 She with soft speech my anguish cheers,  
 Or melts my passion down to tears :  
 Altho' 'tis easy to decry  
 She wants assistance more than I,  
 Yet seems to feel my pains alone,  
 And is a stoic to her own.  
 When among scholars, can we find  
 So soft, and yet so firm a mind?  
 All accidents of life conspire  
 To raise up Stella's virtue higher;  
 Or else, to introduce the rest  
 Which had been latent in her breast.  
 Her firmness who could e'er have known,  
 Had she not evils of her own?  
 Her kindness who could ever guess,  
 Had not her friend been in distress;  
 Whatever base returns you find  
 From me, dear Stella, still be kind:  
 In your own heart you'll reap the fruit,  
 Tho' I continue still a brute;

But when I once am out of pain,  
I promise to be good again.  
Mean time, your other juster friends  
Shall for my follies make amends;  
So may we long continue thus,  
Admiring you, you pitying us.

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**The C A M P ;**  
O R T H E  
*SOLDIER by COMPULSION ;*  
A MORAL TALE.

**W**ILLIAM BENSLEY, the son of an honest and industrious farmer in B—shire, having been taken from his parents by his mother's brother, a carver in London, was brought up by him in his own business; in which he made so rapid a progress, that he became very useful to his uncle. In consequence of the pleasure which he received from his nephew's general behaviour, as well as particular diligence and activity, Mr. — gave him leave to go down to his father and mother, whenever he could spare him.

In the course of these journies, young Bensley became intimately acquainted with the daughter  
of

of a farmer in his father's neighbourhood, one of the prettiest and most deserving girls in the whole country: but as her father was able to give her something handsome, as they called it, he did not dare to make any public pretensions to her; especially as his own father, having met with misfortunes, and had a large family to provide for, could not afford to give him any thing towards the accomplishment of his wishes. However, though William only declared his passion by his intelligent eyes, Nancy Covell gave him all modest encouragement to communicate with his lips what passed in his heart, according to the observation which she had made on the *language of looks*; for sometimes decretion, and, it may be added, generosity of sentiment, chained up his tongue. At last, prompted by the most powerful of all passions, and the kind reception which he met with from the dear object of his sincerest affection, he said to her, one day, upon her expressing a regret at his being obliged to return to London, " You are very condescending, Nancy; but I cannot wish you so much harm as a connection with me, as I am much afraid I shall never be in a situation to deserve your love.

This pathetic acknowledgment of her consideration for him, and the discovery of his sincere affection



fection for her, soon brought them to a better understanding. He now freely confessed his warm attachment to her, and she with equal freedom avowed her tender regard for him; telling him, at the same time, that she thought her father could make no reasonable objection to a man in so ingenious a branch of business as that to which he was brought up.

“ It is true, my dearest girl, (replied he) it is an ingenious branch of business, and it *was* an advantageous one before this destructive war with the Colonies, and the assistance afforded them by the French, which has made commerce so hazardous and expensive, that many people from the increase of taxes, and the dearth of provisions cannot afford to employ artists in the ornamental way at least, nor to pay them the worth of their labour.” Nancy sighed, dropped a sympathetic tear, and said, “ What a pity !”

When William returned to his uncle, and found him exceedingly ill, partly from vexation upon the decline of his business, and partly from the number of considerable debts which he had no hopes of discharging, he, with the true spirit of gratitude, took every method in his power to console him under the pressure of his losses and disappointments,

ments, and to promote the restoration of his health. But all his laudable and affectionate efforts were inefficacious: his uncle died in a few weeks, and left scarce enough to pay the expences of his funeral.

The loss of so dear and so kind a friend, added to the difficulties with which his attempts to get into a new employment were attended, gave William such a disgust to London, in which his love for Nancy had, probably, no small share, that he returned to his father, intending to try his fortune in some other occupation near him.

He found his father dangerously ill of a fever, by which he was carried off in a few hours after his arrival, leaving a wife and seven children, besides himself, for whom their mother was utterly unable to provide, being in a bad state of health, and incumbered with debts.

Poor William was unspeakably distressed by this addition to his sorrow. Nancy shared his grief. Covell perceiving that his daughter had set her heart upon a man he looked upon as a vagabond, having at that time no visible means of subsistence, and perceiving also that his family were likely to come to the parish, insisted upon her marrying a substantial

substantial grazier, who being old and amorous, had for some time discovered a willingness to take her without a six-pence.

Nancy, who would sooner have perished than forsaken her William, peremptorily refused to listen to this antiquated admirer, and spent all the hours she could steal with the mother of her lover, whom she strove to assist and comfort by every method in her power. This behaviour of her's so enraged the old man, that he was determined to remove William, if possible, out of his way : and as his mother had quitted the farm, of which she was unable to pay the rent after the death of her husband, he prevailed on the Justice of the peace to take him up as a vagabond, and get him entered as a recruit. This being done, he was carried to one of the camps, and compelled, much against his inclination, to become a soldier.

He did not want courage, nor a disposition to serve or defend his country, in case of an unjust invasion, attack, or a scarcity of men; but as he had been bred up in a very different profession, and, upon the failure of *that*, determined to look out for another near his mother, and her helpless young family, in order to contribute towards their support, he could not endure the thoughts of being  
*forced*

*forced* to bear arms, of being torn from all that he held most dear in this world, and of being prevented from pursuing a more lucrative, as well as agreeable employment. The small pittance of a common soldier would not, he was feelingly sensible, permit him to spare any towards the maintenance of a family. Nancy and his mother were equally afflicted, when they heard that he was under a necessity of withdrawing from them, and deprived of all hopes of entering into another way of business, which might encourage her to look for the hand of her lover, enabled not only to make her happy, but to be serviceable to his surviving unfortunate parents.

Upon Mrs. Bensley's falling dangerously ill, in consequence of the acuteness with which she felt her misfortunes, Nancy, ever attentive to the mother of him on whom she doated, flew to her with all the money she had, and begged her to be comforted, telling her that she would marry no-body but her son, who would, she hoped, be discharged, when the old grazier found that nothing could make her consent to be his wife. Mrs. Bensley, sighing, replied, " I shall not live to see my son again."

Nancy, prompted by *her* tears, and her own wishes, dispatched a note to William, to acquaint

D

him

him with his mother's pitiable situation; requesting him to get permission to make her happy with the sight of him before she died.

The poor young man, distracted at this intelligence, hastened to his officer, told his tale with a pathetic simplicity, and begged he might be allowed to take leave of a dying parent. His request met with an absolute refusal, from a supposition that it arose entirely from his wanting a pretence to quit the army.

Stung at being accused of what he had not at that time, the smallest idea; shocked at having been forced into a profession which made him a prisoner in his own country, which deprived him of the sight of his friends, though at the distance of a few miles; and feeling most acutely for the agonies of an expiring mother, rendered still more insupportable from his compulsive absence; he could no longer support the sensations he endured from what he could not help calling an act of injustice; but determined at all events, to see his mother, if he died for it. Accordingly, he stole away early in the morning, staid with her a few hours, gave her hopes of getting his discharge and prepared to return.

Just

Just as he was on the point of returning, the old grazier, ever on the watch, immediately sent intelligence to the camp of his having *deserted*. He was secured within a mile of his mother's dwelling, forced back to his quarters, tried, and sentenced to be shot.

Nancy, poor unhappy Nancy, as soon as she heard of her William's situation became almost frantic with despair. Instantly leaving her father's house, she flew to the old dotard who had been the cause of all this misery. The moment she saw him, she with a wildness in her air which struck terror into him, exclaimed, " You have found the way to gain your purpose. If you *can* and *will* save William's life and procure his discharge, I am ready to be married to you, and will promise never to see him again. If this is in your power and you do not exert it, tremble for the consequences. You will know the miseries you have brought on the innocent; as he would have died, (though he abhorred the service into which he was forced,) rather than have meanly *deserted*: but the agony which he felt on being denied the melancholy satisfaction of giving a dying parent all the comfort he could, was too much for him to bear. Fly, then, and save my William, and I am your's for ever."

The old fellow, half frightened, and half transported out of his senses, hastened immediately to the Commanding Officer, explained the affair to him, and procured a reprieve; but it was within an instant of being too late, for poor William was on his knees, and endeavouring to arm himself with becoming fortitude: his comrades muskets were levelled at his heart, when the joyful cry of, A Reprieve! A Reprieve! stopped the murderer's hands. William had borne adversity with the spirit of a man: conscious of his innocence, he felt himself superior to calamity; but he was not equal to so sudden a change, a change to which he could hardly give credit. A veteran, who had from his first arrival at the camp, discovered his merit, made haste to support him; yet, fearful of not being able to raise him time enough, pointed to the soldiers to withdraw their pieces. Thus snatched from the hands of death, he was discharged, and returned to his mother, who recovered, and poured down blessings on Nancy for the generous sacrifice she had made on her son's account. That deserving girl, however, was at last rewarded for what she had endured, in consequence of her very generous behaviour. Her old admirer, uncommonly agitated by a variety of conflicting passions, fell ill, and finding himself drawing near his end—carefully attended by the amiable girl, who had resolved

ved to keep her promise to him, whatever it should cost her, sent for a lawyer, made his will, and left her all he had in her own power. Her father, being no longer able to prevent her marrying William, and finding her amply provided for without his assistance; no more objected to her becoming the wife of a man whom she had long loved, nor to her providing for his mother and her children.—In this manner was a truly deserving couple rescued from a very distressful situation; a situation into which many a worthy family may be thrown if every man must be a *soldier* by *Compulsion*, who has no visible means of procuring a subsistence.

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### A N E C D O T E.

A YOUNG MAN named Eretrius, was for a considerable time a follower of Zeno: on his return home, his father asked him what he had learned: the other replied, “that would hereafter appear.” On this, the father being enraged, beat his son, who bearing it patiently, and without complaining, said, “He had learned this,—to endure a parent’s anger.”

RETIRE-



## RETIREMENT.

**W**OULD heaven indulgent to my wish dispense;

Enough from bus'ness to retire ;  
And crown my wishes with a competence,  
To wealth, to grandeur, I would ne'er aspire.

Free from the troubles that attend the great,  
Devoid of anxious toil and care,  
'Midst rural shades I'd seek a safe retreat,  
And there from folly's haunts repair ;

Far from the busy, bustling, crowded town,  
With drudgery, and noise endu'd,  
Intent on happiness I'd set me down,  
Where no rude cares my peace intrude.

I'd to some pretty sylvan spot repair,  
Where art and nature far excell ;  
Within the country's fresh and healthy air  
I'd fix my little rural cell.

In some sweet lone sequester'd vale,  
Where nature's drest in gayest pride,  
Where beds of flow'rs scent the fragrant gale,  
And bubbling fountains gently glide ;

Where

Where groves o'erhang the cool pellucid stream,  
And birds soft warble on the spray,  
I'd wish to build my little cot quite plain;  
Not large, yet neat, and not too gay.

Here sacred virtue shou'd my footsteps guide,  
My conduct reason's sway confess:  
Here free from envy, malice, spleen, or pride,  
Content should cheer my lone recess.

In these sweet shades I'd pass my harmless days  
In health, and chearfulness of mind,  
Blest with a friend, in philosophic ease,  
True happiness I'd find;

The beauties of the sylvan scene explore;  
And thence its pleasures learn to prize  
Then on contemplation's wing I'd soar,  
And view the wonders of the skies;

And while fresh joys unseen, unknown before,  
Strike with surprize my astonish'd soul,  
I'd sing his goodness, and his name adore,  
Whose mighty wisdom form'd the whole.

Thrice happy he! who thus delights to dwell,  
Where nature sheds her gifts around,  
Flies the dull crowd, and seeks some humble cell,  
Where happiness alone is found.

He

He tastes true pleasure, feels his joys sincere,  
 A friend to virtue lives, to vice a foe,  
 No passions vex his mind, but thro' the year,  
 In peace his moments calmly flow.

Let me thus quiet live, and bid adieu  
 To all the cares of crested pride,  
 The paths of virtue unperplex'd pursue,  
 And thus through life serenely glide.

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### *ANECDOTE of HOGARTH.*

**H**OGARTH, soon after he first set up his carriage, had occasion to pay a visit to the Lord Mayor, (Mr. Beckford). When he went the weather was fine, but business detained him till a violent shower of rain came on. He was let out of the mansion house by a different door from that at which he entered; and, seeing the rain, began immediately to call for a hackney coach. Not one was to be met with on any of the neighbouring stands; and our artist sallied forth to brave the storm, and actually reached Leicester Fields without bestowing a thought on his own carriage, till Mrs. Hogarth (surprised to see him so wet and splashed) asked him where he had left it.

Of

## OF JOHN BAPTISTE SANTEUIL,

A CELEBRATED

*Latin Poet, of the last Century.*

SANTEUIL, returning one night to St. Victor at Eleven o'Clock, the porter refused to open the door, saying he had positive orders to admit no one at that late hour. After some altercation, Santeuil slipped half a louis under the door, and obtained admittance. As soon as he had got in, he pretended to have left a book upon a stone on which he had been sitting whilst on the outside. The porter, to shew his gratitude for the half louis, officiously ran to get the book, the poet instantly shut the door upon him. The porter, half naked, knocked in his turn. No, says Santeuil, the prior will be exceedingly angry if I admit any one at this late hour. Why, cried the porter, I let you in very *civilly*: and as *civilly* returned the poet, will I admit you. The porter, not chusing to remain half naked in the street, and fearful of losing his place, slipped the piece of money back again under the door, and obtained admittance, declaring that a poet's money never staid long with any body.

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## The PRECEPTS of CARAZAN.

### *An ORIENTAL TALE.*

**I**N the plains of Persia, where the Araxes, foaming along it's channel, gently washes the neighbouring fields, Carazan, the venerable persian, had spent his days. His age was threescore and ten; and his knowledge exceeded all the sons of man. His drink was the crystal rill; his habitation a remote cave, overgrown with moss; and his diet consisted of those natural gifts which are liberally lavished on mankind by the all-bountiful Alla.

The Eastern and Western Worlds had unfolded their sources of learning to his view, and he had profited by them all. Confucius awakened his mind to the study of nature; the Magii taught him to behold the omniscient power of the Almighty in the construction of flowers; The Bramins pointed out the duty of man, by the actions of beasts; and the Egyptians bore his soul on the wings of Astronomy, to the knowledge of the ethereal luminaries.

He combined, in himself, the learning of all nations, and of sages venerated for piety and scientific knowledge; as the resplendent Mithra unites, in his fervid focus, the scattered beams of lucid light.

It

It was the practice of Carazan, every morning, to offer up a prayer to Heaven for his preservation and health, before he tasted of any refreshment. He had, therefore, one morning, according to his practice, retired to a small grotto, that stood fast to a limpid rill; and in a pious orison poured forth his soul to the empyreal Dispenser of every good.

As he was thus employed, he was suddenly amazed, by a youth's throwing himself at his feet. His gorgeous apparel, the diamonds that adorned the scabbard of his scymitar, and his majestic stature bespoke him a prince.

Carazan was astonished; he recoiled from him, as the wary traveller from the deathful serpent, that lies hidden in the burning sands of Libya, and was leaving the grotto, when the youth catching hold of his garment, thus addressed him—

“ Venerable sage! pardon the presumption of a youth, and the forcible manner of my entrance, till you hear my tale. Behold, reverend father! Mahmut, heir-apparent to the imperial diadem of Persia, bending before you. Behold the son of a mighty monarch, at whose name states tremble, and treason is no more, craving your advice. I am blessed with every object that the earth af-

fords, but yet I am unhappy. At an early age, ere the beard bristled on my chin, and pronounced me man, I became sad, sorrowful and melancholy. I sought the sages of my father's court: I told them, that I wanted peace of mind; but alas! they could give me none. I was recommended to seek the humble cottage, since there only Content resided; but the peasant was displeased with his situation in life; he longed to become a satrape, and was therefore unhappy. I hastened to the wars; I braved the iron front of battle; but alas! death and slaughter yielded no pleasure. I plunged into debauchery, voluptuousness, and lust; and, after long swimming on the fascinating lake of luxury, emerged only to feel the poignant assaults of my conscience. I come, now, holy Carazan, to implore your assistance and advice; and, if you know the spot, the manner, or the race, in which, or with whom, Happiness resides, deign to impart that knowledge to an unhappy though royal wanderer."

The simplicity and manly eloquence of the prince, his unaffected deportment, and engaging mien, caught the heart of the aged Persian. A sweet tear of sensibility fell from his eye; and raising the suppliant from the earth, he thus replied—

" Arise

" Arise my son, and may the almighty Alla direct my tongue to teach thee happiness! Whatever knowledge I have gained, the faithful lips of Carazan shall unfold. You have sought happiness, but in vain; your researches were frustrated, because they were directed to wrong objects. Happiness is not restricted to any class of beings, but lives wholly with Content; and Content may equally reside with the Peasant, the King, and the Sage. The reclaimed libertine may forget his past follies, and quaff her delicious nectar; the King without debasing his dignity may eat of her delightful ambrosia.

" To you, Mahmut, Content is indeed a stranger! Not because you were hated by her; but because you missed her road, and fell in with her enemies, without knowing them: as the unwary pilgrim will nourish an adder in his bosom, till the point of his sting chastises his temerity. You plunged into the lake of Luxury; but instead of gaining the bark of happiness, you tempted the rocks of Satiety, and the quicksands of Gluttony. You sought the habitation of the peasant; but Astrea has long been banished from the earth, and the Golden Age is now no more. You faced the tremendous front of War, you bade the welkin roar with the cries of dying men; and then Content



tent was indeed, far from you. Death and Destruction are her inveterate enemies; nor can she ever draw breath, when surrounded by Slaughter and Rapine. Would you, my son, gain happiness would you obtain tranquillity of mind; attend to these precepts, and put them in practice.—

“ First my son, remember that you are a prince, and will shortly have to rule an extensive, and wealthy empire: be it, then, your care, to make the people love you; to effect this, follow Virtue, and act uprightly. Let vice never seduce your mind to act subservient to your passions; but restrain the licentious wishes of the one, by the strength and solidity of the other. Pursue justice; let that be the fundamental law, the grand standard by which all your deeds shall be measured. Inspire your subjects with a veneration for religion, and virtue, by the example of yourself and court. Reject the vain notion, the frivolous idea, that kings cannot be just, without sacrificing a part of their regal dignity; it reflects honour on a prince, to be impartial and good. Your subjects will love you, without fear; their affections will be the guard of your throne, and their loyalty a barrier to the machinations of treason: their wealth will be the basis of your splendour, and the strength of your administration. Make them behold in you  
at

at once, a legislator, a father, and a protector; the guardian of their laws, the defender of their rights: and cease not, on your part, to consider them as your children. Let mutual love rivet you together, by the strongest of all ties; and happiness shall spread over your empire, blessed with plenty and peace. Your subjects will twine around your throne, as the ivy twines around the oak; you shall support them, as the oak does the ivy: thus, united together, what treason can ever succeed? what daring fiend of sedition will be able to elude the bow-string?

“ Above all blooming Mahmut! preserve a good conscience: that is the foundation of happiness; and, even should the angel of adversity smite you, still you shall be happy. But that idea I eradicate from my mind! Alla shall strengthen your power; and your subjects’ love defeat every attack of misfortune: your life shall pass away undisturbed by the reproofs of conscience, the vengeance of heaven, or discontents and rebellions of your people, as this limpid rill glides along, unchoaked by sedges, or obstructed by any other impediment.

“ Thus, by attending to the precepts of virtue, and practising them with exactness and self-denial, you shall live in peace and tranquillity, delight and prosperity,

prosperity, till the angel of death shall seize you in his grasp, that the everlasting Genii may usher you into the regions of immortality. Then shall you retire from the dark, terrestrial ball; revered and regretted by men, for your justice and impartiality, and beloved by the myriads of heaven, for your piety and righteousness."

While he thus spoke, Mahmut, who still kept his eyes on the ground—felt a divine fire glowing within him: his heart vibrated to the sweet voice of morality; and he perceived the mists of superstition and prejudice, and the dense clouds of ignorance and error, vanish from his view, as the thick clouds of night fly at the approach of day. A calm serenity settled on his mind, as the ocean becomes gentle after a hurricane. He looked up, to thank his preceptor; but he was gone, neither could any traces of him be found. It is, however, written in the golden manuscript of truth, deposited in the celestial temple of virtue, that he was immediately translated to the mansions of permanent felicity; and now tunes his lyre to the music of Alla, amidst the celestial choirs of Paradise.

## A N E C D O T E

O F

*The late DUKE of Rutland.*

**W**HEN his Grace was at Trinity College, Cambridge, he had a violent rheumatic fever, which reduced him so low that he thought he could not live long; his only brother, Lord Robert Manners, was then in the navy, which service his grace thought highly hazardous to the life of his successor. He therefore told his brother, that if he would retire from the service he would give him his house at Chevely, and about four thousand pounds a year with it; the better half of his income at that time. Lord Robert positively refused the offer. He told his Grace, that he would not rob his family; and that he would never lounge away his time at home, whilst he could be of any service to his country abroad.

His Lordship continued in the service till the memorable 12th of April, 1782, when he was killed fighting for his country. When his Grace received at Belvoir the melancholy news of his brother's death, he was for some time stupified with grief; was long inconsolable, and never perfectly recovered the loss that he and his family had sustained.

F

I N S T A N C E

## Instance of Affection and Fidelity.

**W**HEN the Mexican Emperor, Gatimozin, was taken and brought into the presence of Cortes, he gave strict orders that the Mexican noblemen taken with the Emperor should be secured, and strictly looked to, lest they should escape. "Your care," said Gatimozin, "is needless; they will not fly; they are come to die at the feet of their sovereign."

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## A N E C D O T E

OF

*Dr. Y O U N G.*

**D**R. Young author of the Night Thoughts, was remarkable for his intimate acquaintance with the Greek authors, and had a passionate veneration for Æschylus. The overflowings of his benevolence were as strong, and his fits of reverie were as frequent, and occurred often upon the most interesting occasion. Of this last observation, a singular instance is given by a gentleman who served during the last war in Flanders, in the very same regiment to which the Doctor was Chaplain.

On

On a fine summer's evening, he thought proper to indulge himself in his love of a solitary walk; and accordingly he sallied forth from his tent. The beauties of the hemisphere, and the landscape round him, pressed warmly on his imagination: his heart overflowed with benevolence to all God's creatures, and gratitude to the supreme dispenser of that emanation of glory which covered the face of things. It is very possible, that a passage in his dearly beloved Æschylus occurred to his memory on this occasion, and seduced his thoughts into a profound meditation. Whatever was the object of his reflections, certain it is, that something did powerfully seize his imagination, so as to preclude all attention to things that lay immediately before him; and, in that deep fit of absence, Dr. Young proceeded on his journey, till he arrived very quietly and calmly in the enemy's camp, where he was, with difficulty, brought to a recollection of himself, by the repetition of "*Qui va là!*" from the soldiers on duty. The officer who commanded finding that he had strayed thither in the undesigning simplicity of his heart, and seeing an innate goodness in his prisoner, which commanded his respect, very politely gave him leave to pursue his contemplation back to the English camp.

## REFLECTIONS.

**W**HAT, oh ! my heart overflowing with happiness! are the sentiments that ought to spring up in thee, when admitted, either in the solemnities of public worship, or the retiredness of private devotion, into the more immediate presence of thy Maker, who does not govern, but to bless ! whose divine commands are sent to succour human reason in search of happiness ! Let thy law, Almighty ! be the rule, and thy glory the constant end, of all I do. Let me not build virtue on any notions of honour, but if honour to thy name. Let me not sink piety in the boast of benevolence ; my love of God in the love of my fellow-creatures. Can good be of human growth ? No ; it is thy gift, Almighty, and All-good ! Let not thy bounties remove the donor from my thought, nor the love of pleasure make me forsake the fountain from which they flow. When joys entice, let me ask their title to my heart ; when evils threaten, let me see thy mercy shining through the cloud, and discern the great hazard of having all to my wish. In an age of such licentiousness, let me not take comfort from the number of those who do amiss ; an omen rather of public ruin, than of private safety. Let the joys  
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of the multitude less allure than alarm me ; and their danger, not example, determine my choice. In this day of domineering pleasures, so lower my taste, as to make me relish the comforts of life. And in this day of dissipation, O give me thought sufficient to preserve me from being so desperate, as in this perpetual flux of things, and as perpetual swarm of accidents, to depend on to-morrow ; a dependence that is the ruin of to-day, as that is of eternity. Let my whole existence be ever before me, nor let the terrors of the grave turn back my survey. When temptations arise, and virtue staggers, let imagination sound the final trumpet. and judgment lay hold on eternal life. In what is well begun, grant me to persevere, and to know, that none are wise, but they who determine to be wiser still. And since, O Lord ! the fear of thee is the beginning of wisdom, and, in its progress, its secret shield, turn the world entirely out of my heart, and place that guardian angel, thy blessed fear, in its stead. Turn out a foolish world, which gives its money for what is not bread ; which hews out broken cisterns, that hold no water ; a world, in which even they, whose hands are mighty, have found nothing. There is nothing, Lord God Almighty ! in heaven, in earth, but thee. I will seek thy face ; bless thy name ; sing thy praises ; love thy law ; thy will ;  
 enjoy



enjoy thy peace ; hope thy glory, till my final hour. Thus shall I grasp all that can be grasped by man. This will heighten good, and soften evil, in the present life ; and when death summonses, I shall sleep sweetly in the dust, till his mighty conqueror bids the trumpet sound, and then shall I, through his merits, awake to eternal glory.

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## A PROOF of DILIGENCE.

**B**ISHOP Andrews, when a lad at the University, used every year to visit his friends in London, and to stay a month with them. During that month, he constantly made it a rule to learn, by the help of a master, some language, or art, to which he was before a stranger. No time was lost.

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## The EXEMPLARY PEER,

### *A MORAL TALE.*

**T**O enumerate the vices to which the old Lord Fairfield was addicted from his cradle, would not be a pleasing employment ; the catalogue of them, indeed, would excite abhorrence  
in

in every reader whose heart has not been polluted by the corruptions of the fashionable world. Such characters, as the memory of them can afford no satisfaction to the living, should be doubly buried, buried in their graves, and buried in oblivion. It is an old saying *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*; but where no good can be said of them, why should they be remembered in their epitaphs? And if those epitaphs contain lying trophies, they, surely, may be deemed rather insults than panegyrics. Every eulogium upon a bad man deceased, is an affront to every good man alive; the hero of the present story, therefore, very prudently ordered that no character of his father should be added to the inscription, which related more to the peer than to the man.

Lord Fairfield, though he knew, from his father's parsimonious disposition, that the fortune which would devolve to him with his title was considerable, felt some surprize to find at the old earl's death, that there was a great deal more consolidated stock than he expected. His satisfaction upon the occasion was not small, and it was also laudable; it was not the childish exultation of a narrow mind; it was the generous transport of a liberal heart. Painful, it is true, were his reflections, when he considered to what ~~forlorn~~ ways his  
father

father had recourse, in order to encrease his patrimonial possession; but a train of agreeable sensations rose in his breast when he saw himself enabled to carry those designs into execution which he had for some years planned in his limited situation; a situation particularly irksome to him as he was ever

——to share in every pang

The wretched feel, to sooth the sad of heart;  
To number tear for tear, and groan for groan;  
With every son and daughter of distress,

*Mallet.*

And had experienced a very severe disappointment from an in-felt inability to follow the first suggestions of his inclination, when he had nothing to give those objects which well deserved his bounty—nothing but his compassion.

Ready, however, as Lord Fairfield was, at all times, to assist the meritorious in the hour of sickness and of sorrow, of poverty and of pain, his liberalities were under the guidance of discretion; and though he had no desire to enlarge his income by the common methods of improvement, as little was he disposed to throw away his money with a careless hand. I have dwelt the longer on this  
part

part of his lordship's character, because it was the part which gave rise to the present page.

As Lord Fairfield's property was very much divided; as he had estates in several quarters of the kingdom (some of them remote from the others) he could not possibly superintend them all in such a manner as to prevent many disagreeable occurrences from the folly of a weak, or from the knavery of a wicked steward; he could not be certain that he had always the *nett* produce of his several estates, without a minute examination into particulars, about which he did not think it worth while to enquire: if any remarkable deficiencies struck him, then indeed he exerted himself with proper spirit, and proceeded with a becoming activity, to come at the cause of the dimunition of his annual rents, without any apparent reasons for it. Happily for his lordship, few of his stewards were guilty of gross misdemeanors while they were employed by him, but there was one whose conduct being particularly reprehensible, demands a particular display.

This steward was a Mr. Moreton, whom he had deputed to superintend a considerable estate in Ireland, the possession of which he entered upon at the death of an opulent uncle there. To Ireland, therefore Moreton soon repaired, and during his

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passage,

passage, formed schemes better calculated for his own emolument than his noble employer's advantage or credit. He schemed an improvement of the estate committed to his care; but as it was to arise from a species of extortion, too commonly practised by those who have lands and houses, his plan of operations could not be defended by the moralist; nor, indeed, as the enlargement of his own finances was included in it, could it be approved of by the true politician; for though he flattered himself that while he remitted to Lord Fairfield the customary rents resulting from his Hibernian possessions, he might safely sink the monies which he raised for his own supplies (presuming upon the distance between them) he certainly acted an impolitic part, and deserved a severe correction for his dishonourable, not to say dishonest, proceedings.

While Moreton was enriching himself in Ireland, by rack-renting those tenants whom he was ordered to treat with the greatest lenity and consideration, Lord Fairfield, as he from time to time, received the usual remittances, rationally enough concluded that his steward merited the salary he allowed him for his trouble, and accordingly sent him letters, after the receipt of every remittance, strongly expressive of his approbation, which letters gave

Moreton

Moreton an infinite deal of pleasure, and they served also to double his eagerness to encrease the value of his privy purse. In the midst of all his exultation, however, in consequence of his unfair, his infamous transactions, crowned with undeserved success, he was not a little alarmed at hearing that Lord Fairfield had been appointed by his Majesty to the viceroyship. Very unwilling was he at first to give credit to a piece of intelligence, from which he predicted no good to himself; but it was so thoroughly authenticated soon afterwards that the truth of it could not be disputed.

Lord Fairfield, in a short time after his arrival in Ireland, in his public character, found opportunities to render himself, in that character, extremely popular; and as he was in his private one exemplary, he appeared to the greatest advantage.

When Moreton made his first appearance before Lord Fairfield, upon his arrival from England, he gave so fair, so favourable an account of his stewardship, that his Lordship really looked upon him as a person entitled to a place superior to the post which he enjoyed under him, and fully intending to reward him for his past services, by the first promotion in his power. In a few days, however, he felt himself under a necessity

of changing his resolution, in consequence of an alteration in his sentiments, with regard to him; for he presently received complaints from the majority of his tenants, against Mr. Moreton for the severity of his behaviour to them, and for raising their rents to such a height that they could hardly support the additional taxation. These complaints were attended with petitions praying for redress, and they had such an effect upon his Lordship, that he immediately sent for his offending steward, and asked him—but in the mildest terms—whether the charges pointed at him were just or ill grounded?

Moreton, conscious of his own delinquency, and struck, at the same time, with the mild demeanour of him whom he had much injured, to whom his behaviour had been so ungrateful, was at first so disconcerted, that he stood rooted to the floor, while his tongue was unable to articulate; he could neither stir nor speak. At last, however, words found a passage, and he made a full confession of the severities he had used to encrease his private fortune, by racking his Lordship's tenants, and putting the additional sums so raised into his own pocket.

Lord Fairfield heard this confession with a strong  
mixture

mixture of indignation and concern. He was the more concerned, as he had ever entertained a sincere regard for him, in consequence of the good opinion he had conceived of his integrity: As he had not however, actually robbed *him*, but those whom he was ordered to treat with indulgence, he only punished him by insisting upon a restoration of all the money which he had extorted from his tenants, ordering a fair distribution of it among them, and by dismissing him from his employment.

As soon as Moreton was dismissed, sufficiently punished and very severely he thought, though not, perhaps, as many persons will think, in a manner equal to his demerits, Lord Fairfield was informed that a very pretty country maiden begged to deliver a petition to him. His lordship having made it a rule to receive petitions from all quarters, from the lowest people in the kingdom (by which means he then became acquainted with the real characters of the highest) immediately gave orders for the admission of the fair petitioner to his presence.

After having perused the paper with some emotion, he asked the innocent girl several questions relating to her family, and being very well satisfied with her answers, doubly satisfied with them  
from



from the winning simplicity of her whole behaviour, he assured her, in the strongest and most humane terms, that he would pay a proper regard to the petition she had presented, in every respect; and that she, in particular should find him her friend.

The name of this young maiden was Nancy Bryan, and the following incident was the foundation of the above mentioned petition.

Moreton having met with Nancy, the only daughter of a very industrious and hard working peasant, in a field one evening, on her return home, was so much struck with the beauty of her person that he felt an instantaneous desire to have her entirely in his own power, and accordingly made overtures of love, to which the pretty innocent, not suspecting any dishonourable views, listened with pleasure, till she found that those views were injurious to her reputation. She then opposed his pressing intreaties, in a manner which sufficiently convinced him that he had no hopes of gaining her in his own way: but as his passion for her became doubly tormenting to him, from the resistance she made to it, he at length, finding every mode of insinuation fruitless, had recourse to violent measures, in order to make her compel her rebellious spirit to be submissive.

Poor

Poor Nancy was now in a perilous situation, and as she did not see a human creature but her formidable companion, she began to be exceedingly alarmed.—She could not escape from her impetuous lover by flight, as he held her fast in his arms by dint of superior strength ; but he found it impossible to hinder the exertion of her voice. Her screams were loud, and they soon brought to her aid the very man whom she secretly wished to behold at such a critical juncture, the man to whom she was to have been married in a few days, with the unanimous consent of all the relations on both sides. By her faithful Stephen she was rescued from the unworthy steward, who, as his courage was not equal to his love, left the field without striking a blow, but not without having received indubitable marks of Stephen's resentment, from the activity of his vigorous arm ; which gave considerable force to every vibration of his cudgel. The victorious Stephen having delivered his Nancy from the dangerous situation in which he discovered her, carried her home in triumph, and gladdened her good father's heart by the " round unvarnished tale" which he told with regard to his Nancy's recovery.

Moreton, from this time, boiling with anger, and breathing revenge, made it a point to distress  
the

the old peasant, in a variety of shapes, and indeed he was just going to eject him from his cottage, (from his inability to pay an advanced rent for it) when the news of Lord Fairfield's arrival fortunately suspended his despotic and cruel proceedings. The news happily prevented the poor rustic's expulsion ; but he was reduced to such a state of indigence, by the rigid treatment he had met with, that he was hardly able to provide the common necessaries of life for his children, two sons and a daughter—his dearest Nancy—and they must have been all in a starving condition if a very benevolent lady in the neighbourhood, had not, from time to time furnished them with supplies.

As soon as old Bryan heard of Lord Fairfield's arrival, he determined to get a petition drawn up, fully setting forth his steward's iniquitous practices at large, and the particular cruelty of his behaviour to his family.

When the petition was finished, he pitched upon his Nancy for the presentation of it, and the benevolent lady already mentioned, took care to have her dressed on that day in a style which might not shock the viceroy himself, should he deign to honour her with an audience. Thus equipped, Nancy set out, attended by one of her brothers and her lover.

Tis

'Tis now time to return to to the exemplary peer. When he had given his fair petitioner an answer with which she was, and had great reason to be, extremely well satisfied, he asked her who accompanied her from her father's cottage, not imagining that so young and so handsome a girl would have been sent upon such an errand by herself.

She told his Lordship, in a manner which made her appear still more amiable in his eyes, that one of her brothers, and the young man who had saved her from being *ruined*, came with her.

This reply was sufficient to make his Lordship desirous of seeing the distressed damsel's deliverer, and the commendable chastizer of his undeserving steward.—There was nothing extraordinary in the brother of Nancy, but there was something in the looks of her lover which powerfully attracted Lord Fairfield's attention. There was a dignity in his appearance, not commonly seen in persons of his rank in life, and there was a manly modesty in his deportment which made him appear to additional advantage. His replies to the questions proposed to him, discovered sagacity, which pointed him out as a person whom nature designed for a higher sphere than that in which he moved. Lord Fairfield, therefore, took him immediately

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under his protection, telling him, that if he could bring himself to leave his friends in the country, he would provide for him in a better way than he had reason to expect.

Stephen bowed profoundly, and expressed his acknowledgments with a heartiness which forcibly evinced the sincerity of his feelings; and Nancy, by her significant looks, plainly enjoyed every syllable which her noble benefactor uttered favorable to her lover, to whom she was soon afterwards given in marriage by his Lordship himself, who not only attended the nuptial ceremony in person, but distinguished the happy pair, by making them valuable presents, which proved the generosity of his temper, and with a propriety that did great honour to his judgment.—But the felicity conferred on the new married couple was not confined to themselves; all their relations partook of the joy which they felt upon the transporting occasion, and every body who knew them, blessed the hand by which it was, under the direction of providence, produced.

On

## On L Y I N G.

**W**HEN Aristotle was once asked, what a man could gain by uttering falsehoods; he replied, " not to be credited when he shall tell the truth."

The character of a liar is at once so hateful and contemptible, that even of those who have lost their virtue it might be expected, that from the violation of truth they should be restrained by their pride. Almost every other vice that disgraces human nature, may be kept in countenance by applause and association: the corrupter of virgin innocence sees himself envied by the men, and at least not detested by the women: the drunkard may easily unite with beings, devoted like himself to noisy merriments or silent insensibility, who will celebrate his victories over the novices of intemperance, boast themselves the companions of his prowess, and tell with rapture of the multitudes whom unsuccessful emulation has hurried to the grave; even the robber and the cut-throat have their followers who admire their address and intrepidity, their stratagems of rapine, and their fidelity to the gang.

The liar, and only the liar, is invariably and universally despised, abandoned and disowned: he has no domestic consolations, which he can oppose to the censure of mankind; he can retire to no fraternity, where his crimes may stand in the place of virtues; but is given up to the hisses of the multitude, without friend or apologist. It is the peculiar condition of falsehood, to be equally detested by the good and bad: "The devils," says Sir Thomas Brown, "do not tell lies to one another, for truth is necessary to all societies, nor can the society of hell subsist without it."

It is natural to expect, that a crime thus generally detested should be generally avoided; at least, that none should expose himself to unabated and unpitied infamy without an adequate temptation, and that to guilt so easily detected, and so severely punished, an adequate temptation would not readily be found.

Yet so it is, that in defiance of censure and contempt, truth is frequently violated; and scarcely the most vigilant and unremitted circumspection will secure him that mixes with mankind, from being hourly deceived by men of whom it can scarcely be imagined, that they mean any injury to him or profit to themselves; even where the subject

subject of conversation could not have been expected to put the passions in motion, or to have excited either hope or fear, or zeal or malignity, sufficient to induce any man to put his reputation in hazard, however little he might value it, or to overpower the love of truth, however weak might be its influence.

The casuists have very diligently distinguished lies into their several classes, according to their various degrees of malignity: but they have, I think, generally omitted that which is most common, and perhaps not least mischievous; which, since the moralists have not given it name, I shall distinguish as the lie of vanity.

To vanity may be justly imputed most of the falsehoods, which every man perceives hourly playing upon his ear, and, perhaps most of those that are propagated with success. To the lie of commerce, and the lie of malice, the motive is apparent, that they are seldom negligently or implicitly received: suspicion is always watchful over the practices of interest; and whatever the hope of gain, or the desire of mischief, can prompt one man to assert, another is by reasons equally cogent incited to refute. But vanity pleases herself  
with



with such light gratifications, and looks forward to pleasure so remotely consequential, that her practises raise no alarm, and her stratagems are not easily discovered.

Vanity is, indeed, often suffered to pass unpursued by suspicion; because he that would watch her motions, can never be at rest: fraud and malice are bounded in their influence; some opportunity of time and place is necessary to their agency; but scarce any man is abstracted one moment from his vanity; and he, to whom truth affords no gratifications, is generally inclined to seek them in falsehoods.

It is remarked by Sir Kenelm Digby, "that every man has a desire to appear superior to others, though it were only in having seen what they have not seen." Such an accidental advantage, since it neither implies merit or confers dignity, one would think should not be desired so much as to be counterfeited: yet even this vanity, trifling as it is, produces innumerable narratives, all equally false; but more or less credible in proportion to the skill or confidence of their relater. How many may a man of diffusive conversation count among his acquaintances, whose lives have been signalized by numberless escapes; who never cross a river but  
in

in a storm, or take a journey into the country without more adventures than befel the knight-errants of ancient times in pathless forests or enchanted castles! How many must he know, to whom portents and prodigies are of daily occurrence; and for whom nature is hourly working wonders invisible to every other eye, only to supply them with subjects for conversation.

Others there are that amuse themselves with the dissemination of falsehoods, at a greater hazard of detection and disgrace; men marked out by some lucky planet for universal confidence and for universal confidence and friendship, who have been consulted in every difficulty, entrusted with every secret, and summoned to every transaction: it is the supreme felicity of these men, to stun all companies with noisy information; to still doubt, and overbear opposition, with certain knowledge or authentic intelligence. A liar of this kind with a strong memory or brisk imagination, is often the oracle of an obscure club, and till time discovers his impostures, dictates to his hearers with untroubled authority; for if a public question be started, he was present at the debate; if a new fashion be mentioned, he was at court the first day of its appearance; if a new performance of literature draws the attention of the public, he has patronized

patronized the author, and seen his work in manuscript; if a criminal of eminence be condemned to die, he often predicted his fate, and endeavoured his reformation: and who that lives at a distance from the scene of action, will dare to contradict a man, who reports from his own eyes and ears, and to whom all persons and affairs are thus intimately unknown.

This kind of falsehood is generally successful for a time, because it is practised at first with timidity and caution: but the prosperity of the liar is of short duration; the reception of one story is always an incitement to the forgery of another less probable: and he goes on to triumph over tacit credulity, till pride or reason rises up against him, and his companions will no longer endure to see him wiser than themselves.

It is apparent, that the inventors of all these fictions intend some exaltation of themselves, and are led off by the pursuit of honour from their attendance upon truth: their narratives always imply some consequence in favour of their courage, their sagacity, or their activity, their familiarity with the learned, or their reception among the great; they are always bribed by the present pleasure of seeing themselves superior to these that surround

round them, and receiving the homage of silent attention and envious admiration.

But vanity is sometimes excited to fiction by less visible gratifications: the present age abounds with a race of liars who are content with the consciousness of falsehood, and whose pride is to deceive others without any gain or glory to themselves. Of this it is the supreme pleasure to remark a lady in the play-house or the park, and to publish, under the character of a man suddenly enamoured, an advertisement in the news of the next day, containing a minute description of her person and dress. From this artifice, however, no other effect can be expected, than perturbations which the writer can never see, and conjectures of which he never can be informed: some mischief, however, he hopes he has done: and to have done some mischief, is of some importance. He sets his invention to work again, and produces a narrative of a robbery or a murder, with all the circumstances of time and place accurately adjusted. This is a jest of greater effect and longer duration: if he fixes his scene at a proper distance, he may for several days keep a wife in terror of her husband, or a mother for her son, and please himself with reflecting, that by his abilities and address some addition is made to the miseries of life.

There is, I think, an ancient law in Scotland, by which leasing-making was capitally punished, I am, indeed, far from desiring to increase in this kingdom the number of executions: yet I cannot but think, that they who destroy the confidence of society, weaken the credit of intelligence, and interrupt the security of life; harrafs the delicate with shame, and perplex the timorous with alarms; might very properly be awakened to a sense of their crimes, by denunciations of a whipping-post or pillory: since many are so insensible of right and wrong, that they have no standard of action but the law; nor feel guilt, but as they dread punishment.

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A N E C D O T E  
OF  
*C H A R L E S the B O L D,*  
*Duke of Burgundy.*

**C**HARLES the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and Earl of Flanders, had a nobleman in special favor with him, to whom he had committed the government of a town in Zealand; where, living in a great deal of ease, he fell in love with a woman

woman of beautiful body, and a mind and manners no way inferior. He passed and repassed by her door; soon after grew bolder, entered into conference with her, discovered his flame, made large promises, and used all the ways by which he hoped to gain her; but all in vain; her chastity was proof against all the batteries he could make against it. Falling therefore into despair, he converts himself into villainy. He was, as I said, a governor; and Duke Charles was busied in war. He causes therefore the husband of his mistress to be accused of treachery, and forth-with commits him to prison; to the end, that by fears or threats he might draw her to his pleasure, or, at least, quit himself of her husband, the only rival with him in his love. The woman, as one that loved her husband, went to the gaol, and thence to the governor, to entreat for him, and try if she was able to obtain his liberty. "Dost thou come, O my dear, to entreat me? (said the governor.) You are certainly ignorant of the empire you have over me; render me only a mutual affection, and I am ready to restore you your husband; for we are both under a restraint: he is my prisoner, and I am yours. Ah, how easily may you give liberty to us both! why do you refuse! As a lover I beseech you, and as you tender my life; as the governor I ask you, and as you tender the life of your husband. Both

are at stake; and, if I must perish, I will not fall alone." The woman blushed at what she heard, and, being in fear for her husband, trembled, and turned pale. He perceiving she was moved, and supposing that some force should be used to her modesty, throws her upon the bed, and enjoyed the fruit which afterwards proved bitter to them both. The woman departed confounded and in tears, thinking of nothing more than revenge; which was still more inflamed by a barbarous act of the governor; for he, having obtained his desire, and hoping hereafter freely to enjoy her, took care that her husband, his rival, should be beheaded in the gaol, and there was the body put into a coffin ready for burial. This done, he sent for her, and in an affable manner, "What (said he) do you seek for your husband? You shall have him; and (pointing to the prison) you shall find him there; take him along with you." The woman suspecting nothing, went her way; but when she saw the body, she fell upon the dead corpse; and, having long lamented over it, she turned to the governor with a fierce countenance and tone. "It is true (said she) you have restored me my husband; I owe you thanks for the favour, and will pay you. He endeavoured to retain and appease her, but in vain, but, hasting home, she called about her, her most faithful friends, and recounted

to

to them all that had passed. They all agreed that she should make her case known to the duke ; who, amongst other excellent virtues was a singular lover of justice. To him she went, was heard, but scarce believed. The Duke was angry and grieved that any of his subjects, and in his dominions, should presume so far. He commanded her to withdraw into the next room, till he sent for the governor, who by chance was then at court. Being come, “ Do you know, (said the Duke) this woman ? ” The man changed colour. “ Do you know too (added he) the complaints she makes of you ? They are sad ones, and such as I wish should not be true. He shook, faltered in his speech, and betrayed all the signs of guilt. Being urged home, he confessed all, freed the woman from any fault, and casting himself at the Duke’s feet, said, “ He placed all his refuge and comfort in the good grace and mercy of his prince ; and, that he might the better obtain it, he offered to make amends for his unlawful lust, by a lawful marriage of the person he had injured. “ The Duke, as one that inclined to what he said, seemed somewhat milder. “ You, woman (said he) since it is gone thus far, are you willing to have this man for your husband ? ” She refused ; but fearing the Duke’s displeasure, and prompted by the courtiers  
that



that he was noble, rich, and in favour with his prince, overcome, at last, she yielded.

The Duke caused both to join hands and the marriage to be lawfully made. Which done, "You (he said to the bridegroom) must now grant me this, that if you die first, without children of your body, that then this wife of your's shall be heir of all that you have." He willingly granted it: it was writ down by a notary, and witnessed. This done, the duke turning to the woman, "There is his will, but there is not mine," said he: and, and sending the woman away, he commands the governor to be led to that very prison in which the husband was slain, and to be laid in a coffin headless, as he was. This done, he then sent the woman thither (ignorant of what had passed;) who, frighted with that second unthought of misfortune, of two husbands, almost at one and the same time, lost by one and the same punishment, fell speedily sick, and in a short time died; having gained this only by her last marriage, that she left her children by her former husband very rich by the accession of this new and great inheritance.

## A N E C D O T E

OF

## COUNT ZINZENDORFF.

**T**HERE is no court in Europe, or it may be in the world, more jealous of its grandeur, than that of Vienna; and of course, the ministers in no court whatever affect greater state, or are at more pains to impress a very high degree of reverence and respect upon all who have the honour to approach them. But it sometimes happens, that, even to candid observers, there are amazing littleneſſes, viſible in theſe otherwiſe great men; and broad ſtreaks of folly now and then appear through all the grave wiſdom, and refined policy, of theſe mighty ſtateſmen. They give law to great kingdoms—they decide on the fate of potent nations—they preſcribe rules even to lateſt poſterity—and in the miſt of all this attention to others, ſo it is, that they have great and glaring foibles, uncorrected in themſelves; which naturally tarniſhes that glory, and diminſhes that eſteem, in which they ſhould ſeem to have placed their felicity. The truth of this obſervation was never more verified, perhaps, than in the following anecdote of the celebrated Count Zinzendorff, Chancellor

cellor of the court, minister for foreign affairs, and Knight of the order of the Golden Fleece, in the reign of the Emperor Charles the Sixth.

On his public days, there was an half hour, and sometimes near a whole one, when he was altogether inaccessible; and in respect to his employment at those seasons, as is ever the case as to the privacies of prime ministers, there was great variety of deep as well as different speculations. An inquisitive foreigner, however, resolved to be at the bottom, cost what it would; and by a gratification to one of his pages, which might have procured a greater secret, he was let into this. In order to satisfy his curiosity, he was placed in a closet, between the room where the Count was, and the chamber of audience, when he had the satisfaction of beholding the following pleasant scene.

The Count, seated in his elbow chair, gave the signal of his being ready for the important business, when, preceded by a page with a cloth on his arm, and a drinking glass, one of his principal domestics appeared, who presented a silver salver, with many little pieces of bread elegantly disposed: he was immediately followed by the first cook, who, on another salver, had a number of small vessels,

sels, filled with so many different kinds of gravy. His Excellency, then tucking his napkin into his cravat, first washed and gargled his mouth, and having wiped it, dipped a piece of bread in each kind of sauce, and having tasted with much deliberation, rinsing his palate (to avoid confusion) after every piece, at length, with inexpressible sagacity, decided as to the destination of them all. These grand instruments of luxury, with their attendants then were dismissed; and the long expected minister, having fully discussed this interesting affair, found himself at liberty to discharge next the duties of his political function. In a word, with a true Apician eloquence, he generously instructed all the novices in good living; and as Solomon discoursed of every herb, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall; so he began with a Champignon, no bigger than a Dutchman's waistcoat button, and ended with a wild boar, the glory of the German forests!

K

INTEM-



## I N T E M P E R A N C E.

**W**AR its thousands slays,  
 Peace its ten thousands; in th' embattled  
 plain,  
 Tho' death exults, and claps his raven wings,  
 Yet reigns he not even there so absolute,  
 So merciless as in your frantic scenes  
 Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,  
 Where in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,  
 Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless love,  
 He snares the simple youth, who nought suspecting  
 Means to be blest :—But finds himself done.  
 Down the smooth stream of time the stripling darts,  
 Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal skies,  
 Hope swells his sails, and passion steers his course,  
 Safe glides his little bark along the shore,  
 Where virtue takes her stand, but if too far,  
 He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,  
 Suddenly the tempest scowls, the furies roar,  
 Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep  
 O! sad—but sure mischance!

Those men who destroy a healthful constitution  
 of body by intemperance, and irregular life, do as  
 manifestly kill themselves, as those who hang, poi-  
 son, or drown themselves.

Cast

Cast an eye into the gay world, what see we for the most part, but a set of quarrellous, emaciated, fluttering, fantastical, worn out in keen pursuit of pleasure; creatures that know, own, condemn, deplore, yet still pursue their own infelicity! The decayed monuments of error! The then remains of what is called delight.

Virtue is no enemy to pleasure, but its most certain friend: Her proper office is, to regulate our desires, that we may enjoy every pleasure with moderation, and lose them without discontent.

It is not what we possess that makes us happy, but what we enjoy. If you live according to nature, you will seldom be poor, if according to opinion, never rich.

Temperance, by fortifying the mind and body, leads to happiness. Intemperance, by enervating them, ends generally in misery.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity, fortitude, which in morals is the most heroic virtue.

*PASSION not to be ERADICATED.*THE VIEWS OF  
WOMEN ILL DIRECTED.

**T**HE folly of human wishes and pursuits has always been a standing subject of mirth and declamation, and has been ridiculed and lamented from age to age, till perhaps the fruitless repetition of complaints and censures may be justly numbered among the subjects of censure and complaint.

Some of these instructors of mankind have not contented themselves with checking the overflows of passion, and lopping the exuberance of desire, but have attempted to destroy the root as well as the branches; and not only to confine the mind within bounds, but to smooth it for ever by a dead calm. They have employed their reason and eloquence to persuade us, that nothing is worth the wish of a wise man, have represented all earthly good and evil as indifferent, and counted among vulgar errors the dread of pain and the love of life.

It is almost always the unhappiness of a victorious disputant, to destroy his own authority by claiming too many consequences, or diffusing his  
proposition

proposition to an indefensible extent. When we have heated our zeal in a cause, and elated our confidence with success we are naturally inclined to pursue the same train of reasoning, to establish some collateral truth, to remove some adjacent difficulty; and to take in the whole comprehension of our system. As a prince in the ardour of acquisition, is willing to secure his first conquest by the addition of another, add fortrefs to fortrefs, and city to city, till despair and opportunity turn his enemies upon him, and he loses in a moment the glory of reign.

The philosopher having found an easy victory over those desires which we produce in ourselves, and which terminate in some imaginary state of happiness unknown and unattainable, proceeded to make further inroads upon the heart, and attacked at last our senses and our instincts. They continue to war upon nature with arms, by which only folly could be conquered; they therefore lost the trophies of their former combats, and were considered no longer with reverence or regard.

Yet it cannot be with justice denied, that these men have been very useful monitors, and have left many proofs of strong reason, deep penetration and accurate attention to the affairs of life,  
which



which it is now our business to separate from the foam of a boiling imagination, and to apply judiciously to our own use. They have shewn that most of the conditions of life, which raise the envy of the timorous, and rouse the ambition of the daring, are empty shows of felicity, which, when they become familiar, lose their power of delighting; and that the most prosperous and exalted have very few advantages over a meaner and more obscure fortune, when their dangers and solitudes are balanced against their equipage, their banquets, and their palaces.

It is natural for every man uninstructed to murmur at his condition, because, in the general infelicity of life, he feels his own miseries, without knowing that they are common to all the rest of the species; and therefore, though he will not be less sensible of pain by being told that others are equally tormented, he will at least be freed from the temptation of seeking by perpetual changes that ease which is no where to be found, and though his disease still continues, he escapes the hazard of exasperating it by remedies.

The gratifications which affluence of wealth, extent of power, and eminence of reputation confer, must be always, by their own nature, confined

to a very small number; and the life of the greater part of mankind must be lost in empty wishes and painful comparisons, were not the balm of philosophy shed upon us, and our discontent at the appearances of an unequal distribution soothed and appeased.

It seemed, perhaps, below the dignity of the great masters of moral learning, to descend to familiar life, and caution mankind against that petty ambition which is known among us by the name of vanity; which yet had been an undertaking not unworthy of the longest beard and most solemn austerity.

For though the passions of little minds, acting in low stations, do not fill the world with bloodshed and devastations, or mark, by great events, the periods of time, yet they torture the breast on which they seize, infest those that are placed within the reach of their influence, destroy private quiet and private virtue, and undermine insensibly the happiness of the world.

The desire of excellence is laudable, but is very frequently ill directed. We fall, by chance, into some class of mankind, and, without consulting nature or wisdom, resolve to gain their regard by those qualities which they happen to esteem.

I once knew a man remarkably dimfighted, who, by converfing much with country gentlemen, found himfelf irrefiftibly determined to fylvan honours. His great ambition was to fhoot flying, and he therefore fpent whole days in the woods purfuing game; which before he was near enough to fee them, his approach frightened away.

When it happens that the defire tends to objects which produce no competition, it may be overlooked with fome indulgence, becaufe, however fruitlefs or abfurd, it cannot have ill effects upon the morals. But moft of our enjoyments owe their value to the peculiarity of poffeffion, and when they are rated at too high a value, give occafion to stratagems of malignity, and incite oppofition, hatred, and defamation. The conteft of two rural beauties for preference and diftinction is often fufficiently keen and rancorous to fill their breasts with all thofe paffions which are generally thought the curfe only of fenates, of armies, and of courts; and the rival dancers of an obfcure afsembly have their partifans and abettors, often not lefs exasperated againft each other, than thofe who are promoting the intereft of rival monarchs.

It is common to confider thofe whom we find infected with an unreafonable regard for trifling accomplifh-

accomplishments, as chargeable with all the consequences of their folly, and as the authors of their own unhappiness: but perhaps, those whom we thus scorn or detest, have more claim to tenderness than has been yet allowed them. Before we permit our severity to break loose upon any fault or error, we ought surely, to consider how much we have countenanced or promoted it. We see multitudes busy in the pursuit of riches, at the expence of wisdom and of virtue; but we see the rest of mankind approving their conduct, and inciting their eagerness by paying that regard and deference to wealth which wisdom and virtue only can deserve. We see women universally jealous of the reputation of their beauty, and frequently look with contempt on the care with which they study their complexions, endeavour to preserve or to supply the bloom of youth, regulate every ornament, twist their hair into curls, and shade the faces from the weather. We recommend the care of their noblest part, & tell them how little addition is made by all their arts to the graces of the mind. But when was it known that female goodness or knowledge was able to attract that officiousness, or inspire that ardour, which beauty produces whenever it appears? And with what hope can we endeavour to persuade the ladies, that the time spent at the toilet is lost in vanity, when they

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have every moment some new conviction, that their interest is more effectually promoted by a ribband well disposed, than by the brightest act of heroick virtue?

In every instance of vanity it will be found, that the blame ought to be shared among more than it generally reaches; all who exalt trifles by immoderate praise, or instigate needless emulation by invidious incitements, are to be considered as perverters of reason and corrupters of the world: and since every man is obliged to promote happiness and virtue, he should be careful not to mislead away minds, by appearing to set too high a value upon things by which no real excellence is conferred.

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## PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

**I**F we consider the exercises of the human mind, it will be found, that in each part of life some particular faculty is more eminently employed. When the treasures of knowledge are first opened before us, while novelty blooms alike on either hand, and every thing equally unknown and unexamined, seems of equal value, the power of the soul is principally exerted in a vivacious and defultory

fultory curiosity. She applies, by turns, to every object, enjoys it for a short time, and flies with equal ardour to another. She delights to catch up loose and unconnected ideas, but starts away from systems and complications, which would obstruct the rapidity of her transitions, and detain her long in the same pursuit.

When a number of distinct images are collected by these erratic and hasty surveys, the fancy is busied in arranging them, and combines them into pleasing pictures with more resemblance to the realities of life, as experience advances, and new observations rectify the former. While the judgment is yet uninformed, and unable to compare the draughts of fiction with their originals, we are delighted with improbable adventures, impracticable virtues, and inimitable characters; but, in proportion as we have more opportunities of acquainting ourselves with living nature, we are sooner disgusted with copies in which there appears no resemblance. We first discard absurdity and impossibility, then exact greater and greater degrees of probability, but at last become cold and insensible to charms of falsehood, however specious; and, from the imitations of truth, which are never perfect, transfer our affection to truth itself.

Now commences the ruin of judgment or reason. We begin to find little pleasure but in comparing arguments, stating propositions, disentangling perplexities, clearing ambiguities, and deducing consequences. The painted vales of imagination are deserted, and our intellectual activity is exercised in winding through the labyrinths of fallacy, and toiling with firm and cautious steps up the narrow tracks of demonstration. Whatever may lull vigilance or mislead attention, is contemptuously rejected, and every disguise in which error may be concealed, is carefully observed, till by degrees, a certain number of incontestible or unsuspected propositions are established, and at last concatenated into arguments or compacted into systems.

At length, weariness succeeds to labour, and the mind lies at ease in the contemplation of her own attainments, without any desire of new conquests or excursions. This is the age of recollection and narrative. The opinions are settled, and the avenues of apprehension shut against any new intelligence; the days that are to follow must pass in the inculcation of precepts already collected, and assertions of tenets already received; nothing is henceforward so odious as opposition, so insolent as doubt, or so dangerous as novelty.

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## T H E

## OLD MAN'S TALE.

**A**S I rode slowly along I perceived an old man seated under the shade of a large tree, which stood a little from the road side. Tears flowed down his cheeks, which were wrinkled with age, and seemingly with care. He was in the attitude of contemplating a small miniature; and his countenance bore the impress of a settled melancholy. In short, his whole appearance was so interesting, that, unable to proceed, I alighted from my horse, and advanced towards him. He did not perceive me, till I had got within a few paces of where he sat; when rousing himself from his melancholy posture, he saluted me respectfully.

“Father,” said I, “excuse the boldness of a stranger, who has presumed to interrupt your meditations; but I find myself so much interested by you, that I am unable to restrain the curiosity which I feel to know your history. Were I to form a judgment from what I have just seen, you must have experienced much sorrow.

The old man eyed me stedfastly for some time, and then replied—“My son, so much goodness of heart is apparent in you that I cannot refuse to satisfy



satisfy you. Besides, my sorrows may receive some alleviation from the sympathy of a fellow creature. Seat yourself by me, then, and I will briefly relate to you the events of my past life, and those calamities with which it hath pleased Heaven to afflict me." I accordingly sat down by his side under the tree; and he related the following tale, which I have recorded almost word for word, so strong an impression did it leave on my mind.

"I was, once," said he, "by the blessing of Heaven, rich and prosperous. I lived in Paris, and acquired great wealth by merchandize. At the age of thirty, I married an amiable woman, who brought me two sons; but the younger of them was hardly weaned, when the mother was seized with a violent fever, which carried her off in five days. For some time, my sorrow was inconsolable; but when I reflected on what I owed to the two pledges which she had left behind, I endeavoured to shake it off, that I might the better be enabled to fulfil my duty with regard to them. When they had arrived at a proper age, I provided masters for them, who gave them lessons at home; and my mind was amused in observing the progress which they made. Their good dispositions unfolded themselves daily; which, though very different, were equally calculated to delight  
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the heart of a fond parent. Frederick, my elder boy, was lively, gay, and easy; Henry, who was two years younger, was grave, modest, and reserved. The same desire to please me was apparent in both; but their manner of doing so differed exceedingly; Frederick was desirous of showing his readiness: Henry was backward, fearful lest he should do wrong.

“ The days of childhood rolled on, and no circumstance interrupted the harmony of our little family. When business called me from home, I left my sons under the care of the steward. This man was named Jacques; and, by living in my family for many years, he had become so attached to me, and I to him, that we never could bear the idea of parting from each other. He loved my children as if they had been his own; and they, in return, honoured and respected him as much as their own father.

“ As the two lads advanced in years, I determined to let them follow the bent of their own inclinations; both from the love which I bore them myself, and as a tribute of respect to the memory of their departed mother. This indulgence, on my part, produced perfect love and confidence from them towards me; not as is generally the case,

case, rebellion, and disobedience. My elder son had been inclined to the possession of arms from his infancy; and, when he had reached his twentieth year, I purchased a commission for him, and he was immediately ordered out on foreign service. It was my wish to have kept them both near me till my death; but I smothered that sentiment, as well as the sorrow which I felt at his departure, lest they might tend to discourage him; for ardour to acquire military renown beat high in his bosom, and I did not think it was my duty to ~~check it~~.

“ When he had been gone a few months, I grew weary of the noise and bustle of the metropolis; and, my son Henry having expressed an inclination for a rural life, I determined to withdraw from the cares of business. Accordingly, having realized a handsome sufficiency, I purchased an estate in a beautiful retired part of Switzerland. My house which was of a middling size, and neat, was erected upon a verdant lawn; on which numerous flocks of sheep, & their young ones, were continually pastured. On the extremity of the lawn, to the left-hand, a transparent stream flowed gently along, overshadowed by willows and young poplars. From the house, our ears were continually delighted with the soft murmuring of the river, and the warbling of the birds in the trees. To the

the right a path led across the lawn to our garden. Here every vegetable and every fruit grew in abundance, and the most grateful perfumes exhaled from a variety of flowers. In short, nature and art seemed to have combined in forming for us a retreat the most beautiful, from the noisy capital of France.

“ In this delicious spot then, we took up our residence. My son daily exercised himself in acts of benevolence and charity. He rode among the poor neighbours, relieving the distressed, and administering consolation to the unhappy. He, in return, was beloved by them universally. All their differences were referred to him, and perfect acquiescence was always given to his decision.— Unhappy boy!” exclaimed the old man; “ thy days were short and full of sorrow!”

After a short pause, he again continued—“ there lived,” said he, “ in our neighbourhood, a person of very high rank, and possessed of great riches, named Moulville. Family pride was deeply rooted in his bosom, and almost extinguished the nobler passions of the soul; and though, on some occasions, the latter might get the ascendant, they were soon made subordinate to the ruling passion. He had been united to a lovely woman, who mar-

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ried him in obedience to the commands of her parents, though strongly against her inclination. The consequence was, that a deep sorrow settled on her mind; which affecting her health, and threw her into a deep decline, of which she died about a year and a half after the marriage. She left behind her one daughter who inherited much of the mother's disposition. A melancholy sweetness beamed from her large blue eyes, and sat on her placid countenance. Her person was of a middling size, but graceful; her voice was gentle and harmonious: but the beauties of her mind far excelled those of her body; she was virtuous, humane, pious, and affectionate. In a word, Julia possessed every quality which can endear woman. Of her the father was passionately fond, and he spared no expence in bestowing on her such an education as from her situation in life, he thought her justly entitled to.

“ With them we had maintained no correspondence since our arrival at that part of the world; and it was by mere chance that we ever became intimate. It happened that, as Moulville and his daughter were one morning taking their accustomed ride, the horse of the latter took fright, & galloped away at full speed, in spite of Julia to stop it. Chance conducted the animal near our habitation, just

just as Henry and I were returning from a ramble about the country. No sooner did he perceive the danger to which the lovely girl was exposed, than he flew, with the rapidity of lightning, to her assistance. The horse was within a few yards of a fearful precipice, in which that part of the country abounds; Henry seized the bridle, and fortunately without receiving any injury. He caught Julia, almost lifeless, in his arms; and, having seated her on the grass, he hastened to the stream, which flowed near the spot where they were, for some water. Scarcely had the girl began to revive, when old Moulville rode up quite frantic and breathless. As soon as he perceived his daughter safe, and learnt to whom he was indebted for her preservation, he flew round Henry's neck and loaded him with caresses. When the first transports of his joy were over, they conducted Julia to my habitation, whence having perfectly recovered her spirits, she was conveyed home.

“ From that time an intimacy commenced, which has been the occasion of most of my subsequent calamities. We were now continually at each other's house; and from the frequent opportunities which Henry and Julia had of being in each others company, a friendship commenced; which from the similitude of their disposition, terminated in a settled mutual affection.

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“ About the middle of that part of the spring which murmured by my habitation, a lofty oak reared its venerable head. It had stood there for ages; and time had rather increased than diminished its beauty and its strength. Round its trunk at the bottom, Henry had, for his amusement, placed seats; and he delighted in retiring thither, at the close of the day, to read or to play on his flute. Hither it was, too, that, after our connection with Moulville, he delighted to resort with his beloved Julia. When the sultry heat of day was past, they used to walk by the side of the water, under the shadow of the trees; and, when weary, seated themselves beneath the oak, admiring the beauties which nature displayed on every side. The verdure of the surrounding country, the warbling of the birds on the neighbouring bushes and trees, and the setting sun which tinged the tops of the mountains with its last expiring rays, by turns called forth their admiration. They would frequently remain here till the shades of night entirely obscured the hemisphere; and, even then wondered at the rapidity with which the hours had flown away.

“ Time, however, obliterates the strongest impressions which are made on the human mind. It was now about a twelvemonth since our connection

tion with Moulville had commenced. Hitherto he had shewn no repugnance at the intimacy between his daughter and Henry ; for he was strongly sensible of the obligation which he lay under to the latter : the moment, however, that this sentiment grew weaker, he began to reflect on the impolicy of allowing them to continue together any longer. He accordingly resolved to separate them, though he cautiously concealed his real motives for so doing ; he clothed it under the pretence of the situation disagreeing with him ; and of his having some private business of the greatest importance to transact at Paris, which required his constant attendance there. For my part, I clearly penetrated his true intention ; and I too well knew, that no persuasion could make him alter his resolution. As this was the case, I entreated Henry to shake off his sorrow which had seized his mind on hearing Moulville's determination ; and I exhorted him to endeavour to get the better of his attachment, by reflecting on the impossibility of obtaining the object of his affection.

“ The day before Moulville's departure, we all met at my house. I was concerned at the sadness which sat on the countenances of the young people ; but Moulville did not seem to observe it : he, however, put on a fair appearance, and expressed



pressed deep sorrow at parting with friends who were so dear to him, and to whom he was under lasting obligations. He likewise entreated us, if ever we came to Paris, to make his house our home. My son was, once or twice, on the point of declaring the mutual love which subsisted between Julia and him, had I not checked him by a look. In truth I imagined such a declaration might give the old gentleman occasion to part in anger; and, as I hoped that absence might extinguish their affection, I was unwilling that this should be the case.

“ In the afternoon, the weather being beautiful, Henry and Julia wandered out to their accustomed retreat. Here they walked up and down for some time in profound silence: they then seated themselves under the tree; and the recollection of the pleasure which they had so often enjoyed in each other's company in this spot, and the recollection of it's being, perhaps, the last time that they should ever meet there again, caused the tears to trickle plentifully down their cheeks. Often did they attempt to speak, and as often did their sorrow deprive them of utterance. Henry, at length, recovered himself so far as to say, “ Dear Julia, perhaps your father may return again: he, surely, cannot be so unkind as to separate us for ever!

ever! Come what will, I am resolved to follow you; for death itself would be preferable to separation from you." Julia, who knew her father's disposition and intentions but too well, looked at him pensively, and heaved a sigh. As a token of her sincere and unceasing affection, however, she presented him with the small miniature of herself, which you saw in my hand; and he received and preserved it as something sacred.

"The shades of night were beginning to set in, when Moulville took his leave of me, as he intended to depart early the next morning. I accordingly accompanied him to the spot where Henry and Julia were seated; whence, having again bade us farewell, he took his departure homewards, with his daughter; and I, with Henry, directed my steps towards the house again.

"The melancholy which fixed on the young man, for some time after his departure, gave me the greatest concern. Instead of pursuing the occupations in which he formerly took delight, he was continually wandering about the spots which he used to frequent with his beloved Julia. Sometimes he pressed me to return to Paris, but I constantly objected to this; because, as I said before, I was in hopes that absence would weaken his attachment,

tachment, and by degrees entirely extinguish it. I one morning took him into my study, and said to him " My dear son, from the well known character of Moulville, from the pride of high rank and superior fortune, I am well convinced in my own mind that he can never be brought to consent to his daughter's being espoused to the son of a merchant. Though, from a sense of obligation to you, he has not openly avowed his real purpose in removing from hence, yet I clearly perceive it is to dissolve the connection between you and his daughter. Since this is the case, then my dear Henry, shake off the melancholy which hangs on your mind, and do not let sorrow prey on your health."

" He made no reply; but, as soon as I had ended, he rose, and left the room: whence he hastened to the tree, where he gazed for some time on the picture, and burst into tears.

" Some time after this, he affected a cheerfulness which but ill concealed the anguish of his mind. I imagined, however, that he began to see the propriety of what I had urged, and was endeavouring to follow my advice. I was pleasing myself with the hope that he might soon succeed; but, alas! this expectation was blasted by an event which plunged me in woe unutterable.

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“ One morning—it was in the summer season—I had risen, as was usual with me, about six o'clock. The weather was charming; and, being desirous of taking a ramble about the country, I went to Henry's room, to ask him to accompany me. As no answer was returned to frequent calls I opened his door, but the room was empty. Supposing then, that he had gone out before me, I wandered along, expecting to meet or overtake him. I passed by his favourite resort, and pursued the road we usually took together; but I saw no trace of him. I imagined, on this, that he might have taken a different road, and returned home to breakfast; but several hours had elapsed after it was over, without either seeing or hearing of him. I now grew very anxious; for he was always regular and punctual. Servants were dispatched to different parts of the country to search for him; but they all returned at night, without success. I now feared that the agitation of his mind might have produced some fatal effect; and accordingly gave orders that his body should be sought for in all the neighbouring rivers and at the bottoms of the precipices; but, alas! after the most diligent enquiry for more than a week, I could not obtain the smallest intelligence of him.

Home now became a burden to me, and I resolved to seek for Henry in person. Accordingly, having entrusted the management of my household to Jacques, I directed my course towards Paris; supposing, now that he had gone thither, in the hope of meeting his beloved Julia. The idea of his having taken that road did not strike me, at first, for two reasons: first, because I conceived it impossible for him to have gone away without being seen by any of the neighbours; and, secondly, because I did not believe that he would have taken such a step without consulting my inclination. Now, however, it was the only honourable conjecture that remained; and I determined to hasten thither with all possible speed.

“ I accordingly proceeded with the greatest expedition; but the heat, occasioned by hasty travelling in a sultry season, combined with the violent agitation of my spirits, threw me into a burning fever, before I had half reached the end of my journey.

“ I was obliged to stop at a little village, where I was put to bed; but my disease increased to such a degree, that I entirely lost the use of my reason and became distracted. I continued in this dreadful situation for some time; when through  
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the goodness of my constitution, the fever abated, and my senses by degrees returned. When they were restored, I perceived one of my servants seated by me, who had been dispatched by Jacques immediately on hearing of my indisposition; but hitherto no intelligence had transpired concerning Henry.

“ It was a long time before I had so far recovered my strength, as to have the power of rising from my bed. When, however, I grew so well as to be able to travel again, I prepared to proceed towards Paris; but the physician who attended me, and who had been informed of the occasion of my journey, gave me positive orders to the contrary. He declared, that a certain relapse would be the consequence; and, in that case, it would be impossible for me ever to recover. Accordingly, in obedience to his command, and advice, I took the road homewards: fully determined, however, to dispatch my steward to Paris, the moment that I arrived.

“ It was about sun-set when the carriage stopped at the source of the stream which meandered by the side of my lawn. The evening was mild, and I determined to get out and walk towards the house. As I proceeded under the trees, a gentle melancholy diffused itself over my mind

when I reflected how often Henry and I had here wandered together and how often in this very spot, he had enjoyed the company of his lovely Julia. This sensation increased as I approached the tree; and I was on the point of turning back, lest the sight of it, the remembrance of past happiness, compared with my present sorrowful condition, should overwhelm my mind, had not something pleasing in the recollection determined me to go on. As I approached the oak, I discovered somebody seated under its shades; and on coming nearer, I perceived Jacques with his eyes riveted on the ground. An unusual sorrow appeared in his countenance, and I saw the tears trickle down his cheeks. When I had got within a few paces of the tree, I called him by his name. At my well-known voice he rose up, and flew towards me; he then seized my hand, and pressed it to his lips. I urged him to inform me whether he had yet heard any thing of Henry. When I pronounced that name, his tears redoubled: he attempted to speak, but the poor fellow's heart was so full, that his voice was entirely choaked. At length he got out, with much difficulty—"My dear, dear master!—poor Henry returned last night, but I fear—" When he had thus spoken, I broke from him, and flew to the house: I hastened

ened to my son's room, where he lay reclined upon a couch.

“ The emaciated appearance of the young man struck me. His flesh was entirely fallen away; his colour was faded, and his eyes were sunk in his head. He turned them towards me, as I opened the door, and stretched his hand, I ran to him, and clasped him in my arms. For some time our agitation was so great, that we were unable to utter a syllable; but at length, fearing lest the disorder of his spirits should hasten on his dissolution, which I too clearly perceived was approaching, I exhorted him to compose himself to rest, and I sat down by him.

“ Sleep, however, fled from his eyes; and he passed the weary hours in relating to me, with a suffocated voice, what had befallen him since he had left home. He informed me that, at twelve o'clock at night, he had set out in disguise; and that having walked about three miles to a place where a conveyance stood ready for him, he had bent his course to Paris; that, having arrived there, he went to the house of Moulville, who now threw off the mask, openly denied him admittance, and desired to be troubled with his visits no longer: that this circumstance had entirely broken his spirits; and, feeling his health likewise begin-  
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ning to decay, he had been seized with remorse for the sorrow he had occasioned me, and had resolved to return. He concluded by entreating my pardon for the step he had taken; which, he declared, he never could have done, had he not been apprehensive that I would have opposed his intentions. " Let me hear, " cried he, that I have your forgiveness, and I shall die content !"

" The poor youth was so exhausted, that, I perceived all medical assistance would be vain. Nevertheless, I sent for a physician, but he only confirmed me in my opinion. I accordingly prepared myself for the worst, and became quite resigned to the will of Heaven. The fourth day after his arrival, the near approach of death became apparent. In affect, about seven o'clock in the evening, he fainted away; and, when he had a little revived, he pressed Julia's picture to his lips, feebly pronounced her name and mine; and then, heaving a deep sigh from his bosom, expired!

" The effect which this event had on my mind, was entirely different from what I imagined. Instead of growing frantic, a deep melancholy seized my mind. As soon as I perceived that life had ceased to animate the frame of my son, I left the room, and wandering pensively across the lawn  
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to the tree. I seated myself under its shade, in a stupefaction of sorrow. Here I remained the whole night; nor could the most earnest entreaties of my faithful steward prevail on me to retire to the house. In the morning I rose up, and walked again towards it. I went up to the room where Henry lay, and sat contemplating his lifeless image for several hours together. Poor Jacques, perceiving entreaties to be ineffectual, was obliged to employ force. He had me conveyed to a different apartment, where he made me take some little nourishment to support nature. He thinking that the best method of diminishing my sorrow, would be to remove the object of it, he gave orders with regard to Henry's burial without delay. He wished to conceal his purpose from me, till it was over; but, by some means or other I learned his intention. Accordingly on the day which he meant to perform the last honours to my son, I told him that my spirit's felt more easy; and informed him, that I had been acquainted with his design: I begged him also as he valued my life, to allow me to accompany the body to the tomb.

Perceiving the eagerness with which I made the request, and fearing lest a refusal might cause me to take some fatal resolution, he complied. I accordingly followed the remains of my son, and composed

composed my mind by reflecting that he was now in the arms of an all-wise and merciful Being, who would fully recompence him for the days of sorrow which were allotted him on this earth.

“ When the funeral service was over, I again directed my steps to Henry’s retreat. Here, as I sat absorbed in deep meditation and sorrow, I heard the sounds of a horse’s feet near me. At first, I took little notice of it, and did not even raise my eyes from the ground. The person, however, came on; and, having approached the spot where I was seated, made a stop. I now looked up, and perceived a gentleman in regimentals; but, gracious Heaven! how can I express my astonishment, when I recognized the features of my eldest son. He leaped from his horse, and clasped me in his arms; exclaiming—“ My dear, dear father!” For my part, as soon as I discovered my Frederick, I swooned away. On recovering, I found myself in the parlour; and perceived my son looking stedfastly in my face, anxiously watching a returning animation.

“ One extreme generally runs into another diametrically opposite. Frederick, who returned loaded with honour, and whose joy was inexpressible, when he reflected that he was, ere long, to  
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throw himself into the arms of a respected parent, and an affectionate brother, no sooner learned the melancholy situation of affairs, than he sunk into the lowest despondency. This fixed so deeply on his mind, that no art could remove it: in short, his reason became deranged; raving madness, and deep despair, possessed his mind by turns; and reason's fair empire was for ever lost. The unfortunate young man is now confined in a private receptacle for lunatics, whence there is no prospect of his ever being released.

“ As to poor Julia, she survived Henry but a short time. When she heard of his death, her health drooped; and she sunk into the grave, in the prime of her youth. Her father when too late became sensible of his error. Inward remorse seized him: he was continually tormented by the throes of conscience; and one night he disappeared from Paris, nor has any intelligence been heard of him since.

“ Thus was I plunged from the fairest prospects, to the lowest depth of human misery. I have long since left the spot which recalled so many mournful remembrances to my mind. I, however, daily offer up thanks to God, for granting me fortitude to support calamities the most mournful. He it was that bestowed children upon me, and  
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assuredly he had a right to dispose of them as he might think proper. Far should it be from mortal man to repine at the dispensations of Providence. The Almighty brings about his gracious purposes, by means of which we are, and ought to be entirely ignorant. For my part, I wait with patience for the time when he may please to call me hence, and feel comfort in relying altogether upon him. He, I humbly trust, will provide a place for me in the mansion of everlasting peace, where I shall be fully recompensed for the miseries which I have suffered on this earth."

Here the old man concluded his story. We sat in profound silence for some time; when, rising from my seat, I seized his hand and pressed it to my lips: then, having taken an affectionate leave of each other, I remounted my horse, and rode forward.

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### *Religious and Moral Duty* TO BE ENCOURAGED IN CHILDREN.

CONSCIENCE is another natural power of the soul, wherein the principles of virtue and rules of duty to God and man are to be laid up: it is something within us that calls us to account  
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for our faults, and by which we pass a judgement concerning ourselves and our actions.

Children have a conscience within them, and it should be awakened early to its duty. They should be taught to reflect and look back upon their own behaviour, to call themselves often to account, to compare their deeds with those good rules and principles laid up in their minds, and to see how far they have complied with them, and how far they have neglected them. Parents should teach their children to pay a religious respect to the inward dictates of virtue within them, to examine their actions continually by the light of their own consciences, and to rejoice when they can approve themselves to their own minds; that they have acted well according to the best of their knowledge: they ought also to attend to the inward reproofs of conscience, and mourn, and be ashamed, and repent when they have sinned against their light. It is of admirable use toward all the practices of religion and every virtue, to have conscience well stored with good principles, and to be always kept tender and watchful; it is proper that children should learn to reverence and obey this inward monitor betimes, that every wilful sin may give their consciences a sensible pain and uneasiness, and that they may be disposed to sacrifice

every thing else to considerations of conscience, and to endure any extremities rather than act contrary to it.

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## *NECESSITY OF PRUDENCE,*

IN EVERY STAGE OF LIFE.

**A**T the first setting out in life, especially when yet unacquainted with the world and its snares, when every pleasure enchants with its smile, and every object shines with the gloss of novelty, youth should beware of the seducing appearances which surround them, and recollect what others have suffered from the power of headstrong desire. If any passion be allowed, even though it should be esteemed innocent, to acquire an absolute ascendant, their inward peace will be impaired. But if any which has the taint of guilt, they may date from that moment the ruin of their tranquillity.

Nor with the season of youth does the peril end. To the impetuosity of youthful desire, succeed the more sober, but no less dangerous attachments of advancing years; when the passions which are connected with interest and ambition begin their reign, and too frequently extend their influence  
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over those periods of life which ought to be the most tranquil.

From the first to the last of man's abode on earth, the discipline must never be relaxed of guarding the heart from the dominion of passion. Eager passions and violent desires were not made for man: they exceed his sphere; they find no adequate object on earth; and, of course, can be productive of nothing but misery.

The certain consequence of indulging them is, that there shall come an evil day, when the anguish of disappointment shall acknowledge, that all which we enjoy availeth us nothing.

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## MATILDA:

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### CONQUEST OF LOVE.

**I**N a small reclusé village, on the borders of Wales, stands the castle of Howarth. The noble owner of this venerable structure, from motives of choice, generally resided in this secluded spot; and dedicated the chief of his time in improving the interests of his tenantry, and in administering



administering to the necessities of the indigent and worthy families of the hamlet. Among the many objects that shared in his benevolence, was a family of the name of Llandford, who once basked in the sunshine of fortune, though at this moment struggling in the toils of adversity. The munificence of Lord Howarth, however, sheltered them from want; and, in some measure, repaired the injuries they had experienced from the ingratitude of those, in whom, in their prosperous days, they had placed an unbounded and fatal confidence. Matilda, their only child, at the moment they became acquainted with Lord Howarth, had just attained her fifteenth year. Her parents had used their utmost endeavours to form her mind as lovely as her person; and it was no small alleviation to their misfortunes, to find that the object which they so anxiously sought, had been effected even beyond their most sanguine hopes.

Lord Howarth, in his frequent visits to the habitation of Mr. Llandford, had imbibed a fatherly fondness for this lovely girl; and, anxious to complete the structure, the foundation of which had been laid by the judicious hand of paternal care, he had obtained permission of her parents to send her to a boarding-school, in the environs of this metropolis, where she might pursue every polite  
and

and useful study, essential to the formation of an accomplished understanding.

The separation of Matilda from her parents was a painful moment: but the mind that suffered most from this event, was that of Lovel Seymour, the orphan child of Llandford's sister, who, having lost his parents while very young, had been the play-mate of Matilda from her earliest state of infancy. Between these young people there existed an attachment, which might be justly denominated love; though in all probability, they had not taught themselves to consider any more than playful fondness, which generally subsists between brother and sister.

The parents of Lovel, at the time of their death, had committed the little infant, with the whole of his patrimony, which was something less than 100*l*. a year, to the management of Mr. Llandford; and, with a scrupulous attention to honesty, he had faithfully discharged the important trust. Lovel had now numbered eighteen years, and his guardian proposed sending him to the university; a proposition which the young man readily closed with: for, since the absence of Matilda, his life was become irksome: and those studies and pursuits, which in her society had afforded him the  
most

most exalted pleasure, were no longer objects of delight. The walks in which he had so often strayed, with his lovely companion, the scenes of nature which with her he was wont to view with delight, no longer possessed the power to charm. All around seemed a barren waste; each succeeding hour became more painful; and, thus a stranger to happiness, he bade adieu to Castle Howarth, with a too firm reliance on time and absence for the recovery of that tranquillity which he had innocently lost.

But, to return to the benevolent Earl; who, in some measure, participated in the anxieties of the lorn Seymour. His Lordship was not aware that the partiality he bore the infant beauty, was so nearly allied to love as her absence had taught him. He endeavoured, by every means in his power, to drive her image from his mind: but though, like the restless tide, that leaves awhile the pebbly shore, and to its stated boundary again returns, it often retired from memory's retentive eye; yet still the wanderer to its native home returned, which added lustre and increasing power.

In the early part of his life, his Lordship had been rejected, by a lady on whom he had placed his affections; and for many years laboured under the  
pangs

pangs of disappointed love: but this incident, so fatal to his hopes of bliss, had not soured his temper; and though careless of the society of the sex, his enlightened mind spurned with contempt the fatal doctrine, which instructs the heart to deem a second love incompatible with justice, and an enemy to virtue. And surely, in weak—I had almost said vicious—mind only, this pernicious principle will be found. Must I because the rude, untutored finger of accident has snatched from my embrace the woman who first possessed my heart, for ever mourn a loss which no earthly power can restore? Must I for this ever steel my heart against the power of beauty, and the more attractive charms of mind, and deny myself the first of human joys, connubial society? Forbid it Reason and forbid it Justice! Seek not, then, ye mistaken parents, to plant in the docile minds of your offspring this germe of error, so destructive to happiness, so inimical to the growth of virtue, and so degrading to the noble feelings of humanity.

“ Tho’ flaunting lovely to the eye,  
 And sweet the woodbine’s honied breath;  
 As climb its tendrils smooth on high,  
 The sapling it entwines with death.”

Three years had now expired since Matilda left the village ; during which time she had kept up a regular correspondence with her parents, and her generous patron, the noble Howarth, in which they saw with pleasure the progress she made in her studies. It was thought expedient for her to quit the boarding-school, and to engage in that society for which her years and accomplishments had qualified her. For this purpose the Earl proposed a journey to London, to Mr. and Mrs. Llandford; and to invite Mr. Seymour to meet them there. To this arrangement the parents of Matilda assented ; and in a few days after they began their journey to the metropolis, in their way to which they called for Matilda.

If the beauty of the innocent girl, when emblematical only of the opening rose, forcibly impressed the heart of the Earl, and kindled in his breast the flambent fires of love ; what were his feelings, and what its effects, when the full blown flower met his enraptured sight ; Lost in wonder and admiration, he gazed in silence on the beautiful maid ; then clasped her in his arms ; and, as he kissed her crimson cheek, the tear of fondness glistened in his eye. But, checking the wild transports of his love, he reflected on the disparity of their

their ages; and, for the first time, his bosom felt the pangs of despair,

Meantime the impatient Lovel waited their arrival. He also corresponded with Matilda; had made his fondness known; and received from the ingenuous maid a full confession of the esteem she bore him.

The mind of love is too apt to regard every act of friendship and attention to its object, as being actuated by sinister designs. Hence Lovel looked on the noble Earl, though verging near his fiftieth year, as a dangerous and powerful rival. Thus admitting into his mind the restless and perturbed spirit of jealousy, the deportment of the lovely maid, at their meeting, appeared to him distant and reserved. Her replies to his impassioned protestations of affection were less animated, he thought, than the charest modesty might without a blush admit; and in short, like Faulkland, he suspected every action as regardless of his fondness and an enemy to his love; and, while he tormented his own moments with groundless jealousies, and ill timed inquietudes, he embittered those of the woman he loved.

Several weeks rolled on; and as the beauties of Matilda, and the rich culture of her mind, dis-

closed themselves to the attentive and enquiring eye of Earl Howarth, his passion still increased. His unwearied attention, his repeated marks of benevolence, and paternal tenderness, had inspired the bosom of Matilda with a filial regard; and gratitude taught her to look on her benefactor as the first & chiefest source of her happiness. With these sentiments warmly impressed on her mind, she was sitting one evening in the drawing-room, when his Lordship entered. He came resolutely determined to disclose the state of his mind; and to hear from the mistress of his heart the sentence that was to make him the happiest, or most wretched of men.

Seating himself, therefore, by the side of Matilda, he discovered to her, in a few words, the affection he entertained for her; and earnestly entreated a candid and unequivocal answer to his suit. Wonder and surprize, at this unexpected declaration, for some moments held in silence the blushing maid. At length, she raised her streaming eyes; and with a look of mingled pity and regret, gazed on the expecting, trembling Earl.

“Too much of kindness,” said she, “have I experienced from your bounty, for a whole life of gratitude to repay. Oh! do not, then, urge the acceptance of an honour too great for the humble  
merits

merits of the poor Matilda. From among the beauties of the court, where, with worth far greater, with beauty far excelling, that which a low dependant boasts, illustrious birth and fortune's splendid charms unite to swell the train of greatness—from these select some happy maid to share your love, and banish from your thoughts——”

Never! never! interrupted the noble Earl, “ can I drive Matilda's image from my doating mind. It is my greatest bliss to love you; and though you frown on my passion, and spurn me from you with contempt, I still shall live your slave.”

“ Should I confess to you, my Lord, that my heart even before I knew your worth, was given to another, will that secure me from the importunities of your love?”

“ Adversity in love, Matilda, has armed my soul with fortitude to bear the pangs of disappointment; nor will, I trust, the noble virtue, in this conflicting moment, deny it's kind support. Your candour charms me; and while I regret, I must applaud the constancy that dooms me miserable.” His Lordship bowed, and retired. Matilda rose from her seat; and with a quick and uncertain step, paced the room, in all the agony of grief.

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In this situation the enamoured Lovel surprized her, and eagerly enquired the cause of her tears. Nor did he ask in vain. The weeping maid told her sad tale. The trembling lover listened with an almost breathless attention to her words: then, musing awhile, embraced the partner of his grief; and with heroick firmness exclaimed—"Then let us, Matilda, shew to the world a conduct worthy of emulation; and prove by example, that friendship, raised on the basis of love, is the greatest felicity which human nature can enjoy! It were madness, the very height of folly, in us, to sacrifice all for love! Accept, then, the hand of the noble Howarth; nor let ingratitude, while it wounds his breast, plant a scorpion in yours."

"And can Lovel, can he, who has so often sworn eternal constancy, forget the maid he loves?"

"No, Matilda, no! Your worth and beauty will ever remain in my memory, will ever bloom there in undiminished lustre. But tell me, can you see the virtuous Howarth, whose fostering care transplanted you from the bleak and barren waste of Poverty, into the rich and grateful soil of Affluence; whose munificence raised the drooping fortunes of your family; and on those brows, where dejected misery brooding sat, spread pleasure's chearful smile—can you see, unmoved, such  
exalted

exalted worth the prey of grief? Can you, regardless, view the pining anguish of his mind? Oh, no! your gentle nature would shudder at the scene; and keen repentance, too late in its aid to repair the ravages of guilt, embitter every future moment of your life."

Matilda leaned on the bosom of her lover, and wept aloud. The tortured Earl entered the room and beheld the conflicting passions that heaved her swelling breast. "My Lord," said Lovel, "Matilda waits to throw herself at your feet, and ask forgiveness for her fault. She has imprudently listened to my still more imprudent, though artless tale of love. Convinced, however, of the error of our conduct, we have mutually agreed to cancel, and bury in oblivion, the vows we have exchanged; and she in giving herself, and I in resigning her to your Lordship, experience an inward satisfaction far beyond expression; and which no incident in our past lives ever did, and we are persuaded of our future, ever can convey." Lovel, afraid to trust his resolution, hurried out of the room; and, without waiting to be informed whether his offer was accepted or rejected, instantly set out on his return to the university.

His lordship could only admire in silence the manly fortitude of his rival, as his precipitate retreat

treat deprived him of the opportunity of replying to his firm and animated rejection of Matilda's hand. And now his utmost care was directed to the weeping maid—

“ With soften'd accent, and expressive eye,  
The faultless lord regards her quiv'ring fear;  
His gentle voice repels the swelling sigh,  
His fond endearment stops the rolling tear.”

Matilda resolved to follow the example of her lover; and, aided by time, and the endearing fondness of his lordship, after a long and painful struggle, suppressed the restless wishes of her rebel heart, and gave her hand, and with it her affections to the noble Earl. The first year of their marriage produced an heir to the ancient title and domains of Castle Howarth; the former of which, on the demise of the present Earl without issue, would have been extinct. It was at this happy period that the worthy Seymour, on the invitation of the noble Earl, visited the castle. The cheerfulness of his conversation, and easy manners, confirmed the conquest he had made over his passion; and he enjoyed several months of uninterrupted happiness in the society of the venerated Earl, and his dear Matilda: for still they were dear to each other; but of such a pure nature was their fondness

ness, that even lynx-eyed suspicion could not have felt alarm from its innocent indulgence.

During the residence of Lovel at the castle, the daughter of a neighbouring baronet, between whom and the Earl an intimacy of many years had subsisted, paid a visit to the countess. On this young lady the Earl, and his amiable consort, sought to attach the affections of Lovel; and in a short time they found a mutual fondness had taken place. His lordship, to prevent any reluctance on the part of his friend to the choice his daughter had made, prevailed on the then incumbent of the living of Castle Howarth—who had received this establishment from his lordship's father, and of course was pretty far advanced in years—to secede the rectory, on condition of receiving an equivalent during his life; and then, with his wonted liberality, presented it to the former rival of his love.

Having thus provided an establishment for his young friend, he himself wrote to Sir William Ackland, for his consent to the union of the fair Laura with the worthy Lovel. His lordship's recommendation was sufficient for Sir William; and, the usual preliminaries being settled, the young couple were united in the presence of the earl and

Q

countess

countess, and family of the bride. The subsequent lives of these couples shewed the world that, though disappointed in their first love, they enjoyed unbounded felicity; and by their example, proved how impolitick, and how unjust, is the conduct of inexperienced youth, in yielding implicitly to the impulses of a wayward passion, which though perhaps founded on the principles of virtue, may, in its completion, prove the source of wretchedness.

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AN ACCOUNT OF  
**GENERAL HARCOURT'S**  
 SURPRISING THE  
**REBEL GENERAL LEE,**  
*During the American War.*

**I**N December 1776, Lieu. Col. Harcourt (afterwards Genl. Harcourt) went out to reconnoitre, determined to discover how the rebels were posted; he took thirty men with him, rode all night, and got into the midst of their posts unperceived; in the morning he fell in with one of their advanced sentinels, and dispatched a dragoon, who cut him down; he had not gone far before he perceived another, whom he caused to be  
 be

be secured; while this was doing, a horseman galloped up to the party before he perceived them: he was stopped and questioned by Colonel Harcourt; he had a letter from Lee to some rebel officers, yet denied knowing where Lee was quartered; but the Colonel ordering a rope to be got ready to tie him up, he, without further hesitation, pointed out the house; the party went directly to the place, received the fire of a guard posted in an out-house, without loss, killed the two sentinels at the door, entered and took their prisoner, after killing all those who resisted: he had in his company a Frenchman, who lately joined them from some of the French islands, but had not received his commission from the congress. Colonel Harcourt's activity in this affair, as on every other, merits the highest encomiums: from the time of meeting the first sentinel to mounting the prisoner, was scarce fifteen minutes: he was brought to head quarters; General Howe would not see him, he was properly taken care of at Brunswick, in the Jerseys.



T H E

## DEPARTURE of the YEAR.

**W**HITHER so fast? to woo thy longer stay,  
Impatient year! the warmest pray'rs we'll  
try ;

Vain are our wishes, and in vain we pray—  
Unkindly, time! ah! ah, why so bent to fly?

Quick, bring the flute, and breathe a melting air,  
Lull the fleet greybear with the charm divine :  
Alas, how callous! he betrays no care,  
Nor will one moment to the strain incline!

Strike up the pipe, the tabor, and the dance ;  
We'll lure him back with sprightliness and joy!  
See, see! he faster flies, nor deigns a glance ;  
But mocks our hope, and pities our employ!

“ Let the churl go!” cries folly, with a stare ;  
“ Blame not, but rather urge him on, his flight:  
Time, when he's tardy, saddles us with care,  
And care destroys life's principle, delight.”—

Delight!—I wrong thee, or thou mean'st excess ;  
There all thy hope, thy dearest joy, is plac'd!  
Go, vacant dolt!—be frank, for once confess,  
That horrors haunt thee, and that fevers waste.  
Delight's

Delight's the genuine temper of the soul,  
That honour fashions, and temptations proves;  
How unlike thine, that stoops to the controul  
Of sensual meanness, and the bondage loves!

Know, that the year, whose flight thou hold'st in  
scorn,

Gone to the records of eternal fate,  
Swells those memorials for the last, dread morn,  
With all that honour'd or disgrac'd it's date.

Could'st thou behold the tale of infancy,  
Gone from thy mind, but branding there thy  
name;

Thou'd'st seek to hide thee from thyself, to fly—  
Lost as thou art, to honour, and to shame.

To thee is giv'n to greet the rising year;  
Haply, not thine to witness it's decay:  
At heav'n's just bar, ere that, thou may'st appear,  
The dreadful forfeit of thy crimes to pay.

Then seize the moment in the power of hope;  
Lo! the destroying angel's on his course:—  
Hasten, ere justice takes it's awful scope,  
And, by repentance, deprecate it's force!

ANEC-



## A N E C D O T E

O F

Mr. O R M E,

*The intelligent Historian of the War  
in India.*

WHEN this gentleman presided in the export warehouse of Madras, one Davidson, who acted under him, one day at breakfast being asked by Mr. Orme, *of what profession his father was?* Davidson replied, that he was a sadler. And pray, said *Orme*, why did he not breed you a sadler? "I was always whimsical, said Davidson, and rather chose to try my fortune as you have done, in the East India Company's service." "But pray sir," continued he, "What profession was your father?" "My father," answered the Historian, rather sharply, "was a gentleman." "And why, retorted Davidson, with great simplicity and bluntness, "did he not breed you up a gentleman."

ANEC-

A N E C D O T E  
O F A  
L I G H T D R A G O O N,  
*During the late American War.*

A LIGHT dragoon was dispatched by Lord Cornwallis to carry a letter of some consequence, to an officer on one of the out posts. In passing near a thicket, he was fired at by some of the provincials; he instantly pretended to fall from his horse, hanging with his head down to the ground, which the light horse do with great ease. The Americans, four in number, supposing him killed, ran from their cover to seize their booty; but when they came within a few yards of him, the light dragoon in an instant recovered his saddle, and with his carabine shot the first of them dead; he then drew his pistol and dispatched the second, and immediately attacked the other two with his sword, who surrendered themselves his prisoners, and he drove them before him into the camp. In return for this act of bravery, General Howe made him a Serjeant, and represented the exploit to the King.

ANEC-

# A N E C D O T E S

OF

## SIR WILLIAM ERSKINE.

**I**N 1761, when Prince Ferdinand beat up the quarters of the French, they retired a great way without being able to resist; however when they came to collect their force, and to recoil upon our army, Major Erskine, (who was afterwards knighted by his Majesty, for his bravery in Germany) of the 15th regiment of light-dragoons, was posted in a village in the front of our army. In a very foggy morning, soon after the patrols reported all was well, Sir William was alarmed by his vedettes having seen a large body of cavalry coming to surprize him: he instantly mounted his horse, and sallied out at the head of the picquet, of only fifty men; leaving orders for his regiment to mount and follow with speed, without beating a drum, or making any noise; he attacked their advanced guard in the cursory way of light cavalry, and continued so to do, while his men were joined by fives and tens, and the French cavalry were forming to resist his attack; before which, he collected the whole of his men, and then retired, the surgeon of the regiment in the mean time having carried off the baggage.

Among

Among many similar instances of success, in the course of the war, is that of an officer on another occasion, where he displayed the most singular address, and which therefore demands both applause and attention. After a repulse and a march of about seventy miles in one day, when the men were fatigued, and scarce a horse able to walk, he saw a regiment of French infantry drawn up, with a morass in the rear; he left his own corps, and advancing to the French, desired to speak to the commanding officer, whom he entreated to surrender, to prevent his men being cut to pieces by a large body of cavalry that were then advancing. The French officer desired leave to consult with his officers, which having done, they refused to submit; but upon Major Erskine's telling them that their blood must be on their own heads, and turning to move off towards his own corps, they called to him, and laying down their arms surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

R

SADAK.



## S A D A K.

## AN ORIENTAL TALE.

**I**N the imperial city of Schiras, gem of the Persian empire, and sun of the east, lived the youthful Sadak, only son and prop of the declining years of the Vizier Amurat. Him had his father carefully educated in all the orders of oriental gallantry, and initiated in the principles of vice and debauchery. He knew how to curb the most fiery steed; surpass even the eagle in the rapid race; and, with the passing arrow, slay the flying deer. He took a particular pleasure in these amusements; and the chace and seraglio were his chief sources of delight.

Thus nurtured in vice, he made a mockery of religion and learning. No readings of Zoroaster had enlarged, or had any philosophy of the Magii tempered, and polished, a naturally capacious understanding. His ideas of Heaven were confused; and, though he had a lively genius, and an engaging air, his discourse was ignorant, barbarous, and weak.

One morning, when Mithra had scarcely drawn back the curtains of delight, and dissipated the gloomy clouds of darkness, Sadak arose, and proceeded

ceeded with bent bow to pursue the deer that range the mountains of Persia. The chase began; Sadak, impatient, and thirsting for glory, was, as usual, the first in the course, and lost his companions in the heat of the pursuit.

He had not long enjoyed his delight, and the spires of the towering Schiras had just vanished from his view; when an object, till then little noticed, attracted his attention. It was the beauty of the heavens, and splendor of the skies, that now raised his astonishment. He beheld the sun darting his rays through the rolling clouds, and illumining the whole of the celestial canopy; the æther was pure, still, and serene; except where thousands of feathered warblers, poised on their airy wings, made the earth echo their divine notes. Sadak was amazed; he let the golden reins fall on the neck of his steed; and, plunged in admiration, surveyed the splendid picture. He had never troubled his mind with any thoughts of religion, and consequently knew nothing of his Creator; but conscience now told him, that he derived his existence from a Supreme Power. Every beam of light, spoke its Maker; and Sadak stood half convicted of Ignorance and Atheism. As he was thus lost in thought, and his soul buoyed up in suspense, his steed, actuated by a divine impulse,

pulse, entered a thick wood that stood adjacent. Sadak, turning his eyes from the heavens, was now struck with the elegance of nature. The grand sublimity of the first had raised his astonishment; the rural beauty of the latter excited his desire. It was that season, when Summer, with all her attributes, visits the earth; and by her delicious exuberance, delights the heart of man. The trees were bending to the earth with fruits of the most luxuriant growth, and of the most exquisite flavour. The ground as far as the eye could reach, was covered with the richest verdure, diversified by flowrets of every hue, and blooming shrubs in infinite variety. The whole scene was engaging, chaste, and delightful. Nature glowed with redoubled charms; and the whole presented a beautiful landscape of rural felicity. The heart of Sadak was ravished; he threw himself from his steed; and, rushing to the fruit with the agility of the mountain eagle, sought only the means to gratify his luxurious palate. A neighbouring cascade served, in the mean time, to slake his thirst, and found responsive to the notes of the birds. Thus surrounded with pleasure, and environed by delicacies, the heart of Sadak was for a while elated; but, like snow, melting before the rays of Mithra, the scene grew less charming to his eye. His appetite

petite was cloyed, and the fruit no longer delicious; he resolved, therefore, to return home: but, alas! he had not noticed his entrance, and could by no means discover any road by which he might retreat. He no sooner broke one hedge than another appeared before him; and as he passed the opposing trees, a myriad of others arose.

The whole, in short was a labyrinth of the most intricate nature. If Sadak felt before pleased at his situation, he now sincerely detested it. Lost in ignorance, he blasphemed the power that constructed his prison; cursed the hour in which he had entered it; and, in the height of his fury, exclaimed against his own existence. He had not remained long in this state of despair, when his attention was suddenly attracted by an object that touched his hand. He turned about, furious as the Lybian tyger, robbed of his prey, and thirsting for revenge; but, lo! a form that commanded peace stood at his side. It was a sage, whose years seemed to out-number the stars of heaven; and whose beard, which was whiter than the mountain snow of Mauritania, when driven by the furious wings of the north-east wind, swept his bosom, and fell below his girdle. His eyes, not dimmed by age, darted a poignancy which seemed to cut vice to atoms at the slightest glance; his whole frame

was



was majestic, and the poverty of his cloathing served only to command a superior respect. He had beheld the fury of Sadak; and, bursting through the bushes, caught his hand, and thus addressed him—"Hush! O inconsiderate youth! cease to blaspheme the works of thy Creator! Knowest thou not that perseverance will vanquish every difficulty? and though, for a moment, thou seemest lost and entangled, remember that there is a God, who will help thee, if sincerely desired? Follow me!" So saying, he gently led the youthful Persian by a path toward the entrance, which ~~he~~ he had not discovered; while he, ashamed of his past conduct, kept his eyes fixed on the ground, not daring to look up in the face of his benign conductor.

The glade was now before them; and the domes of the aspiring Schiras rose in sight, as the mounts of Mauritania, half-buried in the clouds. The heart of Sadak was overjoyed; he turned, to thank his conductor; but it seemed not him that he beheld. His aged body, bent with years and infirmities, was changed to an ærial frame, endowed with sprightliness and activity. His face no more appeared a rugged field, which the ploughshare of time had filled with furrows; but a celestial countenance where, beauty beamed like the resplendent sun.

**Instead**

Instead of clothes tattered and coarse, two feathered pinions beat with celestial grace on his shoulders; and the figure of a hoary sage was transformed to that of an empyreal cherub, surrounded by glory, and replete with the effulgence of heaven. Sadak was confounded: the ground seemed to shake beneath his feet; his knees smote each other; and his whole frame, labouring in convulsive agonies, fell vigourless to the ground: when a voice, softer than the breath of Zephyrs, bearing the odoriferous spices of Arabia, thus addressed him, " Arise, O Sadak! lift thy body from the earth, and hearken to the voice of wisdom. No more be lulled to slumber in the manacles of vice, and disdain the chains of impiety. I am a minister of the almighty, sent from the mansions of the blessed, to reveal thy chaotick mind the allegory of this day's adventures, which point out the errors of thy life. Attend, O youth! open thine ears to virtue, and be no more a slave of ignorance. The chace you this morning commenced free, and joyful as the soaring lark begins his course; so was you born. Your mind was unimpressed by care, and unloaded with sin: you beheld the splendor of heaven, and the glory of the upper regions; but they could not charm you sufficiently to impress the steadfast belief of an overruling power; neither could your birth, and preservation

fervation from numberless dangers, elevate your heart to the graceful adoration of your heavenly maker: but, as the fruit by its beauteous hue, and delicious taste, led you to eat and indulge your appetite, unsuspicious of danger, so did vicious pursuits draw your affection to them, by displaying the chains of sin covered with flowers of pleasure. What was the result? In the wood you was lost and entangled; and in life you have been satiated with joys, that cloyed as they became familiar. You attempted to drown the sense of satiety by plunging deeper in vice, and hurrying from the seraglio to the chace, or some other ignorant and wicked enjoyment. Had you then abandoned pleasure, and attended to truth, you should have reached a pinnacle of unknown happiness: but as during your profane and blasphemous execrations in the wood, you perceived not the path by which I easily led you out; neither could you discern, in your career of vice, the road formed by Morality, which would have conducted you to everlasting bliss. May I, my son, conclude my parallel, by adding, that as I have led you from the bosom of a mazy wood; so your soul, enlightened by my words, will rise, freed from the fetters of ignorance, the manacles of sin, and the chains of licentiousness, to praise, with myriads  
of

of the legions of heaven, the beneficent creator of all existence, & the liberal dispenser of every good.

“ My mission is now expired; yet, ere I go, let me initiate thee, O youth! in the precepts of virtue. Avoid malice, envy, and detraction; hate lasciviousness, love chastity; detest voluptuousness, effeminacy, and luxury; but adore temperance, vigour, and humility. Aim not at pomp and grandeur, that passeth away like the wind; but delight in acts of charity, which will afford the mind a pleasure of more stability. Be it thy care, O Persian! not to swell the fiery blast of contention, against whomsoever raised; but rather, to allay the fury of the spiteful, and stop the intended revenge: and believe me, dear youth, if thou diligently followest these rules, and zealously pursueth the walks of virtue, a hoary head, crowned with content, will succeed a youthful one environed with peace, and endowed with virtue.”

As he thus spoke, even as the last sentence sounded in the ear of Sadak, a cloud arose from the earth, like the morning dew; and, spreading its ærial substance beneath his feet, gently uplifted him to the opening heavens. The whole atmosphere was perfumed, with a fragrance far sweeter than the aromatic gales of Arabia; while an awe-

ful and tremendous roll of thunder, on the right, announced the success of the heavenly embassy.

Sadak arose, his heart impressed with virtue and wisdom; and, leaving his pompous palace, he passed a life of piety and peace, in a humble cottage.

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T H E  
DISAPPOINTED DELIA,  
*A Story founded on Fact.*

**D**ELIA, unlucky Delia! how camest thou so fond, so enraptured with Claudio? Answer, rash fates, for poor Delia: the *Parcæ* so determined it. Then, thou art not to blame.

But to the story. In an awkward hour, and a still more awkward moment, Delia saw Claudio; she saw, alas! she saw one of the finest youths in the county of Cornwall; she was not framed without passions—nature had done her justice, in every regard. She felt, even from the heart, and true to all its fires.

Claudio was heir to a considerable estate, consisting of tin mines, and he was considered as a  
very

very amiable and respectable character by all his acquaintance. Every female in his neighbourhood, who was a candidate for matrimony, had her eye upon him; but his disposition was for roving, and liberty was his invariable motto; and many beautiful damsels had reason to wish his sentiments were of a different cast. If he had not done them justice, posterity had, however, no cause to complain, for he had amply paid attention to the rising generation, who, probably, will be greatly increased by his amorous assiduities.

Notwithstanding Delia had these numerous examples of Claudio's infidelities before her eyes, her vanity flattered her she had charms sufficient to captivate him into a husband; and her ambition prompted her to the deed.

Her rivals were numerous, but her glass whispered her, and in prevailing accents, that her charms transcended them all. Fatal infatuation! Treacherous mirror!

Delia, though only the daughter of a farmer, had received as polite an education as a Cornish borough would admit of; her father had some parliamentary influence, & he was not without hopes, that, at the next general election, his daughter might captivate a candidate, or at least a canvasser.

He knew that Claudio, when he came of age, which would be in a few months, was to be one of their representatives, and therefore did not discourage his addresses to Delia. But though he had avowed himself an intended candidate for the borough, he had not declared himself a candidate for a connubial representation. He had, however made such an impression on Delia's heart, that she mistook his artful declaration for sincerity, and she, at length, implicitly yielded to his most sanguine wishes.

The borough became vacant by the death of one of the members, just as Claudio had attained his twenty-first year. Old square toes immediately put him in nomination, and as he was of the ministerial party, little canvassing was requisite. He was returned and chaired in the twinkling of an eye.

Delia now thought she should be completely happy; for, notwithstanding she had yielded every thing but her hand, for he had long been in possession of her heart, she imagined she still had such an ascendancy over Claudio, that as there was no remaining obstacle to their marriage, (his father having lately departed this life, and whose consent, the artful spoiler had insinuated was the sole cause of

of their not having yet repaired to the temple of Hymen) a hint alone would be sufficient to accomplish all her wishes. But in this opinion she was egregiously mistaken.

Her hints were all thrown away, and even her positive sollicitations were of no avail. She literally stooped to conquer, but in vain. Claudio finding Delia too pressing in her matrimonial pursuit, seldom visited her, and even neglected those appointments he made with her, when he could not avoid fixing them. He had agreed to an interview at an adjacent farm house, where they had frequently the most agreeable and propitious Tête à Têtes. But the time was now passed when the force of her charms were in full play—besides, she was on the point of being a mother, and he had a new attachment in his present reigning favourite Cordelia, for whom he was now waiting in consequence of a previous assignation.

Delia guessed at her rival, and after in vain reminding him of his appointment with her, retired, and was soon in ambush a spectator of a scene that caused her—*dissolution*! She returned home, and was found the next morning hanging in her garters. Upon her toilet was found a billet conceived in the following words.

“ Wretched



“ Wretched—too wretched Delia—no joy—no bliss, no comfort remains for thee in this mundane state! Heavens, pardon the deed—but to thee I hope to fly for that solace, which I ne’er can meet on earth.

Alas! poor Delia—may this story prove a lesson to thy sex!

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## SIGNS and TOKENS.

**I**F you see a man and woman, with little or no occasion, often finding fault, and correcting each other in company, you may be sure they are husband and wife.

If you see a lady and gentleman in the same coach, in profound silence,—the one looking out at one window, and the other at the opposite side, be assured they mean no harm to each other, but are husband and wife.

If you see a lady accidentally let fall a glove, or a handkerchief, and a gentleman that is next to her tell her of it, that she may herself pick it up, set them down for husband and wife.

**If**

If you see a man and woman walk in the fields, at twenty yards distance, in a direct line ; and the man striding over a stile, and still going on, you may swear they are husband and wife.

If you see a lady whose beauty attracts the notice of every person present, except one man, and he speaks to her in a rough manner, and does not appear at all affected by her charms, depend upon it, they are husband and wife.

If you see a male and female continually thwarting each other, under the appellation of *my dear*, *my life*, &c. rest assured they are husband and wife.

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## New Interpretation for old Words.

**I**N speaking of the epithet *worth*, it can be applied to a scoundrel or rogue, as well as an honest man—that is, if he should be *worth* ten thousand pounds.

*Angel*, was once a name for a superior order of celestial spirits, who executed the commands of the Supreme Being ;— it is now a common name for a certain order of inferior beings, who haunt the crowded scenes of gaiety and dissipation.

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The adjective *Divine*, has undergone a similar change.

*Devilish*— this adjective once signifying, or belonging to the Devil, was consequently taken in a bad sense. It is now become a common term of approbation— as, “ she is a devilish fine girl ;” or, “ he is a devilish good fellow,” &c.



# C U R I O U S

## A N E C D O T E.

A CLERGYMAN, who came to London from Durham just before the winter theatres closed, went the last evening of Mrs. Siddon's performance to the play at Drury-lane, and desired a country servant, who was to come with the carriage at a certain hour, to remain with it at the corner of Bow-street, that he might not lose himself from his ignorance of the town. The coachman was on the box, and the lad continued inflexibly upon the spot, standing with his back against one of the wheels; while he was in this situation, a fellow, who was running very fast, came up to him, and asked him in a whisper, whether he was a “stander or a runner?” The boy hesitated a moment, but thinking it related to the duty of servants

wants round the theatre, and remembering his master's orders, answered, "a stander." "Then take care of this," said the fellow, putting a gold watch with valuable appendages into his hand, and scampering away immediately. Before the boy had recovered from his surprize, his master came up, and commending his diligence, observed, that he had lost his watch.—"No, Sir, here it is," said the lad; and on inspection it actually proved to be the very watch which had been taken from his master a few moments before.

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## OBSERVATION by Mr. POPE.

THOSE aërial ladies (the muses) just discover enough to me of their beauties to urge my pursuit, and draw me on in a wandering maze of thought, still in hopes (and only in hopes) of attaining those favours from them, which they confer on their happy admirers. We grasp some more beautiful idea in our own brain, than our endeavours to express it can set to the view of others; and still do but labour to fall short of our first imagination. The gay colouring which fancy gave

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at the first transient glance we had of it, goes off in the execution,—like those various figures in the gilded clouds, which while we gaze long upon, to separate the parts of each imaginary image, the whole faints before the eye, and decays into confusion.

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### BON MOT of a SEA OFFICER.

A SEA OFFICER who for his courage in a former engagement, where he had lost his leg, had been preferred to the command of a good ship; in the heat of the next engagement, a cannon ball took off his deputy, so that he fell upon the deck; a seaman thinking he had been fresh wounded called for the surgeon; No, no, said the captain, the *carpenter will do*.

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### A GRECIAN

### A N E C D O T E.

THE Athenians having declared war against the Eginites, on some very frivolous pretext, marched out to attack them. A very bloody engagement ensued, in which the Athenians were so totally defeated, that one man only remained to  
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carry back the intelligence to Athens. This unfortunate man escaped the enemy only to encounter a more wretched fate at home. The women rendered desperate by the loss of their husbands, and fired with indignation that the sole survivor should dare to appear before them with the dismal relation of his country's disaster, fell upon the man with their pins and clasps, leaving him dead upon the spot. The magistrates of Athens shocked at their cruelty, in order to punish the women with the most flagrant disgrace, made a law to oblige them, from that period, to dress after the mode of the Jonians, thereby depriving them of any advantage from those things, of which they had made such an ill use.

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T H E

## USEFULNESS of ADVICE.

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## DANGER of HABITS.

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## NECESSITY of REVIEWING LIFE.

**N**O weakness of the human mind has more frequently incurred animadversion, than the negligence with which men overlook their own faults, however flagrant, and the easiness with which they pardon them, however frequently repeated.

It seems generally believed, that, as the eye cannot see itself, the mind has no faculties by which it can contemplate its own state, and that therefore we have not means of becoming acquainted with our real characters; an opinion which, like innumerable other postulates, an enquirer finds himself inclined to admit upon very little evidence, because it affords a ready solution of many difficulties. It will explain why the greatest abilities frequently fail to promote the happiness of those who possess them; why those who can distinguish with the utmost nicety the boundaries of  
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vice and virtue, suffer them to be confounded in their own conduct; why the active and vigilant resign their affairs implicitly to the management of others; and why the cautious and fearful make hourly approaches towards ruin, without one sigh of solicitude or struggle for escape.

When a position teems thus with commodious consequences, who, can without regret confess it to be false? Yet it is certain that declaimers have indulged a disposition to describe the dominion of the passions as extended beyond the limits that nature assigned. Self-love is often rather arrogant than blind; it does not hide our faults from ourselves, but persuades us that they escape the notice of others, and disposes us to resent censures lest we should confess them to be just. We are secretly conscious of defects and vices which we hope to conceal from the public eye, and please ourselves with innumerable impostures, by which, in reality, nobody is deceived.

In proof of the dimness of our internal sight, or the general inability of man to determine rightly concerning his own character, it is common to urge the success of the most absurd and incredible flattery, and the resentment always raised by advice, however soft, benevolent, and reasonable. But flattery, if its operation be nearly examined,  
will



will be found to owe its acceptance, not to our ignorance but knowledge of our failures, and to delight us rather as it consoles our wants than displays our possessions. He that shall solicit the favour of his patron by praising him for qualities which he can find in himself, will be defeated by the more daring panegyrist who enriches him with adscititious excellence. Just praise is only a debt, but flattery is a present. The acknowledgment of those virtues on which conscience congratulate us is a tribute that we can at any time exact with confidence; but the celebration of those which we only feign, or desire without any vigorous endeavours to attain them, is received as a confession of sovereignty over regions never conquered, as a favourable decision of disputable claims, and is more welcome as it is more gratuitous.

Advice is offensive, not because it lays us open to unexpected regret, or convicts us of any fault which had escaped our notice, but because it shews us that we are known to others, as well as to ourselves; and the officious monitor is persecuted with hatred, not because his accusation is false, but because he assumes that superiority which we are not willing to grant him, and has dared to detect what we desired to conceal.

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For this reason advice is commonly ineffectual. If those who follow the call of their desires without enquiry whither their going had deviated ignorantly from the paths of wisdom and were rushing upon the dangers unforeseen, they would readily listen to information that recalls them from their errors, and catch the first alarm by which destruction or infamy is denounced.

Few that wander in the wrong way mistake it for the right; they only find it more smooth and flowery, and indulge their own choice rather than approve it: therefore few are persuaded to quit it by admonition or reproof, since it impresses no new conviction, nor confers any powers of action or resistance. He that is gravely informed how soon profusion will annihilate his fortune, hears with little advantage what he knew before, and catches at the next occasion of expence, because advice has no force to suppress his vanity. He that is told how certainly intemperance will hurry him to the grave, runs with his usual speed to a new course of luxury, because his reason is not invigorated nor his appetite weakened.

The mischief of flattery is, not that it persuades any man that he is what he is not, but that it suppresses the influence of honest ambition, by raising  
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an opinion that honour may be gained without the toil of merit; and the benefit of advice arises commonly not from any new light imparted to the mind, but from the discovery which it affords of the public suffrages. He that could withstand conscience is frightened at infamy, and shame prevails when reason was defeated.

As we all know our faults and know them commonly with many aggravations which human perspicacity cannot discover, there is perhaps, no man, however hardened by impudence or dissipated by levity, sheltered by hypocrisy, or blasted by disgrace, who does not intend some time to review his conduct, and to regulate the remainder of his life by the laws of virtue. New temptations indeed attack him, new invitations are offered by pleasure and interest, and the hour of reformation is always delayed; every delay gives vice another opportunity of fortifying itself by habit; and the change of manners, though sincerely intended and rationally planned, is referred to the time when some craving passion shall be fully gratified, or some powerful allurements cease its importunity.

Thus procrastination is accumulated on procrastination, and one impediment succeeds another, till age shatters our resolution, or death intercepts the

the projects of amendment. Such is often the end of salutary purposes, after they have long delighted the imagination, and appeased that disquiet which every mind feels from known misconduct, when the attention is not diverted by business or by pleasure.

Nothing surely can be more unworthy of a reasonable nature, than to continue in a state so opposite to real happiness, as that all the peace of solitude, and felicity of meditation, must arise from resolution of forsaking it. Yet the world will often afford examples of men, who pass months and years in a continual war with their own convictions, and are daily dragged by habit, or betrayed by passion, into practices which they closed and opened their eyes with purpose to avoid; purposes which, though settled on conviction, the first impulse of momentary desire totally overthrows.

The influence of custom is indeed such that to conquer it will require the utmost efforts of fortitude and virtue; nor can I think any man more worthy of veneration and renown, than those who have burst the shackles of habitual vice. This victory however has different degrees of glory as of difficulty; it is more heroic as the objects of

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guilty gratification are more familiar. He that from experience of the folly of ambition resigns his offices, may set himself free at once from temptation to squander his life in courts, because he cannot regain his former station. He who is enslaved by an amorous passion, may quit his tyrant in disgust, and absence will, without the help of reason, overcome by degrees the desire of returning. But those appetites to which every place affords their proper objects, and which requires no preparatory measures or gradual advances, are more tenaciously adhesive; the wish is so near the enjoyment, that compliance often precedes consideration, and before the powers of reason can be summoned, the time for employing them is past.

Indolence is therefore one of the vices from which those whom it once infects are seldom reformed. Every other species of luxury operates upon some appetite that is quickly satiated, and requires some concurrence of art or accident which every place will not supply; but the desire of ease acts equally at all hours, and the longer it is indulged is the more increased. To do nothing is in every man's power; we can never want an opportunity of omitting duties. The lapse to indolence is soft and imperceptible because it is only

only a mere cessation of activity; but the return to diligence is difficult, because it implies a change from rest to motion, from privation to reality.

Of this vice, as of all others, every man who indulges it is conscious; we all know our own state, if we could be induced to consider it; and it might perhaps be useful to the conquest of all these ensnarers of the mind, if at certain stated days life was reviewed. Many things necessary are omitted, because we vainly imagine that they may be always performed; and what cannot be done without pain will for ever be delayed, if the time of doing it be left unsettled. No corruption is great but by long negligence, which can scarcely prevail in a mind regularly & frequently awakened by periodical remorse. He that thus breaks his life into parts, will find in himself a desire to distinguish every stage of his existence by some improvement, and delight himself with the approach of the day of recollection, as of the time which is to begin a new series of virtue and felicity.

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## A

## DISSERTATION upon TASTE.

**T**ASTE, considered only as a sensation is purely arbitrary, that is to say, every one has a right to boast of his own, and to give it the preference to that of others. This would not be difficult to prove: but without entering upon this vague disquisition, I shall confine myself to a spiritual, a metaphysical taste; as I am of opinion that there must necessarily be one that is invariable and immutable, independent of place, time, age, or country; in a word, alike in all men, as it can have no other basis than truth, which never varies, and which unites in every thing, under the same idea, every mind that it enlightens. Taste may be defined, an idea of truth universally received, and thoroughly understood upon every thing of which we form a judgement: therefore to have a good taste, is to estimate or criticise sentimentally, and by an implicit judgment of the mind, what reason estimates and appreciates, after having duly examined it.

This sensible idea should not be too much, or too little extended; for when it swerves from precision, taste becomes defective. So that all who  
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purſue truth, ſhould perceive it in the ſame light; perfection having but a ſingle appearance, and, conſidered every way, has but one face.

The exiſtence of a ſovereign truth being admitted, it muſt, when conſulted, equally enlighten reaſon, whoſe eſſence is the ſame in all men. The ſoul of an European is of the ſame nature as that of a Chineſe; and thoſe of the firſt ages were not of a different ſpecies from thoſe of our times. If their external operations are not the ſame, if their judgments differ upon the ſame ſubject, this is no juſtification of the difference in either reſpect: for if there be but one truth to enlighten reaſon, all thoſe who do not conſult it, and who are not enlightened by it, are in darkneſs: ſo that we in vain have recourſe to ancient or modern manners, to authoriſe a diverſity of taſtes; we muſt ever recur to the eſſence of reaſon in its primitive institution.

Shall we ſay that ſuch a work was good at that time, but is no longer ſo; good for men of a peculiar caſt, or country, but not for others? This is mere ſophiſtry. Goodneſs in an object is an independent and permanent truth; wherefore the judgment pronounced upon it depends neither upon times, nations, or genius: no other concluſion can be drawn from the contrary opinions of  
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men with respect to the qualification of objects, but that some judge well, and others ill.

Every object that presents itself to the mind has truth that characterises it, and constitutes it good or bad, perfect or imperfect, agreeable or disagreeable; the more truth there is in this object, the more satisfaction is derived from it by the man of real taste.

To discover with precision this truth, and consequently feel its impression, is to have taste. But to judge of it by its personal dispositions, by the opinions of others, by popular prejudice, this is being destitute of taste, or at least, having no other than a bad taste: so that neither the peculiar manners of a nation, nor the various agitated passions, nor ancient opinions nor charms of novelty, nor the illusions of fashion, nor other vulgar prejudices, ought to impose or determine the judgment when the object is the formation of taste.

We must seek for this truth, of which we are speaking, in the very essence of the object, in its relations and its ends; that is to say, examine whether it is really in itself what it should be, and if it fulfils its destination and connexions: I say really; for, once more, taste is regulated upon these marks of truth, more or less evinced; otherwise it would  
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not be certain; judgments would be formed upon opinion, passion, and the other impostors of error; and we should not trace that truth which we are desirous of being acquainted with.

It is an invariable maxim, that we may find fallacy in every thing; in sentiments, manners, characters, productions of genius, the choice of diversions, the construction of buildings, the assortment of furniture, or dress, in politeness and gallantry, and in a thousand things, the enumeration of which would be tedious. In respect to all these, there is nothing so easy as being mistaken, and giving proofs of a very bad taste, if we have not just ideas, which depict the definition of objects, and their design.

They may at first be all reduced under one general definition, in ranging on one side all the works of nature, and on the other all those of art. Be they of whatever kind, a knowledge should be obtained of their essence and end, in order to discover the truth which characterises them. This is the only means of forming a taste upon what nature presents to our visual faculties, and upon what the human mind can produce, either with respect to arts or sciences. This rule comprises every thing, and we have no other by which we  
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can discover the true impression which things should make upon a man of real taste.

But as the objects are not sufficiently specified by this division, we shall extinguish them under several classes, which comprise almost the whole, at least those that are worthy of attention.

I call those works of nature, which are produced by the Creator, and remain as they came from his hands. According to the common opinion, there are three different kinds, namely, intelligent, sensible, and inanimate. We are not allowed, as he has judged them fitting, and *videt quod esset bonum*, to analyze their perfection, or whether they might have been carried to a still greater height.

They are each settled according to the laws of infinite wisdom, which allow our speculations no other liberty than that of admiration. Nevertheless, the prodigious diversity of these beings furnishes our taste a sufficient field to exert itself in; for creatures having various degrees of perfection, subordination, and dependency, and connexions more or less intimate with man, they must communicate to his soul a scale of preference, where by their ranks are in his esteem regulated. Now the making a just distinction between objects capable

pable of exercising in our hearts a variety of sentiments proportioned to each in particular, is, doubtless, having taste; as it is, certainly, being divested of it, to confound them without distinctively appreciating them, without comparing them, and without esteeming them, according to their precise value: for taste is not a mere speculative idea, but a sensible one, which makes an impression upon the heart.

We may go still farther with respect to man, who is, as we may say, the master piece of the Divine Architect. It is true, that his author having determined his essence and his principal end, we are forbid to judge of them, or to find any defect in them. But as man is a free being, and as he in some measure directs his own operation, he exposes himself to the judgment of others when he acts, and he enables them to apply their taste to the appearance of his actions,—his discourse and his thoughts.

With respect to works of art, if it be necessary to subdivide them, in order to examine how many different ways they may be subject to the lights of judicious criticism, this would carry us almost to infinity. We shall fix upon some, which we shall analyze as occasion may offer, in order to

shew that there can be no just taste which is not founded upon the idea of truth, and to point out the means of discovering it.

If men of another period, or another nation, have a different taste from ourselves, this neither justifies nor condemns ours or theirs. They should both blend in all their productions of arts and sciences such rays of truth as are capable of expressing nature, and the design of such works as they are engaged in, and such objects as they propose describing; this neither depreciates nor heightens the value of the taste of either. Every thing should be decided in favour of truth, that is to say, by those who have been led by it, and whose reason is thereby enlightened.

In other respects this study requires no deep disquisitions or meditations; it is instantaneously determined by a judicious person, not only with regard to simple objects, but those that are the most complex. Philosophy points out to us how many ideas must necessarily be combined in an instant, to judge only of the quality, the distance, and situation of a tree we perceive in the middle of an open country: the mind, nevertheless, performs all this, without perceiving that it thinks. And it is the same with respect to the manner in which

which an object prompts our taste. If many have not succeeded after repeated endeavours, this is no defect in the rule, but in their penetration; and no other conclusion can be drawn, than that they are persons who have no propensity to taste. It is scarce possible to communicate it to those who have no disposition for it: the maxims we propose will not work this miracle; they only point out those who are possessed of taste, and set forth the means of obtaining it to those who are susceptible of it.

We seldom fail obtaining a knowledge of the essence of objects. If we are more easily deceived with respect to the knowledge of their end, it is for want of recollecting that they have all one general design, which is the pleasure and use of man. Man himself, besides the end which is peculiar to him, hath this one also in common with the rest of creatures, as far as the commerce of the world and society subject him to connections with the human race. But as it is necessary, in order to settle this proposition upon a solid basis, to define all the terms, we must recollect what is the nature of man, in order to know what we are to understand by the pleasure and utility that is necessary for him. Man is an intelligent and mortal being: wherefore his pleasure and utility should be con-

ned with the nature of his being. It is therefore necessary to enquire in what manner this conformity is found in all the objects which we examine.

It may perhaps, be said the tendency of this reasoning is easily discovered; and that to support similar definitions, is overthrowing many ideas. But what other method is to be pursued, if we are willing to be disabused, and lay aside the custom of judging amiss? We shall have occasion for various examples to apply those principles which we have established.

The works of nature, besides the end which we have attributed to them, namely, the pleasure and use of mankind, have all of them one more, which is to serve in the glorification of their author. We shall not consider them here in this point of view; we suppose that they have obtained this superior destination, and we confine ourselves solely to the consideration of them as designed for the use of man.

We must, according to this idea, as we have already said, give them a proper rank in our esteem: but in order to observe the just degree of their merit, we should not seek for it in the immediate connection they have with our pleasures and  
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personal advantages; but in the influence which they have upon the common good of all mankind, and the share they have in the ornament and harmony of the whole world.

Thus the sun appears to us more estimable than a flower, a field covered with a plenteous crop more liable to excite gratitude, than a shrub in a garden. It is the same with respect to the other creatures, compared with one another, and according to their various uses.

But as, according to the works of nature, man forms a separate order, let us consider how we must judge with discernment of his figure or his humour, his genius or his projects. Suppose then we are to form our taste upon the character of a mind. If we at first study its essence and end, we shall discover immediately, according to our principles, that it is an intelligence superior to the senses, which, by its destination, should contribute to a happiness worthy of it as well as that of others. We will afterwards apply to this truth which we have discovered, the talents and qualities of this mind; and as far as these talents and qualities express the marks of truth, in the same degree should the object inspire esteem, and make an impression upon a man of good taste. For it is not sufficient that



that we find in this mind, extent, penetration, vivacity, and joyousness; he should examine whether these qualities, estimable in themselves, are actuated for the design of the subject in which they are placed.

Now, I maintain, that all men should universally think in the same manner upon the character of that man whom we examine; and that the diversity of tastes, if there be such, is accounted for only by the greater or less conformity which those who examine them find by their prejudices and other personal dispositions. It is proper to observe that this manner of examining objects, which appear dry and little interesting, does not prevent our feeling all that is agreeable in them. At the sight of a work of nature or of art, we are at liberty to touch upon what is agreeable & pleasant, provided we estimate it only at its proper value; that in these emotions of pleasure we preserve an idea of truth, and that the speculative principles constantly reign over the mind.

The qualities of an object, however badly suited to their destination, may by surprize inspire agreeable sentiments, which no way affect man's discernment, unless these sentiments are procured by an idea that is more advantageous than that  
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which seems to cause them. We should be ignorant of the human heart to believe that we can be diverted at a thing we do not regard.

A man who holds a frivolous diversion in no kind of esteem, and who nevertheless seems pleased with it, though he be acquainted with its vanity, has not a less refined taste, whilst he continues to form a proper judgment. But if he once considered this diversion as something very elegant, and he despised those who did not partake of it, condemning their taste upon this account, he would himself have a very bad one, as from this moment he would in this respect no longer entertain an idea of truth: wherefore his amusement which vitiated his taste would not arise from joy, but from the false idea he conceived of it. With respect to those things whereupon the taste is externally expressed, we may through politeness conform to those customs established by reasonable people of our time and country, reserving the right of judging ourselves according to the ideas of truth. But a man should never run directly counter to the opinions generally received, though they may be bad: people are nettled when even their prejudice are not treated with some kind of respect; and upon these occasions nothing is more consistent with good taste than politeness.

Moreover,

Moreover, there is much difference between a man who is prejudiced by a sudden natural impression and one who feels it, knowing the cause, and with an enlightened taste. The one blindly pursues his disposition, by which his intellects are often duped; a slave to his prejudices and vulgar opinions, he is driven in the stream of these foreign impulsions: whilst the other, who enjoys the privileges of reason, and whose sentiments cannot be misguided, as founded in truth, either leaves or pursues what affects him, esteems it only according to its value, and is not driven to the shame of receding from the admiration of what was not deserving of it.

It were needless to object that persons of excellent taste often entertain a liking for things without knowing what it is that recommends them. I acknowledge that the reasons are not always discovered why some particular objects please us; wherefore I at first defined a good taste to be an implicit judgment, because it supposes in an enlightened mind a knowledge independent of reflection, a determination without investigation; and if we consider whence arises our affection more for one sentiment than another, our judgment and reflection constantly trace the clue. Every man who is incapable of assigning a cause  
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for his taste, is absolutely unable to have a good, one.

It is necessary to have a perfect taste, not only to form a just idea of every thing, but also to be acquainted with the idea that is formed of it by others. Nothing is more easy than to perceive it; for the different impressions that objects make upon us may be reduced to three kinds of sentiments, esteem, indifference, and contempt. Taste declares for one of these three, without a formal definition qualified with the object in question. Thus in a story told by a person, we find if the tone of admiration, which he gives it agrees or not with the subject treated of; if his serious or jocular stile destroy or confirm the ideas that must be framed of it; this usually suffices to penetrate into the discernment of an infinite number of persons, and from this maxim an inference might be drawn, which would easily prove it.

Taste is liable to many errors, against which we should be upon our guard. I. The agreement of objects with our natural dispositions, inevitably form in us a physical prepossession. II. The interests of self love, either contradicted or flattered by an object, prevail over us, and determine the judgments we pass upon it. III. The least re-

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semblance

semblance between new objects and those which formed in us either pain or pleasure, leads to ancient traces, which recall our past taste, and makes us apply it to present objects: IV. The passions, which increase and disfigure all that is offered to our senses, create in us an infinite number of ideas which disguise truth and render us incapable of comparing objects with their proper destination. V. In fine, the same continued impression, however affecting and lively, becomes by degrees less sensible, and solely because it has continued for a length of time, it no longer awakens the same taste. The attractions of novelty are not more successful in recommending it: what pleases through them cannot long be agreeable, because it cannot long retain its novel influence. Now an object ceases to be new in our eyes, as soon as it loses its power of creating new ideas; and as soon as its appearance adds nothing to the sight, it no longer strikes or surprises.

Here are numerous shoals to be avoided, and which should induce us to be upon our guard with respect to our sentiments, and perfectly to distinguish their causes and origin, in order to ascertain whether they are inspired by truth.

But suppose that taste were not formed upon the idea of truth, that is to say, upon the relation between

tween the effence of objects, and their destination, there would then be no prejudice or opinion whereby the value of things would be estimated: for in this case why should one decision take place sooner than another? Every one would be at liberty to determine by saying it is my taste: as in the taste of sensation, where we boldly say, you like what is sweet, and I what is bitter, and in this I am equally right as yourself. Nearly the same reasoning would take place with regard to spiritual taste. For if it be not the idea of truth that pleases in the proportions of an edifice, its most disproportionate parts may please me, without my being liable to be accused of having a bad taste. My inclination, however extravagant it may be, will become a well received reason; because those who are fond of proportion are not invested with a better. All judgments would then be confused—all decisions would become arbitrary, and subject to the caprices of prejudiced minds; while neither beauty nor truth would be caught, but mere chimeras generated by fancy.

The idea of truth is then so far the sole rule to judge by, and the only scale whereby those sentiments should be proportioned on which taste is founded, that no others can be consulted, without admitting into different minds the most absurd

contradictions. For if, for instance, the passions are allowed to decide the merit of an object, what man would be debarred recurring to his own? One finds a person agreeable, because he continually receives kindness from him: another finds him detestable, because he is continually persecuted by him; which of these tastes is right? If we are to judge of a nation by their manners, to which should we give the preference, the English or the Ottomans? The one cultivates the sciences, the other neglects them; which are in the right? It may be said both equally, as they conform to the customary education of their country. This reply is not satisfactory. We should consider which of these practices agrees best with the nature and design of man—with an intelligent mortal being—with his utility and pleasure. This is the truth to be sought for to form a taste, and confer approbation to the one or the other. \*

It is the same with respect to temporary judgments. It is said we should transport ourselves to the time of Homer, to admire what is now agreeable to our taste in his poems. I acknowledge that after my imagination has performed this irksome journey, I do not return the least more satisfied. But without engaging in a long detail upon this subject, let us observe what occasionally relates to it. Doth

Doſt it agree with the eſſence of the divinity to aſt like Homer's gods? It will be answered, that the author cannot repreſent them but like what they were thought to be at that time. And to this I reply, that as at that period extravagant ideas were entertained of the divinity, I cannot reliſh extravagancies either in themſelves, or in the author who wrote them. But it is added, that juſtice ſhould at leaſt be done to his art; we ſhould admire the beauty and deſcription of his paintings, the variety of cadences in his expreſſions. I admire, if they will, all theſe traits in themſelves, but not in their application, or with regard to what they expreſs. I am ſenſible that in ſeveral groteſque deſigns, we may reliſh the ſkill of the artiſt; but if the painter gave them us for regular figures, I ſhould eſteem neither the work nor the workman.

Taſte may be inſpired by the representation of a portico; but it ſhould not then be ſaid that it was deſigned for a belfrey; for in this caſe we ſhould no longer be able to deſcry the idea of truth. Fiction, as it is expreſſed in poems of Homer, contributes neither to the real utility, or the real pleaſure of man. When I am deſirous of finding wholeſome morality and inſtructive allegories, I will not ſeek for them in his works; I know where to meet with much better and finer. Let who will  
then



then admire his poetical eloquence: when he employs it only in fictions, I no longer admire its use; or if there be any thing good in itself, by abstracting it from its application, it is nothing more than a vague ærial ornament. Besides the partizans of this poet would not be satisfied with so trifling an elogium upon him; they want one to have a taste for all the beauties of the design, all the wisdom of composition, for the boldness and justness of the comparisons, for the disposition of the narration; in a word, they would have one think his works should be regarded as the models of epic poetry. But of what is it to us that these should be any models for this kind of poetry? Would our minds be impoverished without epic poems? Is any great advantage to be derived from them to letters? Would the imagination be less joyous? I comprehend of what utility are models for history, treatises of politics and morality, and for the various kinds of eloquence; but an epic poem, which is no more than a series of indifferent and puerile fictions, doth not entitle its author to a rank superior to all others, or his production, consisting of frivolous events, to be compared to the majestic sublimity of holy writ. For to such excess have things been carried, that Homer's friends therefrom draw serious comparisons, which are really risible.

DUKE

*Duke of Bedford.*

THE foundation of the honours and riches, which appertain to this distinguished young nobleman, is somewhat curious, as the following incident will prove: When Philip, King of Castile, father of the Emperor Charles V. was forced by hard weather into Weymouth haven, he was hospitably received at the seat of Sir Thomas Trenchard, when a Mr. RUSSEL appeared as a principal guest. This gentleman being conversant in the languages of Europe, and accomplished in his manners, contributed highly to the entertainment of the strange Monarch; and in consequence his Majesty wrote to his friend Henry VII. telling him he had a young foldier in his realms who had lost an eye at the siege of Montreile, which was the fact, that would do honour to any court.—Henry, in consequence, sent for him, and ever held him in estimation; but the completion of his fortune was reserved for Henry VIII. who made him Comptroller of the Household & Privy Counsellor; and in 1538 created him LORD RUSSEL, and made him Keeper of the Privy Seal. On the dismembering of the Abbey Lands, some valuable acquisitions were allotted to *Lord Russel*; two mitted territories were among these gifts, *Tavistock* and

and *Thornhaugh*. On the death of Henry VIII. he was created by Edward VI. EARL OF BEDFORD. He died in 1554.

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## HEALTH.

**T**HOUGH good health be one of the greatest blessings of life, it is thought necessary prudently to caution women against making a boast of it, and exhort them to enjoy it in grateful silence. For men so naturally associate the idea of female softness and delicacy with a correspondent delicacy of constitution, that when a woman speaks of her great strength, her extraordinary appetite, and her ability to bear excessive fatigue, we recoil at the description in a way she is little aware of.

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## TACITUS.

**W**HAT the pen can do by engraving ideas, is yet unknown to us. A man shall write ten volumes, and yet saying nothing that will leave an impression on our minds, so as to read him again. Tacitus only writes two lines, and those two lines make us reflect for several days.

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Let us fancy a Tacitus, who should write during three ages on different subjects, with such a genius formed to combine the most distant coherences; we should soon see libraries vanish, whose books would be no longer distinguished from the walls. A pen equal to his, whose every word would raise several ideas, would cause many volumes to disappear, which our short sight still pry into. The writer who has made us conceive the empire one man could have over the whole, is no more. To know how to read him now-a-days, is perhaps no less a rare merit, than knowing how to write.

The mechanism of Tacitus, his style, is truly original. With him the ellipsis is very frequent; as he bounds from one object to another, he rarely touches more than the predominate points; his delicacies must be understood; he suppresses the intermediate ideas; he is an abstruse mind, that seems to have many points of sensibility at once.

It is certainly the impulse of a writer's mind that determines his language. The motion and measure of the expression form, as one may say, the action that discovers the sentiment more or less lively.

Tacitus, with bold precision, observes the unalterable order of ideas. It has been imagined his

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style

style was perpetually abrupt, but it is for want of well understanding him : by the help of conjunctions he manages great things; and when he perceives many connections, he chains by grammatical links, his phrases all depending one on the other, although governed by the primitive idea. His constructions are of the boldest capacity; and when he probes the inmost recesses of the tyrants' heart he imitates the sinuosities of their character, and his penetrating pen dives into the hidden recesses where their crimes lie concealed. The style of this great writer appears complex only because it is rich, rapid, vehement; that he at once gives philosophical and moral impulses; that he exposes the fibrous motives of human actions. Anatomise him, and you will constantly find him endowed with an easy and rapid energy. How natural is his disorder—how genuine his wit! His tongue moulds itself to his vigorous conceptions; and one would be inclined to think he borrows the veil of policy, whilst the writer, as the last stroke of his pencil, leaves the reader to form or finish reflection.

I will not here examine whether he gives the conduct of the Emperors the artifices of his own preceptions, and if mounted on the throne, he would not have been, if he had a mind, even as great a dissembler as Tiberius. He will have every  
action

action to proceed from a direct cause; he grants scarcely any thing to impulse, from hence it will result, a great deal of wit is necessary to be a bad emperor.

He saw clearly into the utmost recesses of the human heart; but he treats every thing as a politician; he always ascribes the depths of his own genius to characters who could not make such curious observations: one would imagine he looked upon nature and fortune as nothing, as he does not seem to entertain any idea of their power. He turns plain and common actions into subtle and complicated measures; he forgets that disposition sways our actions, and that in all the emotions of crowned heads, temper has a share. But it will be somewhat dangerous that a Prince should read, understand and perfectly comprehend Tacitus; it is the business of a private man to sift his author, and dive into his profound conceptions.

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ANEC-



A N E C D O T E

O F

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

**D**AVID GARRICK, Esq. some years ago, had occasion to file a bill, in the court of Chancery, against an attorney at Hampton, to set aside an agreement, surreptitiously obtained, for the purpose of an house there ; and while the late Edmund Hoskins, Esq. was preparing the draught of the bill, Mr. Garrick wrote him the following lines :

*To his Counsellor and Friend, Edmund Hoskins,  
Esq. Tom Fool sends greeting.*

On your care must depend the success of my suit,  
The contest I mean, 'bout the house in dispute ;  
Remember, my friend, an attorney my foe,  
And the worst of his tribe, tho' the best are *so so*.  
In law, as in life, I know well 'tis a rule,  
That a knave will be ever too hard for a fool ;  
To which rule one exception your client implores,  
That the fool may for once turn the knave out of  
doors.

ANEC-

## A N E C D O T E.

O F

## DIONYSIUS the YOUNGER.

**W**HEN Philip, King of Macedon invited Dionysius the younger to dine with him at Corinth, he felt an inclination to deride the father of his royal guest, because he had blended the characters of prince and poet, and had employed his leisure in writing odes and tragedies. "How could the king find leisure," said Philip, "to write these trifles?" "In those hours," answered Dionysius, "which you and I spend in drunkenness and debauchery."



## A N E C D O T E

O F

## The DUKE of BUCKINGHAM.

**T**HE Duke of Queensbury, in his journey to Scotland, heard that Buckingham lay at a certain Inn, not many miles from the road, in an illness from which he could not recover. His grace charitably paid the sick man a visit, and asked him if he would have a clergyman?

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" I look upon them," says Buckingham, " to be a parcel of filly fellows, who do not trouble themselves about what they teach."

Queensbury then asked, if he would have his chaplain, who was a Presbyterian: " No" said Bucks, " these fellows always make me sick with their whine and cant." Queensbury, taking it for granted that he must be of some religion, and of consequence a Roman Catholic, told him there was a Popish Lord in the neighbourhood, and asked him if he should send for a Priest. " No," says the dying man, these rascals eat God: but " if you know of any set of fellows that eat the Devil, I should be obliged to you if you would " send for one of them."

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## A C O M B A T

### Between LAW and PHYSICK.

**D**OCTOR SAUNDERS, some time since, going to his country house in his carriage, was delayed by a turnpike-man, who refused to take the sixpence tendered, saying, " it was a bad one," the doctor looking at it again would have that it was good, and upon the fellow's persisting bade his man drive on. The

The turnpike man directly seized the horses reins, when the coachman whipped him most unmercifully, till he was obliged to let go his hold. Doctor S. being known, an action was immediately commenced, but put aside in two courts by the eloquence or interest of the defendant.

However it was instantly renewed in another against the coachman, and not against the doctor. Here the plaintiff obtained a verdict of £30 damages, and cast the defendant in costs of suit. But, when he came to Doctor S. thinking he would pay for his servant, he found, unfortunately for him that the coachman, having fallen sick whilst the action was pending, had been put under the care of——, a friend of his master, in Guy's hospital, who had put him safe under the ground three days before! Thus *physick* got the better of *law*.

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VV ----- thought ----- my eyes,  
And midnight darkness shades the sky,  
Be hush'd, my soul ye moments stay,  
While I rejudge the guilty day.  
See conscience glares, more dreadful made  
By silence and the awful shade,  
She points her poignard to my breast,  
And bids my justice speak the rest.  
Then think, my soul, while Heav'n gives breath,  
And antidate the stroke of death!  
Reflect how swift the moments fly,  
Nor linger, unprepar'd to die!  
Pensive revolve, 'ere yet too late,  
The scenes of an eternal state,  
A series of unnumber'd years,  
Or crown'd with joys, or lost in tears,  
What awful hints these thoughts inspire,  
They chill the blood, they pall desire,  
They teach the soul her Heavenly birth,  
And banish all the pomps on earth,  
Here as in air a bubble tost.

Oh! what such folly can atone?  
Reason dejected from her throne;  
Let humble penitence restore,  
And bid my soul to err no more.  
All-clement thou, O God! all just,  
The good man's rock, the sinner's trust;  
Accept the blood my Saviour shed,  
To save from woe this guilty head.  
Oh! send thy life restoring grace,  
Effuse the lustre of thy face;  
From guilt and sorrow set me free,  
And guide me, till I come to thee.

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## DAMON. AND ARAMINTA;

OR, THE

### *Sentimental Lovers.*

ARAMINTA was endowed with the most precious gifts, wit, gracefulness, and beauty. With so many charms, and fifty thousand pounds, was it possible that she could fail to please? Her suitors soon were numerous. Beaus, lords, men of actual fortune, and others who were in expectation of one; in short, all who thought themselves amiable, (the number of which is great  
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enough) crowded to pay their homage to her. The simperings of the one, the studied compliments of the others, the manners of all, their speeches, their behaviour, amused her. How could they do more? Her judgment was as solid as her heart was tender: to please her, it was necessary to resemble her; and whole ages do not produce a soul like her's. She imagined, however, that she had found it in Erasmus. To a great deal of wit he joined a fine person. Long possessed of the talent of subduing the fair, he thought the conquest of Araminta wanting to crown his glory. He made his addresses to her, sighed, talked of love, was so seducing, and said things with so persuasive an air, that she was almost mistaken: but soon recovering herself, she saw through his motive. "No, Erasmus," said she to him, "you will not deceive me: vanity is the principle of all your actions: you never knew what love is, and nothing else can touch me. Erasmus withdrew: the part he was acting began to be irksome to him.

A few days after, Damon arrived from his travels. At an age when young people think of nothing but pleasure, study was his only occupation. Distinguished by his birth, heir to a considerable estate, handsome, and possessed of every qualification becoming a gentleman, all that knew  
him

him were astonished at his manifest dislike of the usual diversions of those of his years. It was not that his philosophy was either harsh or gloomy: he always dressed gaily, frequented the best of company, and even said sweet things to the ladies: it was customary so to do, and he complied with the custom. Though he had often declared that he was determined never to marry, he at the same time felt within himself that such a female as his heart desired, would easily make him alter that resolution. "To think (said he) of finding in this age a wife both handsome and affectionate, would be a mere chimera" His error did not last long: he saw Araminta: so many perfections made him feel sentiments which had to him the charms of novelty: he would have dissembled to himself that it was love." "I esteem her, I admire her," said he to one of his friends, "I will even own to you, that if her heart is as tender as her physiognomy and manners seem to speak it to be, I would wish no greater happiness than that of pleasing her; but how can I be sure of it? Appearances are so deceitful! Every thing, now-a-days, is sacrificed to coquetry." A few conversations unveiled to him Araminta's mind: he saw in it such delicate sentiments, so strong an aversion to trifles, so much solidity, so much virtue, that he soon became deeply smitten. Other sentiments

may be mistaken, but true love never can: the marks which characterize it are too remarkable to admit of doubt. Araminta felt the sweetness of being beloved. Damon's tenderness triumphed over her indifference ; she loved.

" Yes Damon," said she to him one day, " you have found the way to persuade me, you have found the way to please me, Why should I blush at owning it to you? But, for my satisfaction, for my repose, for my happiness, go, remove to a distance from hence for two years: if your sentiments are not altered by the end of that time, my hand shall be the reward of your constancy."

Damon remonstrated against the cruelty of his sentence, and every argument to induce her to repeal it, and complained of an excess of delicacy which would render him the most unhappy of men. " The putting of my love to a trial," said he, " implies a doubt of my sincerity." " It is endeavouring to secure the happiness of my life; I love too much, not to be beloved with equal ardour. My husband shall be my lover, and I will have in my lover as much constancy as delicacy." Damon replied, but could not gain any thing. Araminta persisted in her resolution. He set out. Araminta had placed in Damon's service a valet-de-chambre, who was quite devoted to her interest,

rest, and who was to inform her of all his master's actions.

When arrived at the town which he had chosen for his place of abode, he shut himself up in his habitation. If he went out sometimes, it was only to take a walk: the most unfrequented and most retired places were those which pleased him best: no friend, no acquaintance, no connection with any one: he seemed to have renounced all communication with mankind. His books and Araminta's letters were his only pleasures. He heard from her often; the most refined sentiments dictated what she wrote. How happy did he esteem himself in his misfortune, to be loved with such delicacy.

The young lady, regularly informed of the life her lover led, ceased not to applaud the choice she had made. "In an age when love is looked upon as no better than an amusement," said she sometimes to her friends, "in which frivolousness is become the appendage of both sexes, in which every thing is sacrificed to vanity, interest, and debauchery; am I not happy in having found a heart like that of Damon's? He alone knows how to love. How pure and serene will be the days which we shall enjoy together! What heart felt pleasures will follow our union! The tenderest reciprocal



reciprocal affection will give them birth, and love will crown all our desires."—The end of Damon's banishment grew near: he was on the point of seeing the long and ardently wished for moment, when he received a letter from Araminta couched in the following terms:

"I was not born to be happy: I have just now experienced it: from the most brilliant situation, I am at once fallen into the most shocking indigence. A misfortune, as sudden as it was unforeseen, has stripped me of all my riches. It is not them that I regret, I assure you; but have I not cause to complain of fate, which tears from me a so tenderly beloved lover? For to imagine that your love can be proof against such a stroke, would be flattering myself too much. Such delicacy of sentiments is no longer known; it would be unjust to require it. Poor is the resource which personal accomplishments afford, when they cease to be supported by money! What I have left, will just suffice to board me in the country; which, in the deplorable situation of my affairs, is the only step I can take: I shall there have time to bewail my misfortunes, to weep for the loss of my lover. Happy, if I can recover that tranquillity of mind, which will from henceforth be the object of my desires!"

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“ How happy am I, dear Araminta, cried Damon, when he had read this letter: “ I saw in you no fault whatever, but that of being too rich: a thousand times, yes, a thousand times have I wished that you had been born in the very bosom of poverty: I shall then have the extatic pleasure, the pleasure so divine to sensible hearts, of heaping wealth upon, of honouring, and of rendering happy the person whom I love. Let us away this moment, let us fly; love shall atone for injustice of fortune.”

He set out directly, animated with the pleasing hope of seeing again the dear object of all his tenderness. Araminta, informed of his departure, took the justest measures to carry on the stratagem which she had devised.

He found her busied in preparing, with her own delicate hands, a frugal repast. A room, which the sun hardly ever lighted, was her apartment, and in it was only a wretched bed, and a few old chairs. “ What occupation! what place of dwelling! Araminta,” cried he: “ dear Araminta, what a change is this! to how low an ebb has fortune reduced you! But, no; fortune cannot reduce you to less than your real value. Can any one do otherwise than admire such moderation,  
such

such fortitude, under so cruel and so sudden a blow? The greatness of your soul shines with splendour which far eclipses all the tinsel glittering of human grandeur. You thought me capable of sacrificing you to sordid interest. Ah! Araminta, did you do justice to my sentiments? Those eyes, those lovely eyes, the sweetness of which charms, enchants, transports into extasy: those finely framed features, that air, that presence, that shape, those graces, that sprightly wit, that solid sense, that heart superior to all praise; those are the riches which I esteem." "No, I will no longer complain of the rigours of fortune," replied Araminta; "I have on the contrary, cause to praise them. How sweet is it to me to be beloved with such delicacy!"

"How agreeable do your sentiments, dear Damon, flatter mine! Our hearts are made for each other: nothing but their re-union can render us happy; and had it not been for the (shall I call it happy or unhappy) event which has deprived me of all my riches, should I ever have tasted so pure a pleasure as that which I now feel? Too delicate, too fond, not to have created to myself imaginary pains, I should perhaps have imputed your love to a motive of interest. Thanks to fortune, my fears are banished, and my happiness

pinefs is fure ; at leaft I venture to flatter myfelf with that idea.”

What did Damon not do to exprefs to Araminta his extreme fenfibility of all her kind and endearing words? He fell at her feet : his fighs, fome tears, his filence, fpoke for him. In fuch a fituation as Damon’s was, filence is the moft pathetic eloquence. Nothing oppofed the happinefs of our two lovers : they both thought it time to feal it : the day was fixed for the celebration of their marriage. With what pleafure did Damon fee that fo wifhed-for a day arrived ! Every thing was ready for the ceremony, when Araminta was taken with a dizzinefs, the confequences of which were dreadful. The fmall-pox appeared upon her with the moft alarming fymptoms. Two days of illnefs brought her to the laft extremity. Damon is informed of Araminta’s danger ; he flies to her apartment, notwithstanding her ftrict command that he fhould not come near her then. In what a condition does he find her ! A livid palenefs, eyes which had loft all their livelinefs, a difficulty of breathing, all feemed to portend a speedy death. What a fight was this for a lover !—“ Ah ! Damon,” faid fhe, with a feeble and faltering voice, “ what have you done? Why have you difobeyed my orders? Why are

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you come to disturb my last moments? Your tenderness doubles my sufferings, by encreasing the love of life so natural to man. With what reluctance do I resign myself to the will of Heaven! Dear lover, dear husband, you alone possess all my thoughts, even in those moments when they ought to be far differently employed. How cruel is that idea of not seeing you again!" Too deeply afflicted to be able to complain, Damon could not utter a word. Dejectedness, anguish, tears, and heart-breaking sighs, spoke sufficiently for him.

Heaven took pity on his sufferings. After some days of alarms, Araminta began to mend, and there were hopes that she might recover. Her youth, and the goodness of her constitution saved her. What joy to Damon! With what transports did he receive the news of her recovery! It must be owned, pain always heightens the enjoyment of pleasure. The greater the fear of losing Araminta had been, the sweeter did the happiness of possessing her seem to Damon.

The young lady herself was not quite so contented: she was afraid for her beauty. Not that, like most women she devoted all her care, all her regard, and all her peace of mind, to so frivolous  
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an advantage: no, doubtless, Araminta thought too solidly to set any great value upon a thing so frail, upon a flower which the least breath of wind may fade: but that beauty secured to her the heart of a lover tenderly beloved, could she do otherwise than fear to lose him?

She was no sooner out of danger, than, not chusing to be seen by Damon in the condition she then was, she sent him word that she begged of him to let some time pass before he came to her again. Damon complained; but he loved, and consequently obeyed.

Araminta consulted her glass every day; it taught her whether she was to hope or fear. Her fluctuating between fear and hope ended. The mask which disfigured her face dropped off, and all her features re-appeared as fine as before: her complexion resumed its former delicacy, she never was so handsome.

"A thought comes into my head," said she one day to one of her friends, from whom she kept nothing secret, "you will think it a mad one; but I am determined to try it, be the consequence what it will: Damon loves me, I cannot doubt it: but if that love is founded on that little share of beauty ought I to expect to keep his heart long? It

is on the possession of that heart that the happiness of my life depends. Can I take too many precautions to be sure of it? I will not have a transient happiness; I should feel too deeply any change therein. Neither absence, nor the supposed loss of all my riches, have been able to alter Damon. Let us see whether his love will bear the loss of my beauty."—

In vain was it remonstrated to Araminta that this would be too severe a trial; that in building so high the fabric of her happiness, she ran a hazard of seeing the whole structure tumble down; that people become habituated to the figure of a person, and that the changes which happen to it are neither so great nor so sudden as to endanger what she apprehended; that at her age those changes were to be seen at so great a distance, that it was silly to be uneasy about them; that besides, Damon discovering every day in her a thousand amiable qualities, would not even perceive the diminution of her beauty: all was to no purpose. Immoveably fixed in her resolution, she wrote the following letter to Damon:

“ It is now that my misfortunes are past all remedy: fortune has at length exhausted upon me all her spite. That beauty which women prize so much;

much; that beauty which was so dear to me because I believed all your affection for me was owing to it, is for ever lost, and with it the hope of being Damon's bride. Cruel reflection! If you doubt the truth of what I say, let your own eyes convince you. May I yet depend upon your heart? I have nothing but love to offer you: will that be enough for Damon? It would be enough for the affectionate and unhappy Araminta."

"It will be enough for me too," cried Damon with transport; "your affection can alone crown all my wishes." He flies to Araminta's: she expects his coming; and had with drugs prepared for the purpose, and applied to her face, entirely altered her countenance. Damon did not know her, but by the emotion he felt. What a moment was this for Araminta! Her fate was going to be determined: she loved to distraction; could she be easy?

"No, Araminta," said Damon, "astonishingly amazing as this alteration is, it shall not produce any in me; I still am the same: wonderful as your beauty was, it was not that which charmed me: the excellencies of your mind, the sweetness of your temper, and, above all, that heart which would alone dispense you from any other merit; these



these were the objects which inspired me with a passion, which will not end but with my life. Defer then no longer the completion of my happiness; let the sacred rites of marriage unite us instantly." "It was too much, my dear Damon, answered Araminta, "it was too much: you shall be happy; deserve to be so; your heart is such as mine desires; nothing will from henceforth disturb our felicity; all that I have done, was only to try you: you shall judge yourself whether I am still worthy to please you." At these words she wiped off the kind of mask which disfigured her: never was she so beautiful. "What do I see!" cried Damon, transported with surprise: "Do you know that my delicacy does not at all relish the trick you have played me? You doubted then of my sincerity, and of the continuance of my love." "I did not doubt it, Damon; but I was afraid of losing your heart in losing my beauty: I now am satisfied, and completely happy. I will tell you more; the loss of my fortune was only an invention to try your love: I still am mistress of the same riches." "What! new subjects of complaint! Could you think me capable of being influenced by mercenary views? Ah, Araminta! did I deserve such suspicions?"

Love undertook Araminta's defence: nothing could be laid to her charge but too much delicacy:

cy ; she was soon justified in Damon's opinion : he fell at her knees, and besought her no longer to oppose his happiness. They were married the same day. Less husband and wife, than lovers, their union proved to them an inexhaustible source of pleasures.—In an age, in which men think they wrong themselves in loving their wives, Damon's affection was at first turned into ridicule, and a thousand insipid jokes were afterwards cut upon it. He stood them, and a general esteem succeeded the ill-placed raillery.—Such is the usual effect of virtue. Damon was ever after looked upon as the model of lovers, and of husbands.



T H E

## FATAL SEPARATION.

**T**HAT peace is a blessing of inestimable value, and that war is a calamity deeply to be deplored, every man who feels the slightest emotions of philanthropy in his bosom, must readily allow. What mournful scenes in private families have the flames of war already occasioned ! How many more such scenes may justly be apprehended ! During the last American war, an amiable girl, the daughter of an ingenious manufacturer in the  
north

north of England, had such strong prepossessions in favour of a young man, the son of a reputable neighbour of the same profession, that she looked upon him as absolutely necessary to her happiness; and her attachment to him was accompanied with the most pleasing reflections, as she discovered in every part of his behaviour the most flattering regard from her. Charles and Sally (their first names are of no consequence) were not only fondly attached to each other, but felt a considerable addition to their mutual satisfaction by the approbation of their respective parents; who, with an equal desire to form a family alliance, soon proceeded to lay a foundation for their future felicity.

When the fathers, on both sides, had settled every thing of the pecuniary kind, for the advantage of their children, they permitted them to make preparations for their wedding.

This intelligence was received by the affectionate couple with all the pleasure expected from the communication of it; and they both behaved in the most filial manner upon the animating occasion. So exemplary indeed, was their whole deportment, that it is not easy to say whether the father of Sally, or the father of Charles, were the most parentally delighted.

Sally,

Sally, assisted kindly by a mother who was unexceptionable in the character of a wife, in providing what was necessary for her setting out in a new style, received also from that mother what was of no small importance to her; a great deal of wholesome advice.

Some of her admonitions, though trite, may be read with profit by many of the young women of the age, on the point of matrimony; by those especially who are so well satisfied with their abilities for the conduct of a married life, as to suppose any conjugal instructions affronts to their understandings.

In the following language, Sally was, one day, addressed by her mother, a plain, sensible woman, who without the self-sufficiency and affectation of a fine lady was intrinsically of more worth than half the fine ladies in Kent or Christendom.

You are now, my dear, going to be your own mistress, and I have so good opinion of you as to believe that you will pride yourself on being a good wife. I believe too, that you very well know the behaviour proper for a wife in every situation: but though I have such a favourable opinion of you, I cannot help mentioning a few particulars relating to a woman's behaviour to the

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man she marries, which well deserve your consideration—In the first place, my dear Sally, make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the temper of your lover, as you are inseparably united to him (for no man's temper can be thoroughly known before marriage) and accommodate your own to all its various changes, so that he may never have reason to charge you with having put him out of humour, Secondly, endeavour to make him place an unlimited confidence in you; and when you have gained that point, take every opportunity to do something to encrease his dependence on your discretion. Thirdly, be particularly attentive to every thing committed to your care; and in the management of your domestic affairs let your husband see that you study to act agreeable to his judgment, and to give him satisfaction.

These admonitions, with several others, equally well intended, were heard with patience. and remembered with pleasure: and it is highly probable that Sally would have squared her conduct after marriage, by them, had her wishes been compleated.

While Charles and Sally were preparing, with equal alacrity, to enter into the state to which their inclinations strongly led them, the latter met  
with

with a considerable disappointment, in consequence of the unlooked for behaviour of the former; which shocked her spirits to such a degree, that her health was evidently injured by it.

Charles, having received a letter from a young fellow of his acquaintance, a town's-man, an Ensign in one of the regiments sent to reinforce the army in America, was so animated by the account he gave of our success there, and with the encouragement given to all those who had distinguished themselves by their courage or conduct, that he felt himself seized with the military fever, and ardently longed to "bind his brows with victorious wreaths."

Charles, under the influence of his passion now appeared in a very romantic light to all his relations, and most of his friends, as he seemed not, setting aside his personal prowess, to be properly qualified for a soldier's life, his new passion, however, did not weaken the force of his attachment to his Sally, but all which even she could urge in order to prevent the needless exposure of his person in a remote country, was not forcible enough to make him give up his martial designs: he offered, indeed, to marry her before he embarked a volunteer to the American continent: but she

chose rather to wait for his return to his native land, than to undergo the double anxieties of a fond mistress, and a widowed wife. She had no doubts of his fidelity; but she had many, innumerable fears for his safety. With sighs she saw him wave his hand to her while he was under sail; and when her strained eyes could no longer perceive, with distinctness, the handkerchief which she had herself worked for him, she was conveyed, bathed in tears to her father's house, unable to support the pangs of separation. There her confederate, and much affected parents, did all in their power to console her, and hoped to alleviate the weight of her tender sorrows, by reminding her of his parting expressions.—“Be assured, my dearest Sally, (said he, when he took leave of her,) that I shall do nothing during my absence from you, to make you ashamed of your choice; and that I shall return with transports to your affectionate arms, when I have merited the applause of my king, by contributing to the defeat of his enemies.”

The repetition of these spirited expressions only served to render Sally more afflicted; for knowing her lover had a large share of that sort of courage which borders upon temerity, she could not think of his putting himself under military discipline, without supposing at the same time, that his intrepidity

pidity would hurry him with a precipitance more to be admired than commended, unto dangerous situations.

With an impatience not to be described, Sally waited for news from her Charles, who had promised to write to her as soon as he came to New York, where he intended to land, having letters of recommendation in his pocket to several merchants in that town.

In a short time after Charles' departure from England, the father of Sally, in consequence of his connection with a bold adventurer, was reduced to a very distressful state. In that state, however, he was visited by an opulent gentleman, who promised to restore him to his former prosperity, if he would give him his daughter in marriage; who was, he said, absolutely necessary to his happiness, and who had positively, he also said, refused to comply with his solicitations. Poor Sally was now plunged into a new affliction; and a severe conflict did she endure between her love for Charles and her filial affection.

While she was in this perplexing condition, a letter came to her father from one of his American correspondents, which informed him that Charles had fallen in the first battle that was fought after his arrival.

Sally



Sally wept bitterly when this melancholy intelligence was imparted to her; but hearing in a few minutes afterwards, that her father was on the point of being sent to prison, she consented to marry the man whose generous offers she had rejected. Scarce had Sally been married a "little month," when Charles returned, not only full of health, and full of love, but with a considerable share of military reputation. He had not fallen in the field of battle; but it was the death of an officer of his name, which had occasioned the information received by the father of his mistress concerning him.

The first news which Charles heard upon his return to England, was the marriage of his Sally; the first news which she heard of it almost unbinged her intellects. His return indeed, proved very unfortunate both to her and himself: it plunged her into a torpid state, which deprived her of all relish for existence; and it drove him into a life of ebriety, for the dispersion of reflections not to be supported: from which he was, it is true soon released, but in a manner greatly lamented by all who loved and esteemed him—by his own rash hand.

ANEC-

( 199 )

## ANEC DOTE

OF

### DEAN SWIFT.

**I**N the year 1726, Swift attended the levée of Sir Robert Walpole, at Chelsea, where he sat down by the door, and drew the notice of the company by that singularity. Nobody knew him till Sir Robert entered, and went up to him very obligingly, Swift, without rising up, or other address, said, "For God's sake, Sir Robert, take me out of that cursed country, and place me somewhere in England." 'Mr. Dean,' (said Sir Robert) 'I should be glad to oblige you, but I fear removing you will spoil your wit. Look at that tree; (pointing to one under the window) 'I transplanted it from the hungry soil of Houghton to the Thames side, but it is good for nothing here! The company laughed, and the Doctor hurried off without reply.

ANEC-



the Royal Patient might with safety venture to the Opera House, gave his decided negative. The Prince was dissatisfied with the Doctor's mandate, at the same time assured him, no exertion on his part would be requisite, as he intended going in a *Domino*. The stern and inexorable doctor, still persisting in his opinion, added, that he would not answer for the consequence of such imprudence, it might occasion his Royal Highness's death; upon which the Prince immediately said, "*Beati sunt illi, qui moriuntur in Domino.*"

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A N

## ODE on SCIENCE,

By DEAN SWIFT.

OH heavenly born! in deepest cells  
 If fairest science ever dwells  
     Beneath the mossy cave;  
 Indulge the verdure of the woods;  
 With azure beauty gild the floods,  
     And flowery carpets lave;  
 For melancholy ever reigns  
 Delighted in the sylvan scenes  
     With scientific light;

While

the one-eyed; he asked for a dish of chocolate, and the landlord answered him politely, that it would be ready in a moment. While he waited for it as the coffee-house was empty, he walked up and down, and was conversing on different subjects, when the daughter of the house, a very pretty girl, came down stairs: the count wished her a good day, the ordinary salutation in France, and said to her father, that it was time for her to be married. "Alas!" replied the old man, if I had a thousand crowns, I could marry her to a handsome young man who is fond of her; but the chocolate is ready." The Emperor having drank and paid, asked for paper, pen, and ink; the girl runs to fetch them, having no idea how they were to be employed; Count Falkenstein gave her an order on his banker for six thousand livres.



## A N E C D O T E

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### The PRINCE of WALES.

**P**REVIOUS to the last masquerade at the King's theatre, his Royal Highness was so seriously indisposed as to require the attendance of Dr. Reynolds, who, upon being asked whether

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Drive thralldom with malignant hand,  
To curse some other destin'd land

By folly led astray :

Ierne bear on azure wing;  
Energic let her soar and sing

Thy universal sway.

So when Amphion bade the lyre  
To more majestic sound aspire,

Behold the madding throng,

In wonder and oblivion drown'd,  
To sculpture turn'd by magic sound,  
And petrifying song.



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A N E C D O T E.

“MY LORD, (said a prig of a sheriff once to Judge Burnet, on the circuit) there is a white bear in our town; your lordship, be sure, will go and see him: shall I have the honour to attend your lordship?”

“Why,” replied the judge “I am afraid it cannot be; because, you know, Mr. Sheriff, the bear and I both travel with trumpets: and it has  
never

ing, he could not think of accepting it; and, saluting her, assured her he was amply repaid for any little attentions he had been able to shew her. Such an anecdote relieves one's mind amidst the horrors of war, and speaks much in favour of our gallant countryman.

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## HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

ALEXANDER SEVERUS, the Roman emperor, was by nature liberal, and by principle an œconomist; affable in his manners, frugal in his diet, and simple in his dress. The majesty of the empire, says he, is to be supported by virtue, and not by the ostentation of riches. This prince would never suffer any office of trust or power to be sold, remarking that he who bought by wholesale, must sell by retail.

When some merchants made application to him for a piece of ground which the Christians had set apart for building a church on, he replied, it was of much more consequence that God should be adored in any manner, than that merchants should have any particular spot assigned them in preference to another, to carry on their commerce.

## GRATITUDE.

*A Mark of true Magnanimity : Exemplified  
in the History of Topal Osman.*

**T**OPAL OSMAN, who had received his education in the Seraglio, being in the year 1698, about the age of twenty five, was sent with the Sultan's orders to the Bashaw of Cairo. He travelled by land to Saed; and, being afraid of the Arabs who rove about plundering passengers and caravans, he embarked on board a Turkish vessel, bound to Damietta, a city on the Nile. In this short passage they were attacked by a Spanish privateer, and a bloody action ensued. Topal Osman gave here the first proofs of that intrepidity, by which he was so often signalized afterwards: The crew, animated by his example, fought with great bravery; but superior numbers at last prevailed, and Osman was taken prisoner, after being dangerously wounded in the arm and thigh. Osman's gallantry induced the Spanish captain to pay him particular regard: but his wounds were still in a bad way when he was carried to Malta, whether the privateer went to refit. The wound in his thigh was the most dangerous, and he was lame of it ever after; for which he had the name of Topal or Cripple. At that time Vincent Arnaud,

naud, a native of Marseilles, was commander of the port of Malta, who, as his business required, went on board the privateer, so soon as she came to anchor. Osman no sooner saw Arnaud, than he said to him, can you do a generous action? Ransom me, and take my word, you shall lose nothing by it. Such a request from a slave in chains was uncommon; but the manner in which it was delivered, made an impression upon the Frenchman; who turning to the Captain of the privateer, asked what he demanded for the ransom. He answered one thousand sequins (near five hundred pounds) Arnaud, turning to the Turk, said, I know nothing of you; would you have me risk one thousand sequins on your bare word? Each of us act in this, replied the Turk, with consistency, I am in chains, and therefore take every method to recover my liberty; and you may have reason to distrust a stranger. I have nothing at present but my word to give you; nor do I pretend to assign any reason why you should trust to it. I can only say, that, if you incline to act a generous part, you shall have no reason to repent." The commander upon this, went to make his report to the Grand Master, Don Perellos. The air with which Osman delivered himself, wrought so upon Arnaud, that he returned immediately on board the Spanish vessel, and agreed with the cap-



tain for six hundred sequins, which he paid as the price of Osman's liberty. He put him on board a vessel of his own, and provided him a surgeon, with every thing necessary for his entertainment and cure. Osman had mentioned to his benefactor, that he might write to Constantinople for the money he had advanced; but finding himself in the hands of a man who had trusted so much to his honour he was emboldened to ask another favour; which was to leave the payment of the ransom entirely to him. Arnaud discern'd, that in such a case things were not to be done by halves, He agreed to the proposal with a good grace; and shewed him every other mark of generosity and friendship.

Accordingly Osman, so soon as he was in a condition, set out again upon his voyage, The French colours now protected him from the privateers. In a short time he reached Damietta, and sailed up the Nile to Cario. No sooner was he arrived there, than he delivered one thousand sequins to the master of the vessel, to be paid to his benefactor Arnaud, together with some rich furs; and he gave the master of the vessel himself five hundred crowns, as a present. He executed the orders of the Sultan his master with the Bashaw of Cario; and setting out for Constantinople, was

was the first who brought the news of his slavery. The favour received from Arnaud, in such circumstances, made an impression upon a generous mind too deep to be eradicated. During the whole course of his life, he did not cease, by letters and other acknowledgments, to testify his gratitude.

In the year 1715 war was declared between the Venetians and Turks. The grand Vizir, who had projected the invasion of the Morea, assembled the Ottoman army near the isthmus of Corinth, the only pass by which this peninsula can be attacked by land. Topal Osman was charged with the command to force the pass; which he not only executed successfully, but afterwards took the city of Corinth by assault. For this service he was rewarded by being made a Bashaw of two tails. The next year he served as lieutenant-general under the grand Vizir, at the siege of Corfu, which the Turks were obliged to abandon.

Osman staid three days before the place, to secure and conduct the retreat of the Ottoman troops. In the year 1722 he was appointed Seraskier (general in chief) and had the command of the army in the Morea. When the consuls of the different nations came to pay their respects, to him in this quality, he distinguished the French

by peculiar marks of friendship and protection. Inform Vincent Arnaud, says he, that I am fonder of my new dignity, as it enables me to serve him. Let me have his son in pledge of our friendship; and I will charge myself with making his fortune." Accordingly Arnaud's son went into the Morea, and the Seraskier not only made him presents, but granted him privileges and advantages which soon put him in a way of acquiring an estate. Topal Osman's parts and abilities soon raised him to a greater command. He was made a Bashaw of three tails, and Beglerberg of Romania, one of the greatest governments in the Empire, and of the greatest importance, by its vicinity to Hungary.

His residence during his government was at Nyssa. In the year 1727, Vincent Arnaud and his son waited on him there, and were received with the greatest tenderness. Laying aside the bashaw and governor, he embraced them, caused them to be served with sherbet and perfumes, and made them sit on the same sofa with himself; an honour but rarely bestowed by a bashaw of the first order, and hardly ever to a christian. After these marks of distinction, he sent them away loaded with presents. In the great revolution which happened at Constantinople, Anno 1730  
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the grand Vizier Ibrahim perished. The times were so tumultuary, that one and the same year had seen no fewer than three successive Vizirs. In September 1731 Topal Osman was called from his government to fill this place; which being the highest in the Ottoman empire, and perhaps, the highest that any subject in the world enjoys, is always dangerous, and was then greatly so.

He no sooner arrived at Constantinople to take possession of his new dignity, than he desired the French Ambassador to inform his old benefactor of his advancement; and that he should hasten to Constantinople while things remained in the present situation adding that a grand Vizir seldom kept long in his station. In the month of January 1732 Arnaud with his son, arrived at Constantinople from Malta, bringing with them variety of presents, and twelve Turks whom he had ransomed from slavery, these by command of the Vizir, were ranged in order before him. Vincent Arnaud, now seventy-two years old, with his son, was brought before Topal Osman, grand vizir of the Ottoman empire. He received them in the presence of the great officers of state, with the utmost marks of affection. Then turning to those about him and pointing to the ransomed Turks: "Behold, says he, these your brethren, now enjoying

joying the sweets of liberty, after having groaned in slavery: this Frenchman is their deliverer. I was myself a slave; loaded with chains, streaming in blood, and covered with wounds: this is the man who redeemed and save me; this is my master and benefactor: to him I am indebted for life, liberty, fortune, and every thing I enjoy. Without knowing me, he paid for me a large ransom, sent me away upon my bare word, and gave me a ship to carry me. Where is there a Mussulman capable of such generosity?" While Osman was speaking, all eyes were fixed on Arnaud who held the grand Vizir's hands closely locked between his own: the Vizir then asked both father and son many questions concerning their situation and fortune, heard their answers with kindness and attention, and then ended with an Arabic sentence *Alla Herim* (the providence of God is great,) he made, before them, the distribution of the presents they had brought, the greatest part of which he sent to the Sultan, the Sultana mother and the Kissler Aga (chief of the black Eunuchs). Upon which the two Frenchmen made their obedience and retired.

After this ceremony was over, the son of the grand Vizir took them to his apartments, where he treated them with great kindness. Sometime before they left Constantinople, they had a conference

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ence in private with the Vizir, who divested himself of all state and ceremony. He let them understand, that the nature of his situation would not permit him to do as he desired, since a minister ever appears in the eyes of many, to do nothing without a view to his own particular interest; adding that a Bashaw was lord and master in his own province, but that the grand Vizir at Constantinople had a master greater than himself. He caused them to be amply paid for the ransom of the Turks; and likewise procured payment of a debt which they had looked on as desperate, he also made them large presents in money, and gave them an order for taking a loading of corn at Salonica: which was likely to be very profitable, as the exportation of corn from that Port had been for a long time prohibited. As his gratitude was without bounds, his liberality was the same. His behaviour to his benefactor demonstrated that greatness of soul which displayed itself in every action of his life. And this behaviour must appear the more generous, when it is considered what contempt and aversion the prejudices of education create in a Turk against a christian.

THE

T H E  
F R I E N D.

**T**HE fastest Friend the world affords  
Is quickly from me gone ;  
Faithless behold him turn his back,  
And leave me all alone !

“ My friend, sincerely yours *till death* :”  
The world no further goes ;  
Perhaps, while *earth to earth* is laid,  
A tear of pity flows.

Be thou, my *Saviour* then my *friend*,  
In thee my soul shall trust,  
Who false will never prove in death,  
Nor leave me in the dust.

Home while my other friends return,  
All solemn, silent, sad,  
With thee my flesh shall rest in hope,  
And all my bones be glad.

TO



TO  
SUBDUE PRIDE.

**C**ONSIDER what you shall be. Your flesh returns to corruption and common earth again; nor shall your dust be distinguished from the meanest beggar or slave; no, nor from the dust of brutes and insects, or the most contemptible of creatures. And as for your soul, that must stand before God, in the world of spirits, on a level with the rest of mankind, and divested of all your haughty and flattering circumstances. None of your vain distinctions in this life shall attend you to the judgment-seat. Keep this tribunal in view, and pride will wither, and hang down its head.

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A N E C D O T E

OF

*Duc De Guisè, called Le Balafre.*

**I**N 1640, the Parliament of Paris gave this distinguished prince the noble title of "the preserver of his country;"—an honourable title, which his eminent qualities of mind and of body well deserved, had they not been tarnished with insolence and ambition.

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At the battle of Renti, M. de St. Fal, one of his lieutenants, advancing too hastily towards the enemy, he gave him a stroke with his sword upon his helmet, and stopped him. After the battle, the Duke being told that St. Fal was much hurt at the affront he supposed himself to have received, sent for him to the King's tent, in which were the sovereign and the principal general officers, and told him, " M. de St. Fal you are offended, I find, at the blow which I gave you for advancing too hastily ; but it is surely much better, that I should have given it to you to make you stop, than to make you advance. The blow is surely more honorable than disgraceful to you. I ask the opinion of these gentlemen." They one and all declaring, that a blow given to repress an excess of ardour, and of courage, conferred more honor than disgrace. St. Fal was satisfied.

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T H E  
G E N E R O U S R I V A L .  
A T A L E .

**I** HAVE always been of opinion, that those harmless delusions which have a tendency to promote happiness, ought, in some measure, to be cherished. The airy visions of creative fancy, serve

serve to divert the mind from grief, and render less poignant the bitter stings of misfortune. Hope was given to man, to enable him to struggle with adversity; and, without her cheering smile, the most trifling distress would cut the thread of life. It was this fascinating deity that eased the love-lorn Edwin's fears: her gentle whispers soothed each froward care, and extended his view to scenes of fancied bliss—to that unhappy moment when propitious fortune should present him with the hand of Laura. Pleasing delusion! delightful thought! that made the moment of separation less painful, that soothed the rugged front of peril, and softened the rude aspect of terrific war.

Edwin was the son of a merchant of some repute in the metropolis: at the commencement of the present war, he received an appointment in the army, and was soon after sent with his regiment to the continent.

Laura was the daughter of a banker of considerable eminence, a member of the British senate, and possessed of a very extensive fortune.

The attachment that subsisted between these young people was unknown to Laura's father, the proud, imperious Mr. Dalby, who expected to marry her to some person of distinction; or at least,

with one who was equal in point of wealth to himself. For this purpose, he invited the most wealthy part of the senate, peers and commons, to his splendid mansion at the west end of the town; having totally deserted that which had been for many generations the residence of his ancestors, in the east.

Miss Dalby possessed, in an eminent degree, the beauties of the mind, as well as those of the person; which, exclusive of her fortune, were sufficiently attractive to a man of sense and discernment. Many of these visitors became candidates for her election: most of them, however were rejected by her father, to whom she was enjoined to report the name and rank of each person who addressed her on the score of love. Some, the most wealthy, she was instructed to flatter with hopes of being the happy man; reserving her affections for him whom the venal parent should select to be her husband. It was some time before Dalby could fix his choice, which long hung suspended between an Earl and a Viscount, of nearly equal fortune: at length, the appearance of a ducal coronet banished from his mind both the one and the other; and he vainly flattered himself, in future to address his daughter by the high sounding title of— *Your Grace*.

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The young Duke Delancy, led by curiosity to behold the lady who was thus exposed to sale—for it seems, the intention of Mr. Dalby was generally known—became enamoured of her person; and, on conversing with her, found her every thing he could wish. He instantly made proposals to Mr. Dalby; which, it is almost needless to say, were as instantly accepted. His grace, knowing that the consent of the daughter would avail him but little, without possessing that of the father, had not discovered to Laura the partiality he entertained for her; but having, as he imagined, secured the main chance, made a formal declaration of his love.

Laura listened with profound attention to the impassionate assurance of affection of the noble duke; and when he paused, in expectation of receiving a confirmation of his hopes, she raised her blushing eyes, wet with the tears of anguish, from the ground; and thanking him for the honour he intended her, candidly acknowledged the pre-engagement she was under to the absent Edwin.

Charmed with her candour, and interested by her artless tale, he determined to resign his pretensions, and support the cause of the young soldier.

Laura had preserved a regular correspondence  
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with her lover; and he was, therefore, but too well informed of the desperate situation of his suite. He longed to fly to the arms of his mistress, but scorned to desert his post. At length, fortune gave him an opportunity of realizing his wishes, at a moment when he least expected it. The Republican army suddenly attacked, in great force, the allied troops: an obstinate battle ensued, in which Edwin particularly distinguished himself; the enemy were completely routed; and the young soldier, for the courage he displayed in the action, was sent to England with the glad tidings of victory. Having delivered the dispatches with which he had been charged, he hastened to the house of Mr. Dalby; and, gained admittance, ran up stairs into the drawing-room, where he discovered his noble rival with the mistress of his heart. His sudden and unexpected appearance threw the lovely Laura into some disorder; and it was with much difficulty she retained spirits sufficient to meet her lover's fond embrace.

At this critical moment, Mr. Dalby entered the room; having from his study seen an officer cross the hall, and ascend the staircase. The words, "My dear, dear Laura! and do I once more behold thee in my arms?" from the enraptured Edwin,

win, caught the ears of the astonished Dalby, who stood fixed and motionless, mute, and almost discrediting the organs both of sight and hearing. "Had I known, Sir," said his Grace, who beheld with as much pleasure and delight the agitation of Dalby, as the happiness of the youthful pair, "that the affections of your daughter had been placed on another object, I should not have offered the smallest violence to her inclination.

"My Lord—my Lord!" stammered out the enraged parent, "she is under no such engagement as you suppose" Then stepping up to Edwin—"And, pray, who the devil are you, Sir? Some fortune-hunter, I suppose! but you have missed your mark, young man: be pleased, therefore, to leave my house, and, if you venture here again, I shall find means—"

"My dear father!" said Laura, interrupting him, "you surely forget yourself! The gentleman whom you thus rudely threaten, is our neighbour's son, Mr. Langley, the West India merchant, in Lombard street.

"Mr. Langley's son!"

"Yes, Sir, returned Edwin;" and, though not blessed with equal fortune with yourself, I have yet sufficient to support the rank of a gentleman. I  
love

love your daughter; I long have loved her; and she has taught me to believe that she returns my affection. I ask no fortune; give me my Laura, and dispose of your wealth in whatever manner you please!"

"Very romantic, faith!—And pray, fellow, do you know who you speak so freely to?"

O, very well, Sir!

"That I am George Dalby, Esq. a member of the house of commons?" Edwin bowed. "And that I have an estate, free and unincumbered—look you, Sir, free and unincumbered—that netts 10,000*l.* a year!"

"To none of these acquisitions am I stranger, Sir" returned Edwin.

"And you, Laura, will you so far disgrace yourself and me, to throw yourself away on a dry falter's son?—A fortune hunter!—A beggar!"

"A what, Sir!" interrupted Edwin, with much warmth. "But I forgot myself—you are my Laura's father!"

"Sir, said Laura, "I confess that I entertain a partiality for Edwin. I know his worth; and will  
renounce

renounce all titles, rank and distinction, wealth and pleasure, to live the partner of his life !”

“ Then, by heaven ! as I know my worth, I will renounce you for ever ! and, hence with your paramour ! —— you shall never more enter my doors !”

“ Be it so,” said the Duke, “ mine are open to receive them ! My house, my home, my fortune, all are theirs ; they shall use them at their pleasure ; they shall live in ease, in competence, and enjoy the pleasures of their loves : while mad ambition, insatiate avarice, and increasing pride, shall torture you with never-ceasing pangs, and embitter every future moment of your life !”

The disappointed, mercenary parent, flew, with bitter imprecations, from his tormentors ; the lovers retired with their noble patron, and after having spent several days in a fruitless attempts to gain the consent of Dalby, were united in the holy bands of wedlock. Edwin has since, from his professional merit, and the interest of his grace, attained a distinguished rank in the army ; and the dislike of Mr. Dalby to his daughter’s choice has decreased, in proportion as he is risen to distinction. Several interviews have taken place, through the medium of their noble friend, and it is be-



lieved that time will root from the mind of Mr. Dalby every unfavourable impression the want of fortune in his son-in-law occasioned; and that Edwin and Laura will, at last, become the heirs of his immense property.

The union of this amiable pair has been blessed with two fine boys; and this increase of family has enlarged their happiness: they still continue to receive the notice of his grace, whom they consider as the author of their felicity, and invariably distinguished him by the appellation of *The Generous Rival*.

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## MARRIAGE.

**M**ARRIAGE is certainly a condition, upon which the happiness or misery of life does very much depend; more than indeed most people think before hand. To be confined to live with one perpetually, for whom we have no liking and esteem, must certainly be an uneasy state. There had need be a great many good qualities to reconcile a constant conversation with one, where there is some share of kindness, but without love, the very best of all good qualities will never make a constant conversation easy and delightful. And  
whence

whence proceed those innumerable domestic miseries, that plague and utterly confound so many families, but from want of love and kindness in the wife or husband; from these come their neglect and careless management of affairs at home, and their profuse extravagant expences abroad. In a word, it is not easy, as it is not needful, to recount the evils that arise abundantly, from the want of conjugal affection only. And since this is so certain, a man or woman runs the most fearful hazard that can be, who marries without this affection in themselves, and without good assurances of it in the other.

Let you love advise before you chuse, and your choice be fixed before you marry. Remember the happiness or misery of your life depends upon this one act, and that nothing but death can dissolve the knot.

A single life is doubtless preferable to a married one, where prudence and affection do not accompany the choice; but where they do, there is no terrestrial happiness equal to the married state.

There cannot be too near an equality, too exact an harmony betwixt a married couple; it is a step of such a weight as calls for all our foresight and penetration, and, especially the temper and edu-

cation must be attended to. In unequal matches the men are generally more in fault than the women, who can seldom be chusers.

Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less  
To make your fortune than your happiness.

Marriages founded on affection are the most happy. Love (says Addison) ought to have shot its roots deep, and to be well grown before we enter into that state. There is nothing which more nearly concerns the peace of mankind—it is his choice in this respect on which his happiness or misery for life depends.

Though Solomon's description of a wife and good woman, may be thought too mean and mechanical for this refined generation, yet certain it is, that the business of a family is the most profitable and honourable study they can employ themselves in.

The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady is when she has in her countenance, mildness; in her speech, wisdom; in her behaviour, modesty; and in her life, virtue. Better is a portion in a wife, than with a wife. An inviolable fidelity, good humour, and complacency of temper in a wife, outlive all the charms of a fine face,

face, and make the decays of it invifible. The fureft way of governing both a private family and a kingdom, is, for a husband and a prince to yield at certain times fomewhat of their prerogative.

A good wife, fays Solomon, is a good portion; and there is nothing of fo much worth as a mind well inftructed.

Sweetnefs of temper, affection to her husband, and attention to his interests, conftitute the duties of a wife, and form the bafis of matrimonial felicity. The idea of power on either fide, fhould be totally banifhed. It is not fufficient, that the husband fhould never have occafion to regret the want of it; the wife muft fo behave, that he may never be confcious of poffeffing it.

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## A N E C D O T E.

A HOUSEKEEPER being fummoned to ferve upon the grand jury, under the description of his being a *hop-merchant*, when he came into court, he declared himfelf ineligible to the office, fince he could fafely fwear he fhould not be poffeffed of three hundred pounds, when all his debts were paid; faying the law therefore would not admit

admit of his serving upon the jury. The court expressed some surprize that a man in so capital a line of trade as that of a *hop-merchant*, should avow himself in such indifferent circumstances; when the party summoned explained the mistake, by saying, that though he had been usually honoured among his convivial friends with the appellation of a *hop merchant*, he was in reality nothing more than a *Dancing Master*!

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## ANECDOTE

O F A

## CARPENTER.

A HUMOROUS fellow, a carpenter, being subpoena'd as a witness, on a trial for an assault; one of the counsel who was given very much to brow-beating the evidence, asked him what distance he was from the parties when he saw the defendant strike the plaintiff? The carpenter answered, "Just five feet, five inches and a half." "Prithee, fellow," says the counsel, "how is it possible you can be so exact as to the distance?" "Why, to tell you the truth," says the carpenter, "I thought, perhaps, that some fool or other might ask me, and so I measured it."

STORY

## STORY OF HONORIA.

**I** AM the youngest daughter of a gentleman, who had more gaiety in his temper than œconomy, ran out of the greatest part of his fortune, and, dying when I was about twelve years old, left me and two sisters very slenderly provided for. But though my mother did not flatter herself that we should make that figure in life which she otherwise might have thought equal to her birth, yet she did not omit the least care in our education, in order to have us accomplished, as if we had very large fortunes to depend on. But in nothing more was her tenderness and anxiety shewn, than in giving our minds the strongest impressions of Religion and Virtue. The manner of her laying before our eyes the effect of the least deviation from honour, was, besides being just, very moving. Her talk never failed to touch our hearts: nor did she move our passions only; her own would rise at the discourse, and tears start affectingly from her. How often has she looked earnestly at us, and then, with a sigh, broke out, “ My dear, dear girls, I wish it had pleased Heaven you had not been of a sex which is exposed to so many dangers and difficulties before you can be settled in the world: you will have more personal accomplishments, than temptations of fortune; but remember, that  
though

though beauty may have many admirers, few of them may be men of real honour. Carefully shun what the world calls innocent gallantry; there are unforeseen dangers in it, which young people had better avoid than run the temptation of; and depend on it, you will always find that to be *virtuous is to be happy.*"

When confirmed in these sentiments, I was recommended to a lady of distinction, as a companion for her daughter, who was much about my own age. She being acquainted with my relations, approved of me; nor was it long before the young lady did me the honour to grant me a large share in her friendship. Suppose me to have lived about a year in this scene of life, and to have attained some greater degree of knowledge and elegant accomplishments, as well as additional improvements in my person, when the young gentleman, who was the only son of his family, returned home from his travels. In short, it was about six months ago that Bellamond (for so shall I call the young lady's brother) came to England from the tour of Italy. He had not made that tour merely to say he had travelled, but to shew what improvements a rational mind may receive from travel. He had been educated in an English University, and  
might

might give foreigners a better idea of English gentlemen than they commonly receive.

Such was Bellamond, when suddenly after his arrival he took an opportunity to make his addresses to me. I took them only for a modish gallantry, and paid no regard to them; but his importunity, and manner of speech, soon convinced me he had further views than I first imagined.

Be it sufficient that I say his designs were far from being honourable; nor could I, considering my state and fortune, expect they should be so. I studiously avoided all opportunities of private conversation, which he as industriously found or made. On this I expostulated with him in the most earnest manner which he endeavoured to put off with a genteel kind of raillery; and if I argued, he laughed. Frequency of conversation gave a greater boldness to his expressions, as well as mind; and at length he fairly offered, in his phrase, *to take care of me, and settle three hundred a year on me for life*. I rejected his proposal with such scorn and indignation for his treatment, that he became sensible this method would never prove effectual. In a few days after, he found me alone in his sister's chamber, and began to be rude and boisterous;



boisterous; but on my running to the window, and screaming out, he left the room.

It was now, I thought, too dangerous to trust myself to his importunities, and I was resolved to leave the family. I acquainted the young lady of my resolution, and was forced, by her, and her mother's entreaties, to tell the cause. The old lady desired me to remain easy a little time longer, and she would take such measures as should prevent my future disquietude. I staid with some anxiety: and the next day I could not help observing that Bellamond frequently looked at me in a steadfast manner, which seemed to speak concern. I attributed it to some compunction of mind, on having his base intentions discovered to his mother, who had taken an extraordinary fondness for me.

After dinner, Bellamond, his mother, and my young lady retired together, and I went to my own apartment. As I was sitting there, lost in a melancholy meditation, Bellamond entered, and, approaching me with much respect, desired me not to be confused. He said he came by his mother's orders to make reparation for the injury he had offered; which was, if I thought proper, to *accept me with honour*. I was in such confusion,

sion, that at first I could give no answer; but, recovering a little, desired him, tho' he had made me the object of his gallantry, not to make me that of his jests. He vowed he was in earnest, and, stepping out of the room, introduced the lady as witness of his sincerity. His mother immediately bid me look on her as my own mother; for, as her son really loved me, all other objections in regard to her entirely ceased.

Farther description of my behaviour would be tedious. I could not give a denial to such a proposal, and Bellamond had really engaged my heart; and my sense of *virtuous honour* was his only obstacle in his amour: but though that amour has ended in marriage, it was what I could never have flattered myself with. I shall in gratitude endeavour to make his life a continued scene of felicity and content, having in an uncommon manner experienced *that to be virtuous is to be happy*.



his pretended friend, and told him, that he had at last got a place. The courtier shook him very heartily by the hand, and told him he was very much rejoiced at the event. But pray, sir, said he, where is your place? *in the Gloucester coach*, said he, sir, I secured it last night; and you, sir, have cured me of *higher ambition*.

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## REPARTEE.

**D**R. L—in Oxfordshire had the poet Stephen Duck for his servant, who was very quick at repartee. As they were one frosty morning riding through a river together, the doctor's horse stumbles, and threw him into the water, and then fell to drinking: at which Stephen laughed very heartily. "Sirrah, do you laugh at me?" "No, sir, says Stephen, I don't laugh at you, but I laugh to think that your horse can't drink *without a toast this cold morning*."



THE

## A SHY QUAKER.

A BAILIFF who having a writ against a Quaker, made many, but very fruitless attempts at arresting him, fell a few days ago upon the following method. He arrayed himself carefully in the *costume* of the fraternity, and repairing to the Quaker's house enquired for *friend* Abimeleck, the housekeeper shewed him in, saying, ABIMELECK shall *see thee*.

After waiting about an hour, he rang the bell, and the house keeper re-appeared, "Where," demanded the Bailiff, is our friend ABIMELECK."

"Ah Friend," replied the knowing hand-maid, "ABIMELECK hath *seen thee*, but he doth not *like thee*."

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 ANECDOTE.

A GENTLEMAN who possessed a small estate in Gloucestershire was allured to town by the promises of a courtier, who kept him in constant attendance for a long while to no purpose; at last the gentleman, quite tired out, called upon  
his

Julius awakes, and smiling on his mother, stretches his little arms towards her. He clings to her neck, caresses her, and asks her for bread. —O my child, said the weeping mother, kissing him with the unutterable sensation of mingled love and grief. "O my child, wait a little. Your father will soon bring some, the earnings of excessive labour, and we will divide his bread of misery together."

At length Dorival returns, exhausted with fatigue. He puts some coarse provision on the table. He sees his smiling boy and sighing Julia. He sits down—he covers his face with his hands—he weeps—he cannot speak—

This wretched pair, passionately in love with each other, had been unable to procure the consent of Wastein, the father of Julia. In a moment of passion and imprudence, Dorival had dared to carry her off.

Five years had these hapless lovers wandered from place to place, flying from the resentment of an irritated father, with the unhappy fruit of their clandestine marriage. At length, they embarked for America. The vessel in which they sailed was shipwrecked; but, by the assistance of a fishing-boat they were saved, and landed on an island almost unknown.

Here

Here they had remained about a month. Dorival had entered into the service of a planter, named Palemon, who resided on the island. Every day he laboured in the sultry clime, and in the evening returned to find Julia and his boy in the cottage. There they wept over their unhappy lot. The good old planter would often come to soothe their griefs. He would relieve them, and bid them hope for happier days.

Nine years did Dorival live on this island, by the labour of his hands, and the bounties of Palemon. Not a day passed, but this good man did some kind office to lessen the grief that preyed upon them.

Julius was now fifteen years old. Palemon had a daughter of the same age, named Lucilia. Soon was it perceived that the young folk could not live asunder. Already they felt a certain sweet compulsion, that led them to see and to speak to each other every day—every moment.

Julius, in the plainest dress, had all the winning attractions of youth, as if nature herself had taken care to adorn him. His flowing ringlets were negligently tied behind by a ribband which Lucilia had given him. His eyes were sparkled with a vivacity tempered with benignity and sweetness.

I i

When

When he smiles, he displays two beautiful rows of ivory, and on his animated cheeks fit the sprightly train of love. His open countenance, which yet had never blushed, bears the sacred image of innocence. A natural and affecting action enlivens his conversation. An innate obligingness of disposition, an eagerness to anticipate every wish, his youth, his graceful person,—every thing in Julius, seems alike formed to delight and to charm.

And Lucilia, in the dress of a country maid, is also beautiful as the graces, and blooming as the rose with which Julius adorns her bosom. Her fine eyes never appear so charming as when tenderly fixed on Julius, nor moves she with such alacrity, as when she runs after him in innocent playfulness and gaiety.

Palemon perceives their growing passion with delight. One day he thus spake to Lucilia. "You love Julius. I observe it with pleasure. Fortune has not been kind to him. He is not rich; but his good qualities are in themselves a treasure. Never, my dear daughter, will I be like those barbarians, who sacrifice the felicity of their children to the sordid views of interest. The example of the unfortunate Julia is too striking not to confirm me in these principles. No, my child, never will

will I reduce thee to the deplorable situation of detesting marriage and its relations. Be discreet, and continue to love Julius. He merits your affection. I love you both, and you shall be each my children. O my daughter! I have not a wish but for your happiness; and my fondest hope is to see you united to Julius, under the auspices of a tender passion."

Lucilia thanks her father, and, hastening to her lover; relates all that had passed. "Yes, Julius," said she, "Palemon loves us. This good parent, how he weeps with tenderness whenever he speaks of you! He loves you as if you were his own son. He pities the situation of your parents. He would fain see you all happy. How charming is it, my dear friend, to meet with such a man to soothe one in adversity!" "Ah! Lucilia, answered Julius," could you know the respect with which my parents inspire me for your excellent father! "The moment my mother perceives him coming towards our hut, O my son," says she; behold our benefactor. Entreat heaven to bless him. "When he enters, I fly into his arms. And then he embraces me so tenderly! My dear Lucilia, how delightful is it thus often to see one's benefactor!" Thus Julius and Lucilia were mutually delighted



and in their innocent transports they embraced each other, repeating often these endearing conversations.

Although the two lovers were now inseparable, it gave no uneasiness to their parents, for innocence presided over every word and action. Friendship, rather than love, brought them together, sometimes in a shady wood, sometimes on the flowery margin of a brook, and sometimes on the sea-shore. The warbling of birds; the murmuring of the water, which with difficulty seems to force its way through a rocky channel; or the tempestuous roaring of waves;—these are the objects that attract their attention,—these their only pleasures.

In the mean time, Julia, far exiled from her father, and oppressed with the weight of his hatred, incessantly wept over her flight and her unhappy fault. Dorival endeavoured to console her. “ Julia,” said he, “ my dear Julia, weep no more, Heaven, which witnesses your grief, has already pardoned you. Your father; whom interest and severity have deprived of his daughter, already, without doubt, laments you. Yes! he demands you again of every object that surrounds him. He reproaches himself with his severity, and pities us.”  
 “ My dear husband,” answered Julia, “ suffer me

me to regret a father, who would have ever loved me but for that fatal passion. Alas! perhaps he is no more, and I hurried him to his grave! O my father; if you yet live, if my dying voice can yet but reach you, hear the cries of this remorse that preys upon me. Forgive a wretched daughter, who would implore that forgiveness at your feet, and would then expire with agony and shame."

At this moment Palemon enters," "Dorival, resumes Julia, behold this venerable man. My father, if he be yet living, is now of his age." In speaking these words, she regarded Palemon with a most affecting look;—she sighed. "O my children," exclaimed Palemon, I am the messenger of happiness, "Live Julia." "What happiness?" says she, eagerly: "Angel of joy, have you any news of my father? does he yet live?" "Alas! my dear Julia, I know not whether he be living or dead; but, O this happiest of my days, I yet bring you joy."

Fortune has at last crowned my fondest wishes. A considerable estate, which I expected not, and which without you should not have been wished for, is fallen to me by the death of a relation whom I hardly knew. I received the account by a letter, delivered to me by a person just escaped from shipwreck. Come, and share with me the bounties  
of

of providence. I will one day give my daughter to Julius. Henceforth we will be but one family. But what! Julia, you weep! What can be wanting to your good fortune?" "My father,"—at these words Julius enters out of breath, Lucilia, trembling, follows him. "O my mother! what, what is the matter, my son? Speak." "I was on the shore with Lucilia, when on a sudden the most mournful accents seemed to come from the neighbouring wood. We listened. An unfortunate man was invoking death. I went to him, but oh! what a sight! I saw an old man, as venerable as my father Palemon, stretched on the ground, without strength, pale as death, and perhaps already dead. I started back affrighted. Lucilia wept behind me. He called me to him, held out his hand, and with a voice so tender and so moving, said "Give me, if possible, some assistance, to delay, for a few moments the frightful death that awaits me."

"Come unhappy man," says Palemon, let us hasten to his assistance." Julia was fixed immovable at this recital. "An old man!" she exclaimed; "perhaps it is my father: I sink under my alarms!"

They leave the cottage, they arrive, the old man is beseeching heaven to restore his daughter.  
"Julia,"

"Julia," said he, "if yet your hand could close my eyes, if you could but know, that dying I forgive you, I shall expire contented." "She is restored you, my father!" "Julia! my daughter! and Dorival! O young man! their son too and mine! My children, embrace your father. He yet lives, to forgive you."

Palemon, who stood by during this affecting scene, the hand of Lucilia, weeping, in his, blessed heaven for this happy adventure. He raised the father and his children. "Come," said he, "come to my habitation. Happiness will now be ours." "Generous man!" answered Wastin, what a port you offer me after tempest and shipwreck. The desire of riches had rendered my heart insensible, and has caused all the misfortune, in which I and my children have been involved.

The thirst of gold led me to trust my whole fortune on the fickle ocean. I have lost my all! What do I say? I have found my all, since I can now embrace my children. O excellent man! I receive them from your hands, and you will still be their father. How shall I return such an obligation, by what vows, by what fervent wishes recompence this goodness?" "Your happiness, and that of your family," said Palemon, "will be my sweetest reward."

Wastin

Waffen supported by Julia and Dorival; and Palemon leading Julius and Lucilia, now arrived at the cottage. Dorival enters the first, and receiving his father at the entrance of the hut: "Welcome, Sir," says he to the asylum of your children. Nine years already have they here deplored their crime. You have forgiven them: This abode of sorrow will henceforth be that of joy.

The two families, who from this moment made but one, lived together in sweet tranquillity. Two years after love crowned the virtues of Julius and Lucilia with the first of blessings, their happy union. They were married under the auspices of their venerable parents, who gave them their paternal benediction, and had yet the happiness, before they died, of embracing a lovely offspring, rising round and mingling both their graces.

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## SOLITUDE.

**S**OLITUDE is a rare attainment, and shews a well disposed mind when a man loves to keep company with himself; and a virtue as well as advantage to take satisfaction, and content in that enjoyment.

Solitude

Solitude cannot be well filled, and fit right, but upon very few persons. They must have knowledge enough of the world to see the follies of it, and virtue enough to despise all vanity.

That calm and elegant satisfaction which the vulgar call melancholy, is the true and proper delight of men of knowledge and virtue. What we take for diversion, is but a mean entertainment, in comparison of knowing ourselves.

Sir Henry Wotton who had gone on several embassies, and was intimate with the greatest princes, chose to retire from all; saying, the utmost happiness a man could attain to, was to be at leisure and to do good; never reflecting on his former years, but with tears, he would say, how much have I to repent of, and how little time to do it in.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noises. It arises, in the first place from the enjoyment of one's self; and, in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions. Though the continued traverses of fortune, may make us out of humour with the world; yet nothing but a noble inclination to virtue and philosophy can make us happy in retirement.

I prefer a private to a public life. For I love my friends, and therefore love but few.

The late amiable Mr. Shenstone used frequently to say, that he was never more happy than when alone, except when he had his friends about him. There are, says he, indeed, some few whom I properly call my friends, and in whose company I cannot but be more happy than in any solitary indulgences of imagination: but how seldom it is that you will allow me these extraordinary indulgences.

When the heart has long been used to the delightful society of beloved friends, how dreadful is absence, and how irksome is solitude. But those phantoms vanish before the sunshine of religion: Solitude and retirement, give us the opportunity for a wider range of thought, on subjects that ennoble friendship itself.



ANECDOTE  
OF  
Dr. JOHNSON.

**D**R. ROBERT LEVET, to whom Doctor Johnson very humanely gave apartments in his house for upwards of thirty years, having most of his practice amongst the poor and middling ranks of life, used to accept of gin, brandy, or any other liquor offered him, in the lieu of his fee, sooner than have his skill exerted without any recompence. This singularity Johnson used to rally with great pleasantry;—at one time he said, “ Though he hated inebriety, it was more excusable in Levet than in others, because he became intoxicated on principles of prudence, and when a man cannot get bread by his profession, perhaps he is pardonable to accept of drink.” At another time he would say,—“ Had all Levet’s patients maliciously combined to reward him with meat and strong liquor instead of money, he would either have burst, *like the dragon in the Apocrypha*, through repletion, or have been scorched up *like Portia by swallowing fire.*”



*The common wealth of Learning.*

## A VISION.

**I**T is a matter of no small concern to the honest and well-meaning class of mankind that men of letters, swayed too frequently by the influence of prejudice, and biased by the different modes of education, are seldom actuated in their search after knowledge, by the desire and love of impartial and disinterested truth. That false pride, which is frequently the companion of studious persons, for the most part gives a tincture to all their sentiments and actions.

Decorus, a gentleman of taste, and of a liberal turn of mind, after reflecting for some hours upon this subject, and lamenting the existence of an evil so destructive to the peace of society, and so opposite to every principal of genuine philosophy, retired to rest. The meditations of the evening had greatly affected and fatigued his mind, and he sunk into a peaceful slumber, in which was represented the following vision.

The first object which distinctly presented itself to his notice, so far as the powers of recollection were faithful to their office, was a stately and majestic

jestic figure, but of the most condescending and affable deportment. She proceeded towards him by slow and regular advances, which at once excited both his attention and admiration. The novelty of the apparition was a sufficient cause for astonishment; he was surprized and started,—he paused, as if to recover himself from the alarm, and seemed to be in a state of suspense, as if doubtful what conduct to pursue. He therefore determined his own motions by those of the figure which presented itself to his observation.

He had time to consider his situation as it approached towards him. Being now, as he supposed, in a delicious meadow, apparently rich and extremely luxuriant, and far surpassing every thing he had before seen, his senses seemed to be arrested; and as it was variously intersected by different streams, these not only added to the beauty of the scene, but served to enrich the soil through which they passed and to cover the surface with the most beautiful verdure.

Whilst he was engaged in making reflections on the delightful scene, the Genius of the place (for such he afterwards found her) was advanced within a few paces of him. Decorus had stopped suddenly; she saw his passions were excited, and conscious of her own benevolent disposition, she thus accosted

acosted him: "I am commissioned to acquaint thee with a few particular truths, which may be of the utmost service to thee in the conduct of thy future life. Thou art here within the territories of the Commonwealth of Learning, and the several streams with which those fertile meads are intersected, are so many various channels which supply the numerous wants and necessities of the inhabitants of the city before us."

The genius, after assuring Decorus that she was ready and desirous to shew him every thing which might serve to compose his mind, relating to the subject which had so much engaged his thoughts, paused for a few minutes, as if to give him an opportunity of reflecting upon what he had heard. He was convinced of the importance of those observations, which his respectable guide seemed willing to make; and this small interval gave him leisure to consider the benefit and advantage which would ensue, if each individual would make a laudable and generous use of the blessings which heaven has peculiarly bestowed upon him; if each would contribute to the utmost of his power to the general good of the community.

It cannot be supposed that the profusion of riches with which providence had supplied them, had  
 escaped

escaped their notice, as they proceeded towards the city; but this was still more evident, after they had entered it, when they beheld the several currents and channels within it, and that these were large or small in proportion to the populousness of the several streets through which they were conducted. One thing was strikingly obvious, that every street had a channel of this sort, except two, in a distant part of the city, which, on account of their situation, were precluded from partaking of the common advantage. This the sagacity of Decorus could not fail to remark, and was preparing his mind to express this reflection in a language somewhat unfavourable to the inhabitants of those streets; but the Genius kindly interrupted him with this intimation:—That though providence had been less kind to them in this respect, his own natural sense, being so highly cultivated would not be deficient in pointing out various ways by which they might be serviceable to the general good.

By the assistance of so friendly a guide, Decorus was quickly presented with a view of the several parts of the city where the different sciences were more particularly resident, Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, Arithmetic, Geometry, Music, and Poetry, had each their favourite spot, where they were more peculiarly cultivated. Arithmetic and  
 Geometry

Geometry took their station in the centre of the city, and in the principal streets adjoining; whilst Grammar took her station in the south east quarter, with Rhetoric on her right hand and Logic on her left. Poetry was seated near the side of the principal river, from whence the several streams diverged which supplied the different parts of the city, and Music a little higher near a pleasing cataract, which greatly tended, by its charming and enlivening echo, to harmonize the soul,—and by the most animating strains to compose the most delicious cadence and the most perfect concord. The sister arts, which branched from these, occupied the intermediate spaces; and the whole formed a most wonderful combination of science and art; at once the glory and admiration of all the world.

Decorus was informed by his guide that this would have been the happy condition of mankind, who would have continued to draw from hence their most valuable stores of knowledge, had not some spurious pretenders to science, by dint of clamour and effrontery, shaken the confidence of the public in the abilities and integrity of their benefactors; a confidence the virtues of which had been fully experienced, in raising their character to the highest eminence. “But you see,” continued

nated the Genius, "by what means that spirit of contention and controversy was introduced into the world, which has ever since produced the most grievous calamities;—you see by what means true knowledge is attainable, and by which alone it can be preserved; of the one you discover every mark of candour, openness, and generosity, which prove her offspring to be genuine; but of the other you perceive every token of artifice and cunning, which demonstrate her to be the illegitimate issue of some cunning harlot, whose chief object is to promote dissensions, and foment and blow up every spark of malevolence and envy."

The Genius then conducted Decorus to the meadows without the gate on the opposite side of the city. Here his eyes were again feasted with the sight of verdant pastures and branching currents from the several parts of the city, which were inhabited by the sons of learning and the children of the muses; the reflections he had before made were again revived in him, and he could not help contemplating on the wonderful harmony he had seen amongst them, and the liberality with which they communicated their knowledge to mankind. In this train of thought was Decorus employed, when he was roused from his reverie by a sudden and unexpected sound; the

Genius, by the rustling of her wings, which she had just extended to prepare for flight, startled him, especially as he had not before perceived them, and the alarm at once closed the scene of his pleasures, and put a period to his dream.

Decorus, being thus awaked from his transport, was employed for some time in making many useful reflections upon the scene. He committed his scattered thoughts to paper, while they continued fresh upon his memory, and they are here presented to the world as a useful and serviceable caution, if duly attended to against unnecessary controversy, and to check that propensity to cavilling and disputation, which has ever been injurious to sound learning.

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### *Reflections on Religion.*

**B**E careful, that while you profess a religion which deserves the most serious veneration, there be nothing in your particular manner of exercising it, that may give just cause of ridicule. Avoid therefore, all singularity, preciseness, or founess. Be not apt to censure such as do not observe the same rules you have prescribed yourself; and freely join in a moderate use of the diversions

versions practised among those you converse with, if they are not unlawful in themselves, or directly lead to what is so. The easier your religion fits upon you, the securer it will be from the banter of the profane, and the more recommends itself to the imitation of your young companions; for nothing alienates the mind from religion, in that gay time of life, or rather gives a disgust to it so much, as too great austerity of manners in those who profess it. But let no complaisance engage you in actions which your own conscience condemns, or induce you to be ashamed of virtue or truth, much less to join in the laugh against them, or when any thing sacred is made the subject of mirth. Be assured, that however a debauchee may affect to ridicule a man, who will not run into the fashionable excesses, one may always venture to affirm, that he does not really think temperance, sobriety, &c. to be ridiculous things, and that the raillery, or rather pity, may be retaliated upon him on much better grounds.

ANEO.

L 1 2



## ANECDOTE.

OF

V O L T A I R E

SOME years since, Voltaire wrote a very severe satire upon the King of Prussia, which so nettled him that he never could forgive it. Upon hearing that the Bard was at Leipzig, he told Count de —, one of his Aide-de-camps, that he could confer a singular obligation on him: the Aide-de-camp, who said he only lived to obey his Majesty, was told the object was to properly requite Mr. Voltaire for the obligation he had conferred in that satire. The hint was sufficient: the Count flew to execute his Sovereign's pleasure; he repaired to Leipzig; and, waiting one morning upon Voltaire, complimented him upon his extraordinary merit, and inquired if he was not the Author of that particular poem; to which the Bard very innocently replied, "Yes," 'Then, Sir,' said the Count, 'it is a scandal to the judgment of the present age, that you have not yet been properly recompensed for it. I have a commission, Sir, to reward you liberally for this production; and I have too great a sense of its value, and too much generosity, to deprive you of any part of your due.'

due.' Having said this, he fell to work, and caned him very severely, whilst the unfortunate Bard in vain pleaded for mercy. The obligation being thus requited, the Count drew up a receipt in the following terms, which he insisted upon Voltaire's signing, on pain of further corporal punishment: "received of his Prussian Majesty, by the hands of the Count de —, one hundred bastinadoes, very judiciously applied, for having written a satire upon his said Majesty; in full of all demands.

Witness my hand,

"Voltaire."

## CHARITY.

**C**HARITY makes the best construction of things and persons, excuses weakness, extenuates miscarriages, makes the best of every thing; forgives every one, and serves all.

In order to our final doom and sentence, we need but this one enquiry, whether we were charitable or uncharitable? For they who are possessed with a true divine charity, have all Christian graces. They who have not this divine principle have no good in them, and that is enough to condemn

**damn them, without enquiring what evil they have done.**

When a compassionate man falls, who would not pity him ! Who that has power to do it, would not befriend and raise him up ? Or could the most barbarous temper offer an insult to his distress, without pain and reluctance ? True charity is always unwilling to find excuses;—in generous spirits, compassion is sometimes an over-balance for self-preservation : God certainly interwove that friendly softness with our nature, to be a check upon too great a propensity towards self-love.

Under the gospel, God is pleased with a living sacrifice ; but the offerings of the dead, such as testamentary charities are, which are intended to have no effect so long as we live, are no better than dead sacrifices ; and it may be questioned, whether they will be brought into the account of our lives, if we do no good while we are living.

These death-bed charities, are too like a death-bed repentance ; men seem to give their estates to God and the poor, just as the part with their sins—when they can keep them no longer.

Charity obliges not to distrust a man, Prudence not to trust him before we know him.

The

The first duty of man, next to that of worshipping the Deity, is, ministering to the necessities of his fellow creatures.

Are we not all citizens of the world? Are we not all fellow subjects of the universal monarch? Is not the universe our home?

And is not every man a brother? Poor and illiberal is that charity which is confined to any particular nation or society.—Should we not *feel for the stranger, and him that hath no helper*? He who is charitable from motives of ostentation, will never relieve distress in secret.

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T H E

*Victim of Avarice and Duplicity.*

THE subject of the present short memoir, was born in a small commercial town at a distance from the metropolis; his parents, poor but honest, having no fortune to bestow on him, thought they could not make choice of a more favourable plan to forward him in life than by giving him a liberal education. This is an error which too many parents in ordinary circumstances fall into, and I know of none more deserving the

censure

censure of all sensible men ; I mean where the future prospects of their children render it impossible that such an education can ever after prove to their advantage. On leaving college he indeed found himself capable by his learning, of fitting most situations in life, but he likewise found that he wanted a much more necessary article, for he had scarce a single guinea in his pocket, and his parents, as well as himself, began, when too late, to see the folly of their procedure,

Fortune however for once proved kind to him, and having always, when at college, evinced strong marks of genius, a medical gentleman of much private worth joined to public esteem, took him under his protection and friendship, and he soon shewed himself worthy of the trust reposed in him.

Being now in his own element, he prosecuted his studies with unwearied assiduity; and in the course of a few years gained a knowledge of his profession, that astonished even his employer. In this situation he continued till the death of his patron, who left him three or four hundred pounds. With this trifling sum removing to W— he commenced his career, and by his polite and affable behaviour, soon gained himself a number of friends. After a short residence in that part of the country, he became noted for his professional abilities,

abilities, his practice increasing every day, and his fortune accumulating beyond his fondest expectations. At W— he continued for twelve or fourteen years, and at the end of that period found himself possessed of a fortune to the amount of nearly twenty thousand pounds, with which he had an idea of retiring farther into the country, there to employ the remainder of his days. With this intention, and in order to arrange matters for his future conduct, he paid a visit to his friends, by whom he was received in the most polite manner, each striving to exceed the other in attention to one; whose fortune they expected eventually to inherit. It was no wonder, therefore, that after a stay of a few months, he left them with regret; but his departure was absolutely necessary, and he consoled himself with the fond idea, that he should soon return to them never more to be separated.

From this moment may be dated all his future troubles. On his return to W—— he unfortunately became acquainted with *Avarus*, a character whose sole pleasure was confined within the narrow boundaries of his possessions, and who never felt an emotion of joy, but when adding to his treasures, or learning new methods of acquiring more. *Avarus* had a daughter, a lady of exquisite beauty, but educated in such a school, it

is little to be wondered at, if she imbibed in a certain degree the ideas of her father. She was indeed avaricious as her father, but that avarice proceeded from a nature very different from that by which he was actuated. Avarus hoarded up riches, which he had not heart to enjoy; while his daughter, the more she acquired, the greater was her desire of dissipating her allowance on costly dresses and splendid equipages. It was the misfortune of Medicus, to be captivated with her form, before his cooler reason had time to convince him of the unworthiness of her mind: his passion was of the purest sort, and with an affection so disinterested he expected to be rewarded with a passion equally sincere. In this, however, he was disappointed; but finding it her interest to conceal her real sentiments, the daughter of Avarus always declined giving him a decisive answer, and under various pretexts, and at different times, found means to extract from the unsuspecting Medicus, several large sums of money, still flattering him with the hopes of her consent, at a period not far distant. Medicus was too far gone to withdraw for any pecuniary consideration, and his mind being totally taken up with this single object, every other concern was neglected; and although his new and extravagant manner of living daily increased his expences, he forgot to provide  
the

the means of defraying them. It was impossible a course so foolish as this could be of long duration. Money was the first article of which he began to see the approaching want, and the lady, discovering his situation, soon discarded him for another lover, whose coffers at least were better stored. Thus circumstanced, and beginning at length to see his folly, he determined to alter his conduct; but the period was now past, and those who were once proud to be counted his friends, now abandoned him to his foolish career.

Every attempt to recover his lost fame proved unsuccessful; his spirits drooped beneath the weight of retrospection, and he even began to shew very evident signs of insanity. These melancholy symptoms took place in the month of September, and early in the summer of next year he returned to the country in expectation of meeting there with that attention and civility, which at W—— he was denied; but here again he found himself disappointed, and his society avoided even by those who but a short time before had made him such professions of friendship. His parents, on whom he had settled a handsome annuity, were now no more; his other relatives received him indeed into their houses, but in that cool and forbidding manner, ever, to a feeling mind, more humiliating than

M m 2

absolute



absolute refusal. He continued there, however, during the remainder of that year, notwithstanding all their insults, and in the beginning of the following removed to a sea-port town, and the better to conceal his former situation, the lost Medicus enlisted as a private soldier in a regiment then under orders for the continent.

During his stay there he conducted himself in a manner so very different from that of the other soldiers, that he was soon taken notice of by his commanding officer, who made every inquiry respecting him, but could not obtain any satisfactory information. At last, after much fruitless inquiry, he discovered the whole of his history, and feeling for his situation, had an interview with him, and endeavoured as much as possible to render him comfortable. Medicus seemed much pleased with the attention of his officer, and left him apparently in good spirits. The following morning the same officer having occasion to go on a hunting party to a neighbouring village, and set out pretty early, and had scarce got out of town, when the first object that presented itself to his view, was the mangled body of Medicus covered with his own blood. The unfortunate wretch finding he was discovered, revolved in his mind his former conduct, deserted by all the world, without a single person whom he could

could call his friend, and despised and disowned even

“ By those his former bounty fed,”

had put a period to his existence!—This happened immediately on the breaking out of the present war, and is a circumstance well known to him whose mournful task it is to pen the narrative.

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*On the propriety of adorning Life, and serving Society, by laudable Exertion.*

**I**N an age of opulence and luxury, when the native powers of the mind are weakened by vice, and habits of indolence are superinduced by universal indulgence, the moralist can seldom expect to see examples of that unwearied perseverance, of that generous exertion, which has sometimes appeared in the world, and has been called heroic virtue. Indeed, it must be allowed, that in the early periods of society there is greater occasion, as well as greater scope, for this exalted species of public spirit, than when all its real wants are supplied, and all its securities established.

Under these disadvantages there is, indeed, little opportunity for that uncommon heroism, which leads

leads an individual to desert his sphere, and to act in contradiction to the maxims of personal interest and safety, with a view to reform the manners, or to promote the honour and advantage of the community. Patriotisms, as it was understood and practised by a Brutus, a Curtius, a Scævola, or a Socrates, appears in modern times so eccentric a virtue, and so abhorrent from the dictates of common sense, that he who should imitate it would draw upon himself the ridicule of mankind, and would incur the danger of being stigmatized as a mad-man. Moral and political knight-errantry would now appear in scarcely a less ludicrous light than the extravagances of chivalry.

But to do good in an effectual and extensive manner within the limits of professional influence, and by performing the business of a station, whatever it may be, not only with regular fidelity, but with warm and active diligence, is in the power, as it is the duty, of every individual who possesses the use of his faculties. It is surely an unsatisfactory idea, to live and die without pursuing any other purpose than the low one of personal gratification. A thousand pleasures and advantages we have received from the disinterested efforts of those who have gone before us, and it is incumbent on every generation to do something not only

only for the benefit of contemporaries but of those also who are to follow. To be born, as Horace says, merely to consume the fruits of the earth; to live, as Juvenal observes of some of his countrymen, with no other purpose than to gratify the palate, though they may in reality be the sole ends of many, are yet too inglorious and disgraceful to be avowed by the basest and meanest of mankind.

There is however little doubt, but that many, whose lives have glided away in an useless tenor, would have been glad of opportunities, if they could have discovered them, for laudable exertion. It is certainly true, that to qualify for political, military, literary, and patriotic efforts, peculiar preparations, accomplishments, occasions, and fortuitous contingences are necessary. Civil wisdom without civil employment, valour without an enemy, learning without opportunities for its display, the love of our country without power, must terminate in abortive wishes, in designs unsupported by execution. They who form great schemes, and perform great exploits, must of necessity be few. But the exertions which benevolence points out, are extended to a great compass, are infinitely varied in kind and degree, and consequently adapted, in some mode or other, to the ability of every individual.

To

To the distinguished honour of our times and of our country, it must be asserted, that there is no species of distress which is not relieved; no laudable institution which is not encouraged with an emulative ardour of liberality. No sooner is a proper object of beneficence presented to the public view, than subscriptions are raised by all ranks, who crowd with impatience to the contribution. Not only the infirmities of age and sickness are soothed by the best concerted establishments, and the loss sustained by the calamities of a conflagration repaired; but our enemies, when reduced to a state of captivity, are furnished with every comfort which their condition can admit; and all the malignity of party-hatred melts into kindness under the operation of charity. From the accumulated efforts of a community of philanthropists, such as our nation may be called, a sum of good is produced, far greater than any recorded of the heroes of antiquity, from Bacchus down to Cæsar.

It has been said, that the ages of extraordinary bounty are passed. No colleges are founded in the present time, it is true; yet not because there is no public spirit remaining, but because there is already a sufficient number raised by the pious hands of our forefathers, to answer all the purposes

posés of academical improvement. When a want is supplied, it is not parsimony, but prudence, which withholds additional munificence. The infirmaries diffused over every part of the kingdom, are most honourable testimonies of that virtue which is to cover a multitude of sins. And there is one instance of beneficence uncommon both in its degree and circumstances, which, though done without a view to human praise, must not lose even the subordinate reward of human virtue. He who lately devoted, during his life, a noble fortune to the relief of the blind, will be placed higher in the esteem of posterity, than the numerous train of posthumous benefactors, who gave what they could no longer retain, and sometimes from motives represented by the censorious as little laudable. While angels record the name of Hetherington in the book of life, let men inscribe it in the rolls of fame.

The motive of praise, though by no means the best, is a generous and a powerful motive of commendable conduct. He would do an injury to mankind who should stifle the love of fame. It has burnt with strong and steady heat in the bosoms of the most ingenuous. It has inspired enthusiasm in the cause of all that is good and great. Where patience must have failed, and perseverance been

wearied, it has urged through troubles deemed intolerable, and stimulated through difficulties dreaded as insurmountable. Pain, penury, danger, and death, have been incurred with alacrity in the service of mankind, with the expectation of no other recompense than an honourable distinction. And let not the frigidity of philosophical rigour damp this noble ardour, which raises delightful sensations in the heart that harbours it, and gives rise to all that is sublime in life and in the arts. When we are so far refined and subdued as to act merely from the slow suggestions of the reasoning faculty, we shall indeed seldom be involved in error; but we shall as seldom achieve any glorious enterprise, or snatch a virtue beyond the reach of prudence.

The spirit of adventure in literary undertakings, as well as in politics, commerce, and wars, must not be discouraged. If it produces that which is worth little notice, neglect is easy. There is a great probability, however, that it will often exhibit something conducive to pleasure and improvement. But when every new attempt is checked by severity, or neglected without examination, learning stagnates, and the mind is depressed, till its productions so far degenerate as to justify disregard. Taste and literature are never  
long

long stationary. When they cease to advance they become retrograde.

Every liberal attempt to give a liberal entertainment is entitled to a kind excuse, though its execution should not have a claim to praise. For the sake of encouraging subsequent endeavours, lenity should be displayed where there is no appearance of incorrigible stupidity, of assuming ignorance, and of empty self-conceit. Severity chills the opening powers, as the frost nips the bud that would else have been a blossom. It is blameable moroseness to censure those who sincerely mean to please, and fail only from causes not in their own disposal.

The praise, however, of well meaning has usually been allowed with a facility of concession, which leads to suspect that it was thought of little value. It has also been received with apparent mortification. This surely is the result of a perverted judgment; for intention is in the power of every man, though no man can command ability.



## WISDOM of CONTENTMENT :

## AN ANECDOTE.

**A**LL mankind would *make a figure*. To aspire to stations above us, is a maxim universally adopted; yet perhaps, the truest wisdom and the surest happiness is, to cultivate well the rank in which we are born; for why should any man covet to raise and distinguish himself farther than his real well-being may make necessary? Fuller, in his Holy State, relates an anecdote of an husbandman who claimed kinship with Robert Grossthead, Bishop of Lincoln, and there upon requested from him an office. "Cousin," said the Bishop, "if your cart be broken, I'll mend it; if your plow be old, I'll give you a new one, and even seed to sow your land: but an husbandman I found you, and an husbandman I'll leave you." The Bishop thought it kinder (as it should seem) to serve him in his way, than to take him out of his way, and perhaps Stephen Duch, the thresher, had been better provided for, if, instead of being first pensioned, and afterwards ordained, he had been endowed with ten acres of land, and suffered to thresh on. By turning the laborious thresher into an inactive clergyman, they brought lunacy first, and

and then suicide, upon a man, who might otherwise have enjoyed himself with two cows and a pig, and ended his days with serenity and ease.

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## The ANCIENT POETS.

**H**OMER was the first poet and beggar of note among the ancients : he was blind, and sung his ballads about the streets. But it is observed, that his mouth was more frequently filled with verses, than with bread. Plautus, the comic poet, was better off : he had two trades : he was poet for his diversion ; and helped to turn a mill, in order to gain a livelihood. Terence was a slave ; and Boethius died in a jail.

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## MISPLACED INDULGENCE.

**I**NDULGENCE, when shewn in too great a degree by parents to children, generally meets with a bad return. It seems to awaken a strange malignity in human nature towards those who have thus *displayed* an injudicious fondness. Children delight in vexing such parents. There may be  
two

two reasons—I. It makes them feel foolish to be so *cockered* and teased with kindness. II. It discovers a weakness, over which they can insult and triumph. But whatever may be the cause, it furnishes an argument to parents, why they should never practise this behaviour towards their children. The late miseries of France arose under the government of a kind and indulgent monarch.

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## GENUINE FRIENDSHIP.

**T**HERE is not, I believe, a character existing, which has been so scandalously spoken of, as the exquisitely susceptible and feeling man! Common minds bestow on him who possesses that temper of soul, every appellation of ridicule and contempt; the sensitive delicacy of his feelings, they term *affectation*; the excentric warmth of his attachments, *idle romance*. But their prejudice proceeds from their hearts being entirely void of those sympathizing chords which, in his bosom, instantly vibrate to the most delicate touch of sentiment.

Vulgar minds, either in men or women, always concur in the same opinion, that to get through this life we ought to have nothing to do with *fine feelings*; they will only retard our advancement,  
 [ whatever

whatever may be our pursuit, whether of wealth or power. We must not entertain too high a sense of the dignity of human nature ! We must put up with many things ; such as unmerited insults from our *wealthy superiors* ; & therefore, in proportion as we are slavish to them, we shall be tyrannical to those who are so unfortunate as to be *our inferiors*. We must never contract friendship with the indigent, notwithstanding they should be peculiarly virtuous ; lest their poverty should clog our wings, and so be the means of protracting our soaring flight. Such attachments are the foolish emanation of a youthful inexperienced heart ; who, in the course of a few years, will know that not only the *days of Chivalry* are gone, but with them have also disappeared the days of disinterested love. Such is the creed of many—a doctrine which has done more mischief, and occasioned more wickedness, in the world than, perhaps, the foolish promulgators of such precepts are aware of. Many minds *naturally* inclined to justice, have, from an early instillation of these maxims—before their rectitude was founded on principle—been warped from their original bent, and have become sneaking hypocrites, and often ungrateful villains ; who, for an increase of gold, would tear and cut the very heart by whose benevolence they are nourished. But as human frailty admits of many gradations, thank  
Heaven !

Heaven! the most numerous order deserves not to be called *vicious*, neither merits it the title of *virtuous*. The members of it practise few flagrant vices; and, as seldom, excentric instances of virtue: those eagle-flights suit not with the low views of their minds; the bright lustre of glorious actions, on too near a view, dazzles their microscopick opticks; and what they cannot bring to the level of their little conception, they imagine either to be too great for human nature, or else the transactions of a frantick and romantick brain—the common epithets which they generally bestow on that *exquisitely susceptible* and *feeling* mind I have before mentioned. It is in the breast of a person who possesses a soul so tuned, that we are to look for the true character of the man who was *formed after God's own image*.

His elevated and independent soul spurns at the wealthy wretch who would affront his honour, or allure him from the path of rectitude: he seeks not a friend in the splendid bosom of the trifling, and often licentious, courtier; nor in the gold-crufted breast of the rich, and as often avaricious, citizen. No! wherever he discovers a congenial mind; there he fixes; his heart clings to the object, and when the affection is reciprocal, no attachment can be stronger: he loves him, while  
 . enjoying

enjoying the warm atmosphere of prosperity; and if the cold and cheerless winter of adversity changes the scene, those chilling blasts, which freeze common hearts, melts his to more than it's wonted softness. His tenderness meliorates the anguish of his companion: he had accidentally participated in all his happiness—he now voluntarily shares in all his misery; he pours the balm of sweet comfort into the bleeding wound of his friend; and, in assuaging his agonies, feels in his own breast the purest, the most exquisite of all pleasures—that of softening the sufferings of the afflicted. He rests not here; he is as tenacious of the interest, the peace of his friends as of his own. No lucrative, no distinguishing proposal, can prevail on him to abandon him, for one moment, to the idea that he *has abandoned* him. He is dearer to him than his own life; and he would sooner hazard the loss of it, than add one pang of misery to the already oppressed heart of his chosen, his virtuous friend. Such a friendship as this, by many, is called ideal, and never to be practised. But those who say so, have never felt the magnetick impulse which irresistibly draws you to a sister soul; they have never experienced the delicious rapture of listening to the elegant and refined precepts of truth and virtue, falling from the lips of a beloved friend: of one, who, by the grandeur of his sentiments,

*Use and Excellency of Learning.*

THE most important and extensive advantages mankind enjoy are greatly owing to men who have never quitted their closets. To them mankind is obliged for the facility and security of navigation. The invention of the compass has opened to them new worlds. The knowledge of the mechanical powers has enabled them to construct such wonderful machines as perform what the united labour of millions, by the severest drudgery, could not accomplish. Agriculture too, the most useful of arts, has received its share of improvement from the same source. Poetry, likewise, is of excellent use to enable the memory to retain with more ease, and to imprint with more energy upon the heart, precepts of virtue and virtuous actions. Some philosophers have entered so far into the councils of divine wisdom as to explain much of the great operations of nature. The dimensions, distances, and causes of the revolutions of the planets, the path of comets, and the nature of eclipses are understood and explained. Can any thing raise the glory of the human species more than to see a little creature inhabiting a small spot, amidst innumerable worlds, taking a survey  
of

of the universe, comprehending its arrangement, and entering into the scheme of that wonderful connection and correspondence of things so remote, and which it seems the utmost exertion of Omnipotence to have established? what a volume of wisdom, what a noble theology do these discoveries open to us? while some superior geniusses have soared to these sublime subjects, other sagacious and diligent minds have been enquiring into the most minute works of the infinite artificers the same care, the same providence is exerted through the whole, and we shall learn from it, that to true wisdom, utility and fitness, appear perfection, and to whatever is beneficial is noble.

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### *A remarkable Instance of Temerity*

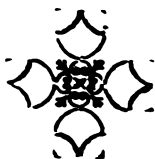
IN AN ENGLISH SOLDIER.

**G**EORGE HASLEWOOD, an English soldier, having been taken, in company with twenty-three Spaniards by prince Maurice, it was determined that eight of them should be hanged, in requital for a like sentence that had been made by Albert, the archduke, upon some Hollanders, and that it should be decided by lot on whom the punishment



punishment should fall. The Englishman happily drew his deliverance; but one Spaniard expressed great reluctance and terror of mind, when he put his hat into the helmet to try his fate, not so much in fear of death, as an antipathy to such an unnatural decision, in which he might make his own hand destroy himself, and be executed for the guilt of others, or acquitted for no innocence of his own. The Englishman consented to take what money he had, and stand to the change for him. The judges consented also to this request, as that of a fool or a madman, who deserved not the life he had so providentially obtained. Yet, such his fortune was, that he drew himself safe. When he was asked why he would put his life in such danger again for the safety of another, and after such a signal escape, so presumptuously to hazard it a second time? Because, said he, I thought I had a bargain of it; for, considering that I daily expose myself for the value of sixpence, I thought I might with much more reason venture it for twelve crowns.

*Why*



*Why Almighty God bath Patience with the  
Wicked, and afflicts the Good in this  
probationary State.*

**W**HY should God exercise so much patience towards wicked men, and bear so long with them, were it not, in great goodness, to give them time for repentance, that they may escape eternal miseries? Why shou'd he afflict good men all their lives, whose virtues deserve a more prosperous fortune, only to exercise their faith and patience, and to advance them still to more divine perfections;—unless he intended to reward their present sufferings, and their eminent virtue, with a brighter and more glorious crown?

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## ANECDOTE

O F

*Bishop Warburton.*

**I**T is well known that the Bishop's great work was the *divine legation of Moses*. To this he devoted much laborious study. A year or two before the death of this veteran divine, a fair lady, who

who was a near relation of his Lordship's, briskly observed to him, that she had seen him equipped in many dresses, but never saw him attired in the garb of an officer. "Do my Lord, put the Colonel's uniform on, indulge me with a *perspective en militaire*."——After some few objections, the good-natured Bishop complied with the request. In the mean time, the lady prepared a large circle to receive her new Adonis. Immediately as his Lordship entered, his mentor announced Brigadier-General Moses—Ladies and Gentlemen, permit me to introduce you to Brigadier-General Moses, an Officer of much worth and experience.

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## FEMALE EDUCATION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great and real improvements which have been made in the affair of female education, and the more enlarged and generous views of it which prevail in the present day, there is still a material defect, which is not in general the object of attention to remove. The defect seems to consist in this, that too little regard is paid to the dispositions of the mind, that the indications of the temper are not properly cherished, nor the affections of the heart sufficiently regulated.

The

The exterior should be made a considerable object of attention, but not the principal, not the only one. The grace should be industriously cultivated, but they should not be cultivated at the expence of the virtues. The arms, the head, the whole person should be carefully polished, but the heart should not be the only portion of the human anatomy which should be totally overlooked.

Musick, dancing and languages, gratify those who teach them, by perceptible and almost immediate effects, and every observer can, in some measure, judge of the progress. The effects of these accomplishments address themselves to the senses; and there are more who can hear and see, than there are who can judge and reflect.

Personal perfection is not only more obvious, it is also more rapid; and even in very accomplished characters, elegance usually precedes principle.

But the heart, that natural seat of evil propensities, that little troublesome empire of the passions, is led to what is right by slow motions and imperceptible degrees. It must be admonished by reproof, and allured by kindness. Its liveliest advances are frequently impeded by the obstinacy of prejudice, and its brightest promises often ob-

secured by the tempests of passion. It is slow in its acquisition of virtue, and reluctant in its approaches to piety.

The labours of a good and wise mother, who is anxious for her daughter's most important interests will seem to be at variance with those of her instructors. Humility and piety form the solid and durable basis on which she wishes to raise the superstructure of the accomplishments, while the accomplishments themselves are frequently of that unsteady nature, that if the foundation is not secured, in proportion as the building is enlarged, it will be overloaded and destroyed by those very ornaments, which were intended to embellish what they have contributed to ruin.

The more ostensible qualifications should be carefully regulated, or they will be in danger of putting to flight the modest train of retreating virtues, which cannot safely subsist before the bold eye of public observation, nor bear the bolder tongue of impudent and audacious flattery.

Merely ornamental accomplishments, will but indifferently qualify a woman to perform the duties of life, though it is highly proper she should possess them, in order to furnish the amusements of it. Yet though the well-bred woman should learn to dance,

dance, sing, recite, and draw, the end of a good education is not that they may become singers, dancers, players, or painters: its real object is to make them good daughters, good wives, good mistresses, good members of society, and good christians.

To an injudicious and superficial eye, the best educated girl may make the least brilliant figure, as she will probably have less flippancy in her manner, and less repartee in her expression, and her acquirements will be rather *enamelled* than *embossed*. But her merit will be known by all who come near enough to discern, and have taste enough to distinguish.

A truly good and well educated young lady, will be found in the bosom of retirement, in the practice of every domestic virtue, in the performance of every amiable accomplishment, exerted in the shade, to enliven retirement,—to heighten the endearing pleasures of social intercourse,—and to embellish the narrow, but charming circle of family delights; and to this amiable purpose dedicating her more elegant accomplishments, instead of exhibiting them to attract admiration, or depress inferiority.

One great art of education consists in not suffering the feelings to become too acute by unnecessary awakening, nor too obtuse by want of exertion. The former renders them the source of calamity, and totally ruins the temper; while the latter blunts and debases them, and produces a dull, cold and selfish spirit. The precious sensibility of an open temper, the amiable glow of an ingenuous soul, the bright flame of a noble and generous spirit, are of higher worth than all the documents of learning, of dearer price than all the advantages which can be derived from the most refined and artificial mode of education.

Sensibility, delicacy, and an ingenuous temper are of more esteem than language or music, for they are the language of the heart, and the music of the according passions. Every appearance of amiable simplicity, of honest shame, will be dear to sensible hearts; they should carefully cherish every such indication in a young female; for they will perceive that it is this temper wisely cultivated, which will one day make her enamoured of the loveliness of virtue, and the beauty of holiness, from which she will acquire a taste for the doctrines of religion, and a spirit to perform the duties of it.

Prudence

Prudence is not natural to children, however, they can substitute art in its stead. But there is something more becoming in the very errors of nature where they are undisguised, than in the affectation of virtue itself, where the reality is wanting. The precise and premature wisdom which some girls have cunning enough to assume, is of a more dangerous tendency than any of their natural failings can be, as it effectually covers those secret, bad dispositions, which if they displayed themselves, might be rectified. The hypocrisy of assuming virtues which are not inherent in the heart, prevents the growth and disclosure of those real ones, which it is the great end of education to cultivate.

This cunning, which of all the different dispositions girls discover, as most to be dreaded, is increased by nothing so much as fear. The indiscreet transports of rage which many betray on every slight occasion, and the little distinctions they make between venial errors and premeditated crimes naturally dispose a child to conceal, what she does not care however to suppress; anger in one, will not remedy the faults of another.

Notwithstanding girls should not be treated with unkindness, nor the first openings of the passions blighted by cold severity, yet they should be accustomed



customed very early in life to a certain degree of restraint. The natural cast of character, and the moral distinctions of the sexes should not be disregarded even in childhood.

That bold, independent, enterprising spirit, which is so much admired in boys, should not when it happens to discover itself in the other sex, be encouraged, but suppressed. Girls should be taught to give up their opinions betimes, and not pertinaciously carry on a dispute, even if they know themselves to be in the right. Yet they should not be robbed of the liberty of private judgments, but by no means encouraged to contract a contentious or contradictory turn. It is of the greatest importance to their future happiness, that they should acquire a submissive temper, and a forbearing spirit: for it is a lesson the world will not fail to make them frequently practise, when they come abroad into it, and they will not practise it the worse for having learned it the sooner.

There is more piety, as well as more sense, in labouring to improve the talents which children actually have, than in lamenting that they do not possess supernatural endowments or angelic perfections. A girl who has docility will seldom be found to want understanding enough for all the purposes of a social, a happy, and an useful life, and

and those who hope to do a great deal, must not expect to do every thing. If they know any thing of the malignity of sin, the blindness of prejudice, or the corruption of the human heart, they will also know, that the heart will always remain after the very best possible education, full of infirmity and imperfection. They should consider that they are not educating cherubims and seraphims, but men and women; creatures who at their best estate, are altogether vanity: how little can be expected from them in the weakness and imbecility of infancy! our passions themselves, by proper management may be made subservient to some good end; for there is scarcely a single one which may not be turned to profitable account, if prudently rectified and skilfully directed into the road of some neighbouring virtue. Envy and lying must be always excepted, they must be radically cured before any good can be expected from the heart which has been infected with them. For envy, though passed through all the moral strainers cannot be refined into viruous emulation, or lying improved into an agreeable turn, for innocent diversion.

To win the passions, therefore, over to the cause of virtue, answers a much nobler end than their extinction could possibly do, even if that could be effected;

affected; for they resemble fires, which are friendly and beneficial when under proper direction; but if suffered to blaze without restraint, they carry devastation along with them; and, if totally extinguished, leave the benighted mind in a state of cold and comfortless insanity.

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## ON A SWARM OF BEEES

*Settling on the Duchess of Rutland.*

**R**UTLAND, of ev'ry charm possess'd  
Which decorates the female breast,  
Of beauty which excels all praise!  
Accept these unblemish'd lays,  
And where the lab'ring metre tries  
T' express the language of thine eyes,  
Thy form divine, thy face so fair,  
Thy snowy bosom, graceful air;  
If there is one presumptive line,  
Th' offspring of this poor brain of mine,  
Shall dare endeavour to pourtray  
The graces which round Rutland play,  
Spare, gently spare, the rude attempt;  
Nor doom my boldness to contempt.

Ambition

Ambition 'tis inspires my mind,  
 My heart is but too soon inclin'd,  
 As the little flutt'ring bees  
 On the loveliest flowers seize;  
 So where the sweetest honey's found,  
 Will *swarms poetic* most abound.

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OF AN

## UNTUTORED SAILOR;

*Who damned his Sovereign.*

WHEN the grandfather of the present King was once upon his voyage in the royal yacht to Hanover, he felt a pleasure in discoursing with a lively active tar, whose replies were shockingly ill-bred. The captain, whom he greatly feared, declared, that if he again neglected to say, "And please your Majesty," he should be severely punished. The King soon asks him another question. The flurried sailor, meaning to answer in the affirmative. "Yes, and please your Majesty!" stops when he should pronounce the *last* word; and self-irritated at his want of recollection, exclaims aloud, "damn your hard name, I can't think of it for the blood of me."

## A N E C D O T E.

**M.** GOFFE of Geneva, relates an anecdote, which, says he, is perhaps superior to the well-known one of the Roman chastity. "An artist, rather in years, had an ulcerous humour flying about his face in a most shocking manner, quite insupportable to all who approached it, on account of its pestiferous and nauseous smell. No barber would perform the usual operation, and the poor man found himself totally neglected, and at last abandoned by his very servant. His daughter, who was married, the mother of a family and endowed with all the amiable and good qualities that do honour to her sex, saw with incredible sorrow her father's disease grow worse for want of proper assistance, and on account of the total neglect of his person. Moved by her filial affection, she surmounted all female prejudices, and took the resolution of going daily to practise in a barber's shop the painful task of handling a razor. There she used to shave all the country people that presented themselves (the shop was of the inferior kind,) and in a short time found herself sure of her hand. With true heart-felt joy she went to her father, and looking at him tenderly, "Cheer up, my good father, said she, you shall be under no obligation

obligation to any body for the future; I'll take care of you." From that time this worthy and virtuous woman assiduously attended him till the hour of his death.

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ON THE

*Affectation of good Breeding.*

**T**HE qualifications which fit a man best for the purposes of society, is good-breeding; while there is scarce any thing more disgusting than the aukward imitation of good-manners, so frequently met with among the civilest and most obliging people in the world, your half bred people of no fashion.—True politeness, as it makes men easy to themselves, diffuses an air of ease round about them; and by removing that disagreeable restraint which shackles all our faculties before our superiors, gives a freedom to conversation, without encouraging an unbecoming familiarity. This is indeed good breeding, and those only who are blest with good sense can or dare appear truly well-bred.—The proud man and the fool must have recourse to forms; they have occasion for them to hedge in their dulness; and there-

they would remember that the warrant for the massacre of their clan had been signed by the Earl's father, sent a guard to protect the house. The clan quitted the rebel army, and were returning home: the Pretender sent to know their reason. Their answer was, "that they had been affronted;" and when asked what the affront was, they said, "the greatest of any; for they had been suspected of being capable of visiting the injuries of the father upon the innocent and brave son."

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### ADDRESS TO HEALTH.

**A**H! whither art thou flown, sweet goddess,  
Health?

Why is my cheek with endless sickness pale?  
In vain does fortune pour her glittering wealth:  
Unless'd by thee, I only can bewail!

The glimm'ring taper, dark'ning, dies away,  
Ere in sweet sleep my heavy eye-lids close;  
The sun o'er yon high mountain darts his ray,  
Ere sinks my weary frame to calm repose:

Nor, oft, e'en this to enjoy, is it my lot;  
By troubled dreams my anxious soul's oppress'd:  
In sweet oblivion, all their cares forgot,  
While others sleep, I only find no rest.

Scarce

The following epitaph was found in his repository :

Here lies a priest of English blood,  
Who, living, lik'd what'er was good ;  
Good company, good wine, good name,  
Yet never hunted after fame ;  
But as the first he still preferr'd,  
So here he chose to be interr'd,  
And unobserv'd from crowds withdrew,  
To rest among a chosen few,  
In humble hope that divine love  
Will raise him to the blest above.

It may perhaps deserve mention, that Dr. Cowper's library sold for 5*£*. and the liquors in his cellar for 150*£*.

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T H E

*Devotion of Boerhaave.*

**B**OERHAAVE through life, consecrated the first hour after he rose in the morning to meditation and prayer ; declaring, that from thence he derived vigour and aptitude for business, together with equanimity under provocations, and a perfect





